



# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1934

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BEGINNING THE CROOKED LANE

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

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*Her*

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white things get  
whiter," says**

**MRS. RAYMOND SHARRER**



**THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP**



# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

**JANUARY.** . . . . Beginning nineteen-thirty-four. . . . Beginning, too, The Crooked Lane, a new mystery story by Frances Noyes Hart, whose earlier novel, The Bellamy Trial, was one of the great mystery stories of recent years. . . . On the cover of this issue Mr. Spreter has pictured the heroine, Tess Stuart, sitting in a gown of drifted white amid the laquer-red cushions of a basket chair, in conversation with Karl Sheridan, the young detective, just back in Washington from Vienna. They are talking about his equipment for unraveling crime—a little black bag. . . . "Unpack the bag for me," lovely Charity de Tessaincourt Stuart commands. . . . "There are twenty-eight articles in it," he replies; "each in its own pocket, so you can check them quickly before you start." . . . "Start where?" . . . "For X, naturally." . . . "X, of course," Tess repeats. "X marks the spot where the body fell." . . . And all too soon Karl Sheridan, summoned in punie by Tess Stuart, takes — . . . But you must read the story. It begins on page 5. . . . And read, too, the absorbing rest of January:

COVER DESIGN BY ROY SPRETER

## FICTION AND FEATURES

FRANCES NOYES HART: The Crooked Lane (In Seven Parts) . . . . .	5
MARGARET CULPIN BANNING: Without Lifting a Hand . . . . .	5
ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK: Denmark—Where Life is Still Normal . . . . .	10
LOUISE KENNEDY MARIE: Gillen . . . . .	12
FAITH BALDWIN: 'Twist Love and Beauty' . . . . .	14
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART: The State versus Eleanor Norton (Conclusion) . . . . .	16
ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH: What Will Congress Do Now? . . . . .	21
MARGARET FISHBACK: Delicate Hints, Incorporated . . . . .	22
ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON: Garden Club Programs for 1934 . . . . .	28

## BEAUTY AND STYLE

The Newest Note in Accessories . . . . .	18, 19
When You're Being Merely Decorative (The Sub-Debs)—Edited by Elizabeth Woodard . . . . .	24
For Lounding and Loveliess—Julia Colman . . . . .	25

## ALL ROUND THE HOME

Meeting Kitchen Emergencies—Marjorie Heseline . . . . .	32
The Hobbies—and After—Marion L. Fargie . . . . .	35
Introducing the Modern Note . . . . .	37
The Center of Interest—Elizabeth MacRae Boykin . . . . .	47
A House That Fits its Family—William and Mary Holmes, Architects, Tholin and Vitol . . . . .	62

## FOOD AND ENTERTAINING

Yellow in the Flavor of Cheese—Phyllis Carr (The Hostess) . . . . .	26, 27
This Little Pig—Caroline B. King . . . . .	28
Eating to Keep Well . . . . .	30
Party Luncheons—Lila Bane . . . . .	38

## AND ALSO—

Editorials—Loring A. Schuler . . . . .	20
Gifts to Make Eyes Sparkle on Any Holiday . . . . .	23
The Acid Test Applied to 1933 Books—Virginia Kirtin . . . . .	60
Breaking Into Applot—Helen Hansen (It's Up to the Women) . . . . .	84
Journal Reference Library . . . . .	87



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# IVORY SOAP

"OH—THE SIGN'S OUT! OF ALL THE INHOSPITABLE LITTLE DEMONS. I'M SO FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, K . . . NEVER MIND; COME TOMORROW AFTERNOON, AND I'LL DANGLE THE WRETCHED SIGN FROM THE DOOR KNOB FOR HOURS ON END!"



## The Crooked Lane

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPREKER

THE brown young man with the dark eyes and the charming, courteous smile did not seem nearly so disconcerted as he should have been by the fact that he was forty-two minutes late, the guest of honor and to the best of his knowledge a total stranger to eleven of the thirteen people seated in an alertly decorous circle about Mrs. Temple's famous crystal table in her famous gray-and-silver dining room. He stood in the doorway just long enough to permit the obviously scandalized butler to announce "Mr. Karl Sheridan!" in a loud, reproachful voice, and proceeded to cover the expanse of gray-velvet carpet that lay between him and his hostess' chair as swiftly and confidently as though he were the bearer of great good tidings.

"Aunt Cara, it's too wonderful to see you again! Now I know how I've been missing you for fifteen years. You got

my message about that wretched train? It was good of you not to wait."

"My dear little K, I'm far too spoiled a lady to be good about waiting, or anything else," said Caroline Temple gayly. "And the dinner is far too good a dinner to be spoiled by any mere infant, even if he has come all the way from Vienna. No, don't bother about Greg now; your seat's over there, between the prettiest girl in Washington and the most outrageous woman in America, and you're just in time for a fish soufflé that I trust will make the Tour d'Argent's taste like lead sinkers. Come and tell me exactly how grateful you are later."

She dipped the pretty head with its wreath of feathery silver in a gesture that blended greeting and dismissal, and the young gentleman who had come all the way from Vienna clicked his heels in a bow that must have come from there too,

and followed the bitterly disapproving butler to the single vacant seat with a composure that was not generally an attribute of the young man.

The girl on his right, who was undoubtedly the prettiest one in Washington, or a radius of several thousand miles of it, did not turn her head, even under the slight insinuation of his gaze as he maneuvered the deep mauve-and-silver-brocaded chair into its most strategic position. Why didn't more people in an exhausted world realize that down cashmere and skillfully placed arms would go further to insure the success of any dinner party ever given than the most perfect plate yet invented?

He leaned back, luxuriously content, his eyes sweeping the table, on which daffodils and cottage tulips and blue hyacinths bloomed as serenely as in a garden. All around its easy, gracious oval women's faces, soft and brilliant as flowers, rose above dresses like flowers in a lovely animated wreath.

"Nice place, America," thought Karl Sheridan, smiling contentedly to himself, and as he smiled his dark, grave young face dropped a good third of its twenty-seven, severely disciplined years. "An even nicer place, Washington," commented the dark eyes, shrewd, noncommittal and amused. Something more profound, more sensitive and more penetrating than mere shrewdness flitted for a moment behind his gray-green barrier, and was gone. Nicest place of all, obviously, this charming, silvery room that was a garden—and fortune and Aunt Cara had been to it that the most desirable place in it had fallen to his lot.

A side-long glance confirmed his first impression of hair of the palest amber silk, parted, sleeked and wound into a knot that suggested milk and honey, a velvety sweep from brow to chin, fastidiously pure as any Florentine saint's, and a wide, generous, beautiful mouth, curved magnificently in laughter—*yes*, as the latest fashion had it—Hollywood, old with Cleopatra's immortal challenge.

She was wearing a dress cut with the audacity of a cynic and the skill of a master out of the moony stuff, gauzy, crisp and billowing, in a mesh of lace webbing walking steadily through the pale May sunshine, with white rose wreaths on their heads, and white roses in their hands. No jewels at all, save one great ruby on the fine, long hand; nor other touch of color, save the red tips of the camellias pinned on either side of the waxen knot of tuberoses that made the little white-satin bag as festive as a nosegay.

A LADY so young, so wise, so fair and so sure of herself that she could leave her pearls at home, pin her flowers to her bag and look sophisticated in regard to what was coming four thousand miles to dine with, surely. It was ten thousand pities that the young man on her right seemed to have arrived at precisely the same conclusion, and was all too obviously expatiating on the fact in a voice that was low enough to conceal the contents of his talk, but not too low to confirm a Gaelic eloquence and fervor that the visitor from Vienna could only deplore.

Sheridan smiled again, a trifle ruefully, nodded acquiescence to the butler with the Chablis, and turned dutifully to the lady on his left.

Lady Parrish, who had for some time been only tensely restrained by the exhausted young man on her far side, was contemplating him with a really ominous glitter in her round, dark eyes, luminous with all the arrogant melancholy of a prize Peking-duck, glitter that suggested that she might be even crouched to spring at something new in the line of diversion for a long, long time, and that at last she had found it. The prospective victim eyed her with mingled apprehension and anticipation.

It was difficult to place the lady's age. An optimist might have guessed her at thirty-five, a pessimist at

forty-seven, and they would have been almost equally in error. Every inch of her, from the flaming, party-colored necktie, brilliant as a bunch of nasturtiums, to the heels of her slim, black-velvet sandals, was as vibrant and charged with potential mischief as an electric wire—and there must have been close to seventy inches of it. She settled her chin deeper in the great black-tulle ruff that vaguely suggested Pierrot in mourning, pushed the half-emptied plate from her with a gesture of finality and distaste, and addressed him in a voice that might easily have penetrated the remotest cot closet in the capital.

"Alas! The policeman from Vienna!" "You flatter me," replied the young man called K amiably. "It is, I imagine, this same generosity that makes your too gracious sex call very young lieutenants, major?"

"NOOTY, too," diagnosed the undaunted female competently. "Trying to put you in my place the first crack out of the box! Child, when you know me better—and, believe me, you're going to know me better—you're going to realize that there's no place in this vale of tears to put me in. So just lean back and relax. You're a policeman and you're from Vienna, and you're in a place that is bound to be a howler. What happened to you, anyway? We thought you were dead."

"I was unlucky enough to have the engine decide that this would be the very day to run into a train wreck," explained the young man, who had been tranquilly disposing of his excellent soufflé as he waited for the tumult and the shooting at his side to subside. "Eight miles this side of Baltimore. We stayed there three hours. Didn't Aunt Cara deliver my excuses?"

"Only thirty-two miles? Why didn't you walk?" "Believe me, if I had for one moment suspected that you were waiting, I should have run—and every step of the way at that."

"There's something funny about you," said the lady on his left judicially. "Not intentionally, of course, though I give you credit for trying hard enough. But you've got a weird little cuckoo accent, and Cara's no more your aunt than she's mine. No one in the world but an only child could get as spoiled as Caroline Temple in sixty years."

"It is possibly the Harvard accent that confuses you," proffered the young man helpfully. "I believe that mine is not the first of mine's adverse comment. And you say that Aunt Cara is sixty? You astound me!"

He looked more skeptical than astounded, and more amused than either.

"If that's a Harvard accent, mine's Notre Dame," said the lady, with even profounder skepticism. "Harvard my eye!"

The young man sighed deeply. "Well, you needn't cry about it," admonished Lady Parrish severely. "Are policemen always as irritating as this?"

"I sighed only because I was wondering what I had acquired in four long years of Harvard, if not an accent," he explained with his most charming smile. "You are quite right; my favorite suit is not my suit at all—only my mother's boarding-school roommate, and my own godmother."

"Just baptized into the family, hey? Proving that water's thicker than blood, after all they've told me. What was your mother's name?"

"She was Hannele von Leiden, before she was my mother. You know her, perhaps?"

"Well, I dimly remember crouching at the head of the stairs in a red-mink wrap and watching her head a cotillion with my youngest uncle. She looked like the angel off the Christmas tree, but I'm

pleased to say that that was my last cotillion. So you're old Von Leiden's grandson? That accounts for the accent, of course, and the slight aroma of delusions of grandeur that I smell in the background. What were our Austrian friends sending over here before they decided to be our enemies—ambassadors or ambassadors or what not?"

"My grandfather was the Austrian ambassador," said the young man with great distinctness. "My father, who died when I was five, was an assistant secretary in the State Department. My stepfather has a blood mustache and is charming enough to merit even your attention. When I was seven I had a governess called Miss Trout, and when I was ten I had a dog called Doc Dan, and when I was nineteen I had a roommate called Hinky Dink. I am five feet eleven, twenty-seven years old, very susceptible, but with so poor a memory no harm is done. Now, is it not your turn?"

"You're a good bit fresher than I generally pick 'em," commented Lady Parrish meditatively. "But I can feel myself falling. What are you particularly anxious to know about me?"

"Your name," said the young man promptly.

"Are you telling me that you don't know who I am? Me? I don't believe it! You're simply making fun of me."

"It is Aunt Cara who has confused me," he explained humbly. "She assured me, you see, that she was placing me between the prettiest lady in Washington and the most charming one in the world. You fill so perfectly either formula that I find myself entirely at a loss."

"You're a liar," remarked the lady without any marked displeasure. "And twice in one sentence, at that. You know perfectly well that Caroline Temple never said anything of the kind, and I know perfectly well that you've already had a good long look at Tess Stuart. I saw your eyes simply popping out of your head. Just to keep the record clear, I'm Lady Parrish. The Lady Parrish, I'd have you know, but Freddy to you, my pet—Freddy to you."

The young man sketched again that little inclination that was almost a bow. "And I, Freddy, am Karl Sheridan—though my friends are kind enough to call me Karl."

"I'd hate to tell you what my friends are kind enough to call me," remarked Frederica Parrish with a gleefully reminiscent grin. "Not unless I had a pocketful of dashes and asterisks handy! How long are you—"

THE pale young man on her left said, in a voice buoyed by the courage of desperation, "Freddy, *please* tell me, it is to me that you must listen, if you please. For these fifteen minutes and more our charming hostess she throws at me little looks of fury and indignation that go through me like so many sharp knives. Be merciful, I beg."

"A little less noise out of you, my lad," counseled his unwilling neighbor with considerable asperity.

"Can't you see that I'm falling in love? It drives me straight out of my head to be interrupted when I'm falling in love. Besides, I'm a lot too busy with Dion to be bothered with K. Now just eat your salad and keep quiet."

A deep, lovely young voice said sadly, "Dion hasn't said a word to me for hours and hours. If you're really a policeman, could you tell me whether they can arrest me for going to sleep at a dinner party?"

Karl Sheridan swung toward the sound of that voice as abruptly as though a cord had jerked him, and found himself looking into a pair of immense eyes of the palest, the clearest silver gray—still and shining as the sky just before dawn, as the young rain falling through a

(Continued on Page 72)

"THERE WERE TWENTY-ENTH ARTICLES IN THE BAG. . . A STEEL TAPE MEASURE, A FLASH LIGHT, A STRONG MAGNIFYING GLASS, A FOUNTAIN PEN, A NOTEBOOK, A COMPASS, A SMALL MIRROR —" "A MIRROR?" "IF NO CLOUD RISES ON ITS SURFACE, THEN YOU CAN BE VERY SURE THAT YOU HAVE REACHED



"Nice people," thought Karl Sheridan, seated between Tess Stuart, the prettiest girl in Washington, and Lady Frederika Parrish, the most outrageous woman in America. There beyond Tess was Dion Mallory, second secretary at the British embassy. And



between Lady Parrish and Aunt Cara was Raoul Chevalier, French naval attaché. Beyond Aunt Cara were Sir Oliver Parrish and Abby Stirling. His eyes circled the table. Nice people, all. Not the sort a member of the Vienna police force often dined with.









"A PERSON MUST BE BRAVE, HONEST, I'M A  
GREAT JUDGE OF MEN. A BRIGHTER, I AM"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSSMAN

"I'm sure he will, Jock. Come, have your breakfast."  
"I've had mine. You can't eat too close to a match game, you know," said Jock importantly.  
"Very good idea," agreed Anne with equal gravity.  
"Give me one of those tennis shoes so that Wright can tell about the size."

Carrying the Black-eyed Susan and the worn tennis shoe, she went to knock on Peter's door and, failing answer, to open it. Because he was asleep his young profile had lost its semblance of manhood and was tenderly boyish.

She pulled his foot. "Pete. Time to get up."  
"Oh, mother," he growled, "this is vacation!"  
"I know, but the morning is the only time your father gets a chance to talk to you."

"Gets a chance to bowl me out, you mean."  
"Pete, come on, be a sport; such a grand day outside."  
He groaned. "O. K. You're the only woman I'd do it for. Say, ma, can you tell Sally that this last suitor of hers is a bum? He is. She's just a silly little fool."

Anne picked up silver socks and underwear, opened a drawer and took out fresh ones.  
"What's wrong with him? Anything much? Or is he just in the wrong fraternity?"

"It was wrong to let him be born," said Peter, and drove his head into his pillows. "You ask Sal. She ought to have the dope."

"Why don't you tell me?"  
"No—ask Sal. It's none of my business."  
"It's your business to get up. And Pete, try to act as if breakfast were really a savory meal, will you?"  
"My good cheer comes on at ten P.M.," said Peter gloomily, "daylight wasting."  
"Get up," repeated Anne.

SALLY, eldest of her three children, was asleep. At least her mother hoped so. She went softly past that door, for Sally needed sleep. She had a wretched cold. Anne thought of the boy whom Peter had mentioned, and wondered what was wrong with him. It was evidently against the code to tell, but Peter must think it was pretty serious or he wouldn't have spoken of it even in that careless way. Sally was only eighteen. "But I married at nineteen," Anne reminded herself.

This boy Sally liked was older than most of her friends. He was a new summer visitor this year, stopping at the resort hotel. Anne had heard that he was one of those children whose parents had been washed away by successive divorces, and that he had been brought up by schools and bank trustees. He was good-looking and mannerly enough. But the boys didn't like him. Sally did. She was holding out against her crowd.

Anne liked that in her daughter. It had to be done sometimes. She did it herself.

Breakfast was in the loveliest room in the house. The lake was clear through the long windows on one side, and on the other was a dip of garden and the clump of birch trees that they had saved. There was white furniture, but nothing frail or precious.

Davis Barclay was waiting for her. "Hello."  
She kissed him and slipped the flower in his buttonhole. "It's a grand day. Did anyone tell you?"  
"I read it in the paper," said Davis. He took his first cup of coffee, gave her a keen look and asked, "Seen this?"

"What?"  
"Lee and Pam are busting up."  
"That's not in the paper!"  
"Crowding everything else right off the front page."

Anne took the paper and read it. "How could she give an interview like that?" she exclaimed.

"Because," said Davis, "she's that kind of person. Cheap. This certainly should prove it to you."

"No," said Anne, "she doesn't mean to be cheap. She thinks this is fine and free and delicate. That's what she meant it for. But what will it do to Lee?"

"Why did he marry her?"  
"She can be enchanting," said Anne. "He was mad about her. Part of this is just . . . (Continued on Page 54)"

that the delay is because it's an old model. I know. You'll have to take Mr. Barclay into town at the usual time in the small car. But bring it back as soon as you can, because I have to get into the village and do the marketing, and then I'll want you to run Agatha into town to the dentist. I'll ask Peter to take Jock over to the club for the tennis matches, but you'll have to pick him up there later unless he can get a lift some other way, for I know Peter has to meet a train in town at one o'clock. Bring the car around in about half an hour, please."

Jock, her younger son, was now in the room—a gipsy, barefoot child. "Mother, I haven't got any tennis shoes."

"Oh, Jock, you must have tennis shoes somewhere!"  
He lifted the shoes that he held in his hands. Both soles were worn through. "The others are all too small."

"Well," said Anne, "you certainly can't play in those."  
"It's the semifinals," said Jock. "I might win the junior tournament."

"Maybe we can borrow some."

"My foot is bigger than anybody's I know," said Jock;

"bigger than father's."

"Maybe Wright can get you a pair when he takes your father to town."

"But will he be back in time for me to wear them?"

# DENMARK

NORTHERN countries are nice in winter. Behind double windows and thick red curtains, they comfort you with fires, hot food and drink, and that snug sense of home that comes from being inclined in warmth and light while the high winds crack outside. The North recognizes winter—as a jolly fact, like a snowy Christmas—instead of ignoring it as they do in the South, where in a legendary climate of perpetual sunshine you so often sit shivering in bare, chill rooms.

Small countries are nice, especially when they are not straining to remain or to become empires but accept their limitations and settle down to make the most of what they have. They are somehow manageable, reduced to human scale. They don't have to live up to their size or worry under the responsibilities of great power or wealth. The three small sister states of Scandinavia are what I'd call successful nations. If success means making the most of the least, then Denmark, the smallest of the three, a mere scrap of a country, one-fifth the size of Minnesota, deserves to rank as the most successful state in the world.

The Nordics at home are very nice. In a small world they are refreshingly quiet and unassertive. They are about 12,000,000, all told, here on the native heath, and they look as if they could, if they would, put up with anything short. But it is Mr. Hitler, summing into being hosts of mythological Vikings as the only recognized ancestors of desirable Germans, who thunders about Norse gods and viable Norse virtues and the superior character of Nordic civilization. We, too, at the crux of one of our earlier great experiments—the cosmic adventure in elegance that produced America—insisted pretty noisily that the Nordic stock must remain, as it is, the dominant ingredient in our melting pot. The Nordics at home made so much fuss over race roots and ethnic culture. They make little fuss over anything. They combine kings and socialist governments, the cooperative movement and strong individualism, as if these were perfectly natural combinations. The status of women, simple and unquestioned, is typical of the whole social pattern: women, I find, are not conspicuous in public life. They are housebodies to a greater degree than American or English women. But if they outnumbered men in parliament, I doubt if the fact would attract much attention.

Nicest of all, like health after sickness, calm after storm, is the atmosphere of peace. These are countries where life has gone on normally for the past twenty years. That struck me first: the shock of being back in a normal world. Not for years have I been among people who did not fight, who are not still fighting, the World War. And it is impossible to realize what war does to the nerves and habits and temper of nations, not to speak of their budgets, until you meet a population which has escaped that unnatural interruption to the orderly processes of existence.

## Youth Knows its Place—and Keeps It

THESE people had a war boom that set a false standard of values and prices, which they have been inclined ever since, like the rest of us, to regard as real. But war did not pile into their youth, it did not pile up dead debts and pensions, it did not get them up beyond their needs, it did not synopsate the natural rhythm of national development.

Life is normal, here, as it is in few other places. Youth is normal; neither old and passive in the background as in France and England, nor the preponderant on the ground on every occasion as in Germany, Italy and Russia. The

OUR FIRST WOMAN  
DIPLOMAT, MRS.  
BRYAN OWEN, MIN-  
ISTER TO DENMARK



young study hard, play hard and talk hard, as the young should, exercising all the muscles together. They take a lively interest in politics, and yet, undeveloped in the American young. Boys and girls from sixteen to twenty can be heard eagerly discussing the new codes of social laws being adopted in all three countries. Like the new world, generally, they seem to be either radical socialists or passionate conservatives. Liberals are entirely obsolete.

These Nordics of the high schools and universities grow up in a society which takes for granted economic and social ideas we are only beginning to consider. They inherit a system small and homogeneous enough to survey, hold and control with comparative ease. The point is that this system, whatever it is, has had a chance to evolve at a fairly even and steady pace, unaffected by the terrific internal stresses of war. This youth has had the same chance for healthy development in an atmosphere of peace. It is worth coming to Scandinavia just to see this phenomenon, just to breathe this atmosphere again.

For all those reasons, partly because they occupy a little continent of their own, apart from Europe; partly because of something adventurous in the northern blood, invigorated by struggle with environment; partly because they are small and homogeneous, mostly because they have enjoyed nearly a hundred years of peace, the Scandinavian people have worked out an original and rather special kind of civilization. Out of unpromising materials, without any brilliant display of political genius, without haste or drama, they have developed a general level of life which at this moment is more comfortable and stable than any other in the world. This life is highly socialized, but the socialism is the free cooperation of poor people who have to pool their resources, a socialism of the small owner, based on an economic collaboration so far advanced that it produces the only mass mind I know that is actually a cooperative mind.

The resulting social edifice is no skyscraper. It is rather like the four-square structure that would grow up under the hands of an intelligent carpenter building a community house. But so far I have seen nothing in Europe that so well repays the attention of Americans.

In the first place, the general idea is American. At least, it is the idea with which we started. This is not only a political but a social democracy. More, it is something nearer an economic democracy than you will find anywhere else.



## Where Life is Still Normal

Few of the citizens are rich. Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king, was the spectacular exception to the general rule, and it is noteworthy that not a bank in Sweden fell as the result of his gigantic failure; also, as the Swedes do not fail to remind you, that he was largely financed in Wall Street. Fewer still are hopelessly poor. The civilization is rural rather than urban, as ours once was, and the spreading farmsteads brood comfortably beside fields as sleek as the well-slated pigs and cattle.

The aspect and feel of the place are like America. On a train in Denmark I met an American woman married to a Dane, who was returning from long residence in Central Europe. She had lived little in Denmark, could not speak the language, and looked out the car window on a country as strange to her as it was to me. Yet I understood what she meant when she exclaimed, instinctively, "Thank God we are home again!" She was not thinking of Denmark; she was thinking as an American, feeling at home.

## Likeness That Points Unlikeness

THE matched the Swedish rancher I once encountered at the top of the Great Divide in Montana. On those dry, bare peaks she was homesick for the plains—not the plains of her native land but the flat fields and clear lakes of Minnesota. At the time I wondered at that; now I perceive that the two landscapes are very similar. In Minnesota the towns quite as Swedish as any in Sweden, just as in Wisconsin there are hundreds of dairy farms as Danish as those of Denmark. Likewise, the scattered farmhouses and big barns of this countryside, so unlike the compact farming villages of Europe, might be our own—our own ten times multiplied and thoroughly tidied up. The newspapers resemble ours. So do the department stores, the outskirts of the cities, with their truly American effort of raveling out into the country, the wide highways and hurrying traffic, the gas stations, the one-story buildings hoping to grow higher.

The parallel goes beyond these outward resemblances. In this fabric you are always discovering threads, sometimes whole designs, we have woven into the magnificent patchwork of America. Also you see how much this pattern has been influenced by emigration to America and its tremendous backwash. But the likeness serves to accent the differences. Sometimes I wonder if we have moved as fast, with all our power, as little Denmark. I am sure we have not used our magnificence so shrewdly and justly as she has used her meager resources. Looking through the wide



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARA BARNES

MUCH OF THE TRADE IN FOODSTUFFS IN DENMARK IS CONDUCTED IN OPEN-AIR MARKETS. ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS SHOWN THE DAILY FISH MARKET IN COPENHAGEN

WHERE THE BICYCLE COMES INTO ITS OWN. MANY OF THE STREETS IN COPENHAGEN, AS WELL AS IN THE SMALLER CITIES, HAVE SPECIAL PATHS FOR CYCLISTS



THESE HOMES, BUILT BY KING CHRISTIAN IV EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO HOUSE THE FAMILIES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DANISH NAVY, ARE STILL IN USE AS RESIDENCES

## BY ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

blue eyes of the original Nordics at the record-smashing American effort represented by the NRA—and how their gaze is glued upon that spectacle!—I wonder if the eagle is not doing belatedly, gigantically, by force of circumstances, what poverty long ago drove the ant to do on his own.

When Justice Brandeis, discussing the problems of the United States last year in Washington, singled out Denmark as the most civilized country in the world, he meant that she had made the best social use of the universal tools of science, intelligence, teamwork and industry. Her secret, of course, is cooperation. Denmark is known as the cradle of the modern cooperative movement. On practically nothing, not even fertile soil, in fifty years she has built up by this method a national economy that gives a comfortable living to more than 3,500,000 people.

One important difference between her well-weathered agricultural cooperatives and the American experiment in industrial cooperation is that the Danish movement started at the bottom, among the people, while ours is organized from the top, by government. By purely voluntary association, in which government has no part except that of inspection and control of exports, nearly 90 per cent of all Danish farmers face the world as one farmer. They have little to sell except butter, eggs and bacon, and they sell wholly on a quality basis; the brand of the *hår*, the old bronze trumpet of the Vikings, which is the national trademark, has become by sheer common effort a guaranty of excellence.

### *Devotees of the Out-of-Doors*

THE two other Scandinavian countries are also exemplars of the cooperative movement, but to a less striking degree than Denmark. Their natural resources are more varied. Norway has fisheries and timber and a golden magnet to draw tourists—the Midnight Sun. Sweden is a lumberman on the grand scale; it has both the elements and the mind for heavy industry.

Certain qualities the three states have in common—the same history, the same geography, the same racial origins. They are all outdoor people. Everybody swims or sails in summer and skates in winter. In Norway, on winter Sundays, practically the whole population climbs the always handy mountains to ski. In the coldest weather they hike, often across the borders. Public hostsels with blazing fires mark all the favorite trails. Everywhere, everybody bicycles—to school, to work, to the

(Continued on Page 61)



THERE CAN BE VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC CONGESTION WHEN MODERN MEDIUMS OF TRANSPORTATION ARE USED ON THE MODERN HIGHWAYS WHICH CONNECT COPENHAGEN WITH ITS ENVIRONS

# Gillen

GILLEN WAS GOING TO HER FIRST DANCE, AND ROSE-COLORED SLIPPERS AND RUFFLED TULLE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY GIRL'S FIRST DANCE A BIG SUCCESS, BUT —

ILLUSTRATED BY  
PHUETT CARTER



THE PATRONESSES WERE IMPOSING IN VELVETS, IN DIAMONDS. GILLEN CLUTCHED

GILLEN'S father and mother had the best room at Mrs. De Rham's. It was a large, front bedroom and from its windows Gillen looked down through elm trees sodden with wet to a sidewalk streaming with wet, and across a broad avenue to a large clubhouse of rose-colored brick.

In the plate-glass windows of this clubhouse Gillen sometimes saw gentlemen reading their newspapers or standing looking out at the quiet street, twiddling their gold watch chains. Her father had said that these gentlemen were millionaires and "big bugs," for in those early years there were plenty of millionaires, but Gillen didn't like them much. They wore beards or drooping mustaches. Some of them were bald; most of them were old.

"Old," thought Gillen, matching her sixteen years against the wealth, fashion, wisdom of her world. But never old of either her father or her mother; and so young herself, so framed in the picture of her times, that she would sit, after dinner each evening, well back in her

rocking-chair, remembering to hold her stomach in and not to frown, and rock gently back and forth, listening to her mother talk to Mrs. Willy or her father talk to Mr. Willy.

Gillen was small, black-haired, blue-eyed, and what her mother called "nice looking." No one had ever told her that she was pretty, but sometimes, when she had put on her red waist for dinner and was rubbing the shine off her nose with a square of yellow chamois skin, Gillen thought she might be pretty. And sometimes it seemed as if boys liked her.

The Pyne boy had asked if he might take her home from church. He had been waiting at the door when she came out.

"Mercy," Gillen had said. "I can go home alone. It's just the next block."

"I thought," said the Pyne boy, who was a tall, thin youth, with white eyelashes, and considered fashionable by the Purling girls, "that maybe we might take a little walk up to Topping's and get an ice-cream soda."

"Ice-cream soda—on Sunday night?" said Gillen clearly. "Well—all right," he said. But when they crossed the street he held her arm.

"I can get over alone," said Gillen.

"Horse coming," muttered the Pyne boy.

"Where?" asked Gillen, looking about her.

"Up the street."

"But not near. And not running away. . . . How did you like the sermon?"

"I didn't hear it," said young Pyne sullenly. "I wasn't there."

Gillen looked at him in amazement. "Not there? Then why were you hanging about the steps?"

"I was waiting for you."

"But I only know you to bow to—in class," said Gillen.

"Oh, all right," said the Pyne boy.

Gillen's mother was talking to Mrs. Willy when Gillen came into Mrs. De Rham's drawing-room, and her father was talking to Mr. Willy. Mrs. Willy patted Gillen's



PROFESSOR SPOTSWOOD'S ARM AND HE SQUEEZED HER HAND TIGHT

## BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

Gillen's piano and a few of the books, but not one of those dusty, old, bound magazines of Western history."

Planning to move to Mrs. De Rham's was like stamping up to a ticket window at four in the morning and saying, "There for heaven, please."

Gillen, dressed for school, jiggered up and down as she waited for the Furlong girls. While Violet, who was at school in Europe, was Gillen's best friend, the Furlong girls were Gillen's next best friends, and she liked both of them so much that she did not know which one of them she liked the best. "The better," her mother said.

On rainy mornings the Furlong girls called for Gillen in their broughams with Henry on the box in his rubber coat, his high hat covered with a waterproof. On fine mornings Gillen walked to school with the Furlong girls.

"I wouldn't sit next to that Pyne boy in your English period today, Gillen," said her mother.

"I don't," said Gillen. "He sits next to me."

"I wouldn't whisper."

"I don't. He whispers."

"Professor Spotswood won't like it."

"Professor Spotswood can move him away from me, can't he?"

"Not with dignity. Sometimes I wish you had kept on this year with your private lessons with Miss Benson. Gillen. This experimental school with boys and girls together —"

"Miss Benson drank chocolate and ate little cakes from the Women's Exchange, and never gave me any."

"Quite right," said her mother. "Your complexion."

"What about hers?"

"Don't speak back, Gillen. She hadn't any." Her mother looked up at Gillen's complexion. "You'll be late. Does Professor Spotswood still talk to you after class?"

"M'm'm," said Gillen.

"What about?"

"Oh, why I won't go to college, and how old I am, and he writes it down."

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, he's dark. Sometimes he takes off his glasses."

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"How do you know?"

"Estelle Furlong — There they are, mother. Bay horses. Look at them dance. Isn't it a lovely world, mother — living at Mrs. De Rham's and going to school in a brougham?"

"But are those horses safe, Gillen? Remember your rubbers. The your scarf. Have you got your composition?" Three steps at a time down Mrs. De Rham's long, straight, velvet-carpeted staircase. Out through the double doors. Down the brownstone steps. The carriage door opened, an arm pulled her in and the door slammed. They were off.

Gillen's mother stood looking down at the empty street. Gillen's mother was Scotch and rather plain looking. She wore her hair in a knot on top of her head. She hadn't a bit of what Mrs. Willy called "style." She sat, if possible, in a corner. But she was always there. If Gillen didn't know how to spell a word her mother knew how to spell it. If Gillen's father needed a clean handkerchief, there it was in her hand. Often Gillen wished that her mother could be pretty and not sit in corners. At the Ladies' Sewing Society in the church Gillen's mother made the buttonholes.

"Save the buttonholes for Mrs. Pierce. Mrs. Pierce makes such beautiful buttonholes." "Nobody else makes them," said Gillen gloomily one day, watching her mother draw up her thread tight on the buttonholes. "Just looks. And such tiny stitches. And for ophans. The ophans won't appreciate your stitches, mother."

(Continued on Page 49)

bright cheeks. "Little Gillen," said Mrs. Willy, "with her bright cheeks."

"Well, here's my girl," said her father.

"She won't be your girl long," said Mr. Willy.

Gillen kissed her father and mother good night and went upstairs. In bed, she flung up an arm toward the ceiling before she pulled up the down comfortable. The Pyne boy liked her. Almost immediately she was asleep.

That had been last night. This was this morning, a rainy Monday.

At Mrs. De Rham's there wasn't a long table in the middle of the dining room. There were exclusive small tables, each with a candle alight at dinnertime, and at the end of the room, at a table of their own, sat Mrs. De Rham and Mr. De Rham.

Mrs. De Rham had been a Brooke, and, as everyone knew, the De Rhams were good, but the Brookes were better. Mrs. De Rham was handsome and hard and talked with a lip. All her lines were flowing. Mr. De Rham had

been a banker, but now he carved. No one could carve a chicken so well as Mr. De Rham and make it go so far and yet, as Mrs. De Rham said, "plentifully." Mrs. De Rham's maids wore caps. Mrs. De Rham served oranges for breakfast.

Gillen's father and mother, figuring together whether they could afford to live at Mrs. De Rham's, had decided that they could not afford it, but in the night Gillen's father had heard Gillen's mother crying, and Gillen's mother had said that if she could only live at Mrs. De Rham's and fold her hands and not have to housekeep for a while she would be perfectly happy.

Gillen went in from her own room and sat down on the side of her parents' bed, wrapping up her cold toes in the soft flannel of her nightgown, and they had what Gillen's father called "a council of war." They drank milk and ate crackers together at four o'clock in the morning, and they decided to move to Mrs. De Rham's. Gillen's mother stopped crying and drank some milk and said, "We'll take

# 'Twixt Love and Beauty

YVONNE'S ONE LOVE WAS HER BUSINESS.

**N**OT very long ago I wrote a novel which dealt, to some extent, with the career of a beautician. My material was not difficult to come by, as, in common with a couple of million other women of my era, I had patronized various beauty establishments for a considerable number of years. In the last decade I had gradually become interested in the relaxing effect of the beauty-salon atmosphere upon reticence. I had heard things, across partitions, which had amused, amused and rather horrified me.

It occurred to me that most women are helpless in the hands of the skilled operator, especially when facials are being rendered unto Caesar's wife. It occurred to me also that probably I, too, under the spell of this hypnotic, had found my tongue loosening as my muscles tightened. And I began to wonder about the countless stream of women, old and young, fat and thin, pretty and plain, respectable and otherwise, which constantly moved in and out of the beauty shops. So, by and by, I began to plan a book, and then I looked and listened with a new purpose.

There are, of course, all sorts of beauty shops, from the high-lit to the very unassuming. Operators and owners vary with the shops. Some go in for expensive atmosphere, some for the cut-rate. Some use "methods" and some do not. There are privately owned places, incorporated places, and great beauty-shop chains. There are barber shops which make concessions to femininity and in which you can have a strenuous facial administered by a burly Italian, with a radio going all the time, paper roses in a near-by vase and the rightful male clientele of the place slinking in and out, casting annoyed looks at the ladies who have usurped the chairs. There are places on Park and Fifth, and duplicated all over America and Europe, which go in for science and health on the side—exercise, reduction and what have you.

The subject is enormous. It must be. And of all businesses, perhaps, the beauty business has suffered less in comparison with the others during the depression.

I was able, of course, to put very little of this into my novel, which was concerned primarily with a girl and her struggle for love and success. But in the course of gathering material, selecting and rejecting, I discovered that after having cut my cloth, I had enough material left over to fill a dozen books.

Some of this I noted down in the—to me—important little book. I shall probably never use it, but one never knows. And among the stories, caged in a phrase, is the story of the girl we shall call Yvonne.

Part of her experience, considerably changed and fictionalized, did go into my novel, but the real story did not. Nor can I tell the real story in its entirety. But I'll tell you what I can.

**YVONNE'S** surname, in contrast to her given name, was Smith. Her mother was an actress, second-rate—but good second-rate—with some French blood, enough to darken Yvonne's eyes, in contrast to her very blond hair. Yvonne's mother had been married, young, to a gentleman who traveled in soap. And the marriage had not lasted very long, ending, as it did for Mr. Smith, in pneumonia of a peculiarly virulent type, and bringing him to an uncomfortable and lonely death in a Midwestern town, attended by the town physician and the good-hearted people in the little hotel.

Smith had not always traveled in soap. He had traveled in private cars and other things. He had graduated from an Eastern university, and his branch of the Smiths was a very good branch indeed. But he had seen Yvonne's mother during a summer vacation after graduation, in a little town which boasted a fair stock company. And he had fallen very desperately in love with her. And so, had married her, one August evening.

Her name, for billboard purposes, was Renée Deval. She was slender, pretty and witty, and she was twenty-two. Smith was a year her senior. He was a charming young man, with a warm heart, a weak chin and a strong physique. His family, after his marriage, reluctantly consented to meet Renée, and thereafter comported only the weak chin. Smith, listening to the offers of separation and settlement, was justly aroused and cast his family from him, good branch and old root. And Renée, who loved him, for the time being, very truly, applauded his decision and spurned, with Gallic gestures, the offers and the settlements.

It was all rather delightful at first. Smith got jobs now and then. When Renée went out with a road show Smith generally managed to travel with it in some capacity or

YVONNE THOUGHT,  
"I DON'T, OF COURSE,  
LOVE HIM ANY MORE"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



# THEN SHE MET RALPH BARKER . . . FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF FAITH BALDWIN

other. Then, out in California, Yvonne was born, delicate, with fair curling hair and black eyes. And Smith, having founded a family, sat down to think it over.

Renee did not, at first, resent Yvonne. Her figure had been scared, and motherhood had added something softer and more alluring to her rather hard, sparkling good looks. Yvonne was a good baby and slept peacefully in trunk beds and took, with perfect digestion and composure, the difficult traveling, the split weeks, the overnight jumps. The company—whatever company Renee grasped—was enchanted with the mascot baby and spoiled her dreadfully. But she thrived, whether she nestled on a stick of grease paint or not.

With a child to provide for, Henry Smith sobered. Also, when Yvonne was a cherubic three it became evident to him that Renee was tiring of him. She did not say so in so many words, but he knew. References, in the papers, to the various social activities of his family filled her with rage and rancor. If only for Yvonne's sake, he told him, he should become reconciled with his people.

SMITH, who had by this time made his soap-salesman connection, swallowed the pride which contrasted so strangely—yet not, after all, unusually—with his lack of chin, and went to see his father and his older sister, the last of his close relatives. They listened to what he had to say and, when he had finished, they said something themselves. They would take Yvonne and they would bring her up with every advantage, provided that Smith would promise that Renee would disappear completely from the child's life. This, Smith could not do without consulting his wife.

He went out to Cincinnati to see her; and found her in the seventh heaven of her career. She had had a Broadway offer; she would open in the autumn on the great street of fetid hopes and gold bricks. And she was instantly dramatic and all outraged motherhood. She told him where his family could go and how long they could stay there, and she further informed him that she was entirely able to support her child, without any Smith help, either from soap or Government bonds. Yvonne would have more than every advantage with her, said Renee, in tears.

So Henry Smith wrote to his father, and wondered if he had done the right thing. At three, Yvonne was very attached to her mother, and yet, if he persuaded Renee to give her up, would she not soon forget the stage smell, the faint dust of powder floating in drily dressing rooms, the little ardors and excitements, the quarrels and tears and laughter—all the great vitality of the backstage life, which is life emphasized, exaggerated and, in a sense, in excess? Would she not soon forget grease paint and mascara, rouge and perfume, the rattle of silk, the sound of a quick profanity, the quicker endowment, and live happily and peacefully with her grandfather and her aunt all the days of her life, sheltered and protected, attending the correct schools, doing the correct thing, marrying the correct man?

He tried to voice something of this to Renee. She snapped her slim fingers at him and laughed. She said:

"My child! To be brought up with stuffy old people, never to have any life, never to know what it is to suffer and enjoy. Henry, you must be crazy!"

He was not crazy; he was merely unhappy and bewildered. So off he went on the road, to sell his soap, contract his pneumonia, die defeated and doubtful, his magnificent physique a waste and his brief life a failure. The family, duly notified, came on to that Western town. Renee was there, in her becoming black, white-faced, red-lipped, a sodden handkerchief in her hand, acting her part of heartbroken widow, living it, believing it—for who shall say where sincerity ended and art, for the moment entirely first-rate, began?

There was something of a some. Yvonne, her fair hair belittled against the black of her mother's garments, her pink face solemn and terrified, her dark eyes torn wide open, the clutch of her mother's arms about her, her mother's voice deep as an organ note in her ears:

"No—no—a thousand times, no! Would you take all that is left of my heart from me? My child, Henry's child. She belongs to me," said Renee, magnificently, "fish of my fish, bone of my bone."

But she consented, amid a storm of sobs, that her husband's body be taken back East and laid in the family mausoleum. "Beside," she dramatized effectively, "that of my mother—the mother who would have understood my devotion to Henry and to Henry's child."

Henry's father, a contained man, was not affected. He reflected dourly and sadly that Henry's mother might not today have been where she was had it not been for Henry and Henry's wife. He persisted in thinking that Henry's marriage had killed her. It wasn't true, or not entirely, but it is what one always does think under the circumstances.

Yvonne remembers that some in the dark undertaking parlors. She was an old-fashioned infant. She remembers words and gestures. She remembers her grandfather's lean hands and tired eyes, and the plump, working face of her Aunt Elsie, who was Henry Smith's senior by nearly twenty years.

Then, she does not remember them again for a long time. Renee opened on Broadway. The play was not a success, and the critics were cruel. She had, however, one more chance. This also failed. And so harder, more bitter, and poorer in pocketbook, if richer in experience, Renee returned to her stock companies and obscurity, her road shows, her No. 1 and 2 and 3 productions.

Yvonne's early life was spent in this environment. Now and then, when Renee's engagement kept her in a place for any length of time, there was schooling, of a sort. Learning to read early, picking it up heaven knew how, there was schooling of another sort—books, of all kinds, mostly those found around the dressing rooms.

But not all the players with whom she came in contact had an interest solely in the worst or the most mediocre. She could beg or borrow a biography here, a volume of philosophy or poetry there, and perhaps in another place history, humor, the classics. And she also discovered the public libraries. She was reading, voraciously, good, bad and indifferent, at twelve.

At twelve she gave some promise of beauty, but she was long and lanky, as tall as her mother. It is happened that she ceased to grow much after that, but her initial growth was alarming, her appetite increased, and she was like a colt, running wild. The people in her mother's current company advised Renee in their different ways.

"She looks sixteen," sighed the ingénue, "and that's just too bad for you, Renee darling!" "And," said the heavy, "the kid's clever. You'll have to give her a decent education, Renee, instead of this catch-as-catch-can business."

So Renee, for the reasons suggested to her by the ingénue, but using the heavy's comment as her excuse, put Yvonne in a boarding school in the Middle West.

There she stayed, not happy, not unhappy, making some friends and finding some enthusiasms, until she was eighteen, and had graduated with honors, making up for lost time with a vengeance which astonished her teachers, and filling in the gaps with a fortitude and determination which won their admiration. And taking a tremendous interest in chemistry.

AT EIGHTEEN she traveled alone to her mother, who was once more on Broadway. This time, in a hit. Opportunity had knocked twice, as it sometimes does in the theatrical profession—which is one reason for the curious, pathetic optimism of the members of that profession. "Next season," they say; "wait till next season."

Yvonne at eighteen was exquisitely pretty. She had remained almost at her twelve-year-old height. She was small and slender. She had never heard of diet. It seemed to her that she had always been hungry, during her road years and during her boarding-school years. She was honey-blond, with black eyes, and had small and piquant features and a most miraculous fair skin. And she traveled East with her small possessions, her heart shaking.

Vacations had been spent in school. She had seen very little of her mother in the six elapsed years. Perhaps three flying visits, and over before one knew it, anticipated through heaven knew how many breathless days and nights, and then the mere memory left to feed on, the whispers and questions of the other girls, the disapproval of the teachers for the most part, and the knowledge that months would pass before she could say again, "My family's coming tomorrow."

Her last year had been on a scholarship. Renee couldn't, she said, afford to pay for any more education. So the school, itself straggling and none too well-to-do, had found a scholarship for its most promising pupil in return for a sort of jury-mistressship over the younger children.

"But," they objected to Yvonne, "you would have to do really teach?"

(Continued on Page 68)



"WHAT SHALL I SAY?" "WHAT WAS THERE TO SAY?"

"MOTHER DOESN'T WANT ME; I'VE COME TO YOU"

# The State

VERSUS



## Elinor Norton

XX

IT WAS shortly after that, I know now, that Leighton asked Elinor to sell her pearls. She refused and he apparently accepted her decision, but she no longer trusted him, even in small matters. More than once she saw him looking at them, and at last she took them and hid them.

That shows, I think, how far things had gone with them.

And with my visit and the incident of the pearls, the relation between them began to alter. He was less and less her lover, and she knew now that he was tiring of her. But she did not weaken; sooner or later he would have to marry her. Her entire self respected demanded that; old Caroline's creed, her own code. She expected no happiness.

He was drinking again at intervals, and he was brutal when he drank; but he no longer went to town at those times. That story of the cabin had been revived again, and his old crimes had abandoned him. Whether he knew about it or not, now he drank alone and in secret, and more than once she would go downstairs, toward morning, to find him sprawling and asleep in Lloyd's big chair, and to get him to bed as best she could.

Then, late in August, he reverted to the pearls again. "I've got to raise money somewhere. And what use are they? You never wear them."

"They were my mother's. I will sell anything else, but I can't sell them, Blair." He was insistent, however, and finally he remembered her engagement ring. She had never worn it since Lloyd's death.

"You'll sell anything else. Is that right?"

"I've said that. I haven't very much." "You still have your ring, haven't you? Why not sell that? This is your place as well as mine, although I'm carrying it. And a damned hard job it is. May be one of the Mayhew girls would buy it."

IN THE end she agreed, although she felt a trifle sick as she went upstairs to get it. It was in the secret compartment of her desk, along with that heart-shaped locket of mine and pearls. Old Caroline's pearls, Lloyd's ring and my locket—it was the story of her life, without Leighton. But she would not let him send it to either of her cousins, and that night he mailed it to an Eastern jeweler for appraisal and sale.

She had learned something, however; the next day she drove into town, rented a box at the bank and placed her necklace in it. She did not tell Leighton about it.

She had driven Sally in for a day off, and Sally held the box. She had no suspicion of Sally then, contrary to my belief. She thought nothing of it when the girl asked to be left off at the hairdresser's.

"I know you like to look nice, Mrs. Norton," was the reason Sally gave. "To indeed, Sally," Elinor told her.

Perhaps I overdraw this picture, this statement for the defense. There must have been peaceful intervals when Leighton was his gentlemanly best, evenings when he came in, tired from long days in the saddle, and asked Elinor to play for him, or showed her that better side of him which certainly existed. Something must have led her to believe in his ultimate good faith. She was a proud woman, and hope of some sort must have bolstered her pride that summer and early fall.

"How about a little music, Nellie dear?" "What would you like?"

"Let's have some Chopin. Not every one can play Chopin. You can."

He could do it. I have heard him, with that damnable cello in his voice which few women could resist.

IT IS rather curious, I think, that the one woman who could resist it brought about his downfall, and indirectly his death. That was Isabel Curtis. She called me up early in August, on her return from Europe.

"This is just hail and farewell," she said. "I'm hitting New York like a tennis ball and bounding off. I'm going West again." I was startled. I did not want her sharp eyes on that situation.

"Where?" "I asked. 'The West is wide.' "So it is," she retorted in her staccato voice. "It is also the place where the sun sets. Isn't Nature wonderful?" But she added: "I'm going to the Leightons'. I've just wired Elinor Leighton."

"You wired to Elinor Leighton?"

"I did. Why not?"

"Nothing." "I said I suppose she'll get it; but she is not Elinor Leighton. She is Elinor Norton."

There was an interval before she spoke again. "The dirty dog!" was what she said. It was in such a mood that she went West; for she did go, almost at once. As I write this I am thinking about Isabel. She is curious, almost unique as compared with the women I know. There is no doubt that she had cared deeply for Lloyd Norton to the day of his death, but she was entirely without jealousy. There was no jealousy in her, of Elinor or of anyone else. I have known men like that, men who could take things or let them go, but few women. She had let Lloyd go deliberately rather than coldly, and had gone on caring for him, amused and scornful of herself for doing so. When he died she did not sit still and mourn. She shot to Europe and played hard there. To forget the unhappy was at once her creed and her religion.

But not to forgive, and she was still uncertain as to how Lloyd had died.

She met Blair early enough. "Hello, handsome. Still remembering that handsome is a handsome does?"

"Hello, Isabel," Blair greeted her. "Do we kiss or do we not? I've forgotten."

"We do not! And when we do we don't forget. Not people like you and me, Blair Leighton."

Of what she found at the ranch I do not know a great deal in detail. Much of it was what I myself had seen. She seems to have suspected the girl Sally from the start, and Leighton's secret drinking was never any secret from her. She was not in the house five minutes, too, before she realized that Elinor was unhappy; not two days before she ran Leighton to earth as to their marriage.

"What's the reason?" she asked him. "Are you trying to ruin her reputation?"

"I thought that word was not in your bright lexicon!"

But he did finally tell her about the situation, and she demanded to see the letter before she would believe him. She read it through and then handed it back.

"Personally," she said, "I think you forged it! But if Elinor believes it, that's her business. The only question is how far does she believe it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

They remained largely amicable. Both of them were worldly and skilled in that type of sparring. He even liked to show



"YOU DIDN'T TELL ME OR ANYBODY ELSE ABOUT THAT"

off before her, swaggering out to mount his vicious, uncertain horse, and rolling cigarettes, cowboy fashion. She was unimpressed. One day she told him to get rid of Sally.

"Why? Send the poor girl back to hades, out of paradise?"

"You call this paradise? It's hell on earth for Elinor, and that girl is crazy about you. I thought you had better taste."

Even that failed to disturb his equanimity; but one day he found her examining the guns in the gun case, and he told her furiously that she was to let them alone.

Elinor must have been bewildered between them. There were days when their bickering could not be concealed, and other days when they all three rode together, companionably enough. Isabel was playing her cards cleverly, however. She never went too far with him. She could cajole him into good humor always with a bit of flattery.

"Much as I disapprove of you, you can ride, Blair."

"Praise from you, fair Isabel, is praise indeed."

Then, early in September, fate dealt her the first important card in that game of

hers. They were cutting alfalfa along the creek bottom, and one or two extra hands were brought out. Among them was one of the two men who had visited the mountain cabin that spring of the year before, and who had found the can. He was a cow hand by profession, but that summer such men were taking what work they could find.

She happened on him by sheer accident.

Elinor was often preoccupied those days, and Isabel had formed the habit of visiting the corral. She would sit on a bench in the sun outside the barn, and talk to the men as they moved about.

They admired her. She was like a man with them, and she rode well. Then one evening, when they were all there, she mentioned Lloyd's name, and there was a pregnant silence. All of them glanced at one man, and she was quick to see it. After that the talk went on, idle and impersonal. Nobody mentioned Norton again.

Two days later she rode out into one of the hay fields. The man was alone there, and she lost no time with him. She got off her horse and went over to him.

"What I want to know," she said crisply, "is what you know about Mr. Norton's death. Don't worry; I'm no talker. But you do know something, don't you?" He denied it at first, but she was determined. "If you don't tell me someone else will. All the men know it; that's certain."

Even then he refused to commit himself. All he would say after much coercion was that it had looked funny to him to see that someone up there at the cabin had put a heavy slug through a full can of milk. Then he closed up again, and she went thoughtfully back to the house. She was still puzzled. A slug through a full can of milk! That meant something, but what?

SHE puzzled over that during the remainder of her visit. It was late in September by that time. The days were still warm, but already the nights were cold. She awakened one morning to see a thin powdering of white on the distant mountains, and the quaking aspens along the creek bank were turning to fluttering gold. To see, too, a deer near the house, and that Elinor was coaxing it to let her approach it. Almost it did; then it turned and bounded away on its small rubber feet, and when Elinor turned Isabel saw that she was crying.

That decided her. She had some queer streak of sentiment in her, and that scene with the deer in that bleak autumnal setting seemed to have epitomized Elinor's loneliness and helplessness. That night she begged Elinor to go back East with her, but Elinor refused.

"My place is here, Isabel dear. My money is here, you know. Besides, how would I live?"

"That's easily fixed."

"At your expense? No. I'm grateful, but I really don't want to go. Who have

I there now? The Mayhew girls, of course; but they never like me much."

"You have Carroll Warner. You can't say that about him."

Elinor had flushed at that, but she was adamant to any suggestion that she leave the ranch, and Isabel finally abandoned the hope.

It was the next day that she took the step which was to bring about the end. She borrowed Elinor's car on some excuse or other, and drove to the county seat. There she saw the sheriff and talked to him. He was a kindly man, and he looked troubled.

"I hate to bring any more worry on the little lady out there," he said. "She's had a plenty. There's been some talk, but nothing you could get a hold of, so to speak."

"Maybe this is more than talk, sheriff. Would a heavy slug through a full can of milk mean anything to you?"

He sat up in his chair. "What's that? Through a full can of milk?"

"That's what I hear."

"Where'd you hear it?"

I CAN'T tell you, I suppose it means that there was shooting inside that cabin and not outside, does it?"

"Well, it might and again it might not. Depends on where the can was when the shooting took place," he said dryly. "Anyhow, lots of folks have used that cabin; maybe not last winter or the one before but before that."

And he added: "As to that can and the bullet hole, guns go off every now and then when you don't expect them to. I put a bullet through the heel of my wife's shoe here some time ago. Just about paralyzed her leg!"

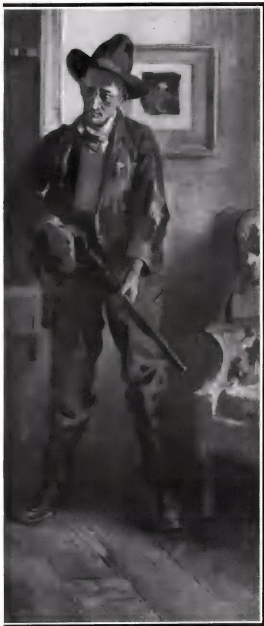
Nevertheless, being the man he was, he took a horse and went up into the mountains that next day. He found no milk can, but he did find that bullet hole, neatly plugged, over the shelf.

He had gone alone, and he was still alone when the day following he got into his car, the same car in which he had plowed through the drifts on the night Lloyd's body was brought down, and drove slowly and thoughtfully to the ranch.

He had no case. Indeed, there was no case. All he meant to do was a bit of mild if shrewd interrogating. Back in a desk in his office, in a match box for safekeeping, was the bullet which had killed Norton, and tucked away in his mind were innumerable instances of the strange things that happen when two men are shut away together, and in danger to boot.

"All I wanted," he told me later, "was the facts. I knew Norton and I didn't like him. Always thought he was a hospital case, far as that goes. But I was pretty well convinced that he didn't die where he was found. It always had looked fishy to me. What I thought was that maybe he'd pulled a gun on Leighton in that cabin, and Leighton had

(Continued on Page 40)



BULLET HOLE IN THE WALL, AND WHY YOU PLUGGED IT"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM



MAJOR FELTEN

THE GOLD handcuff bracelet directly above would look marvelous on any simple dark dress. Experts all agree that an atomizer gives perfume much more lure. Here is a new one, with lock device to prevent spill and evaporation, fitted in a red-leather case for traveling. Touches of black enamel give character to the stunning bracelet of rhinestones and cabochon emeralds—not real, of course. Just above the bracelet there's a grand, green composition-enamel-and-metal clip—at least two inches long. The round things with rhinestones are not wedding rings, but clip earrings, and the perky bowknot of black velvet with pearls is to wear as you would a pin or a clip. A favorite smart perfume appears in a new bottle, simple and chaste as a block of ice, set in a blue box with silver bindings and silver ball feet. Next to it is a new triple compact in a case of copper, to match copper costume jewelry. It is enameled in brown and cream. Carnelian, beautifully shaded and exquisitely carved, combines with gold in the ring.

AN ENCHANTING ensemble idea will now bring order out of the chaotic contents of a woman's bag. At the top of this page is a purse perfume container—a gilt case inset with turquoise-blue plastic, and there are both compact and lipstick to match! Jeweled combs to wear in the hair—a new fashion for evening. This one is a bowknot of rhinestones. And don't you love the dripping fringe of these pearl earrings? Pearls, you know, are very much coming back into their own. The two-headed affair of rhinestones and enamel next to the earrings is called a sheath pin. You couldn't own a smarter ornament for an afternoon or an evening dress. And there in the corner, upon a delicate gold-link chain, are hung graceful pieces of carved jade. On the exquisitely modeled head of the lovely lady above is the new tiara type of hair ornament that will be seen in the smartest evening gatherings this winter. Notice that it is placed fairly well back on the head. It should give you the sophisticated rather than the Alice-in-Wonderland look.



**T**HE RHINESTONE-STUDDED comb at the top of this page has wings. Wear one on each side of your hairdress and fly away to romance! A simple and seemingly uninteresting dress can be brought to life by a new clip. This fan-shaped one just below the comb is unusual and quite stunning. The poetry and adventure of aviation are expressed in the year's new perfumes. The very case in which this bottle comes is strapped and sealed like precious air mail. New toilet sets include a hand mirror with truly inspired possibilities. This one can be set up, to serve as a dressing-table mirror, while you use both hands for make-up. These great smoky gray pearls are strung with rhinestones between them, for contrast. Longer necklaces are best worn with high necklines. Many strands of gold chain strung with pearls, and a large, carved, gold clasp, make a bracelet with the look of an heirloom. Another rich and exciting perfume inspired by flying comes in a box patterned after the zebra's coat. You see it down there below the jewelry.

**A**T THE TOP of the page is a bowknot pin which is made of brilliant red composition and bright metal that will do a lot for the neckline of a demure frock. And what a lovely, delicate thing is the exquisitely wrought bracelet of gold, amethyst and seed pearls up there. A face powder of superb name and quality appears in a box of shiny black with a cover the luscious color of peach ice cream. All the things you need to keep your nails groomed and glossy and colorful are packed tight in the upper box, which is made of bakelite with a spring lid and copper ornament. And below the boxes is a very decorative choker of branch coral, with an elaborate gold clasp. Try it on a high-necked velvet dinner gown! Coral is one of many semi-precious stones that are appearing in the newest ornaments. As modern as the towers in Chicago is the bracelet just below. It is of a composition which looks like gold, but is very light. Not of metal, not of jewels, but of velvet and of tinsel ribbon is the huge round bracelet. Isn't it gay?

## EDITORIALS BY

LORING A. SCHULER

• *A Program for 1934* •

PERHAPS the greatest danger involved in the growing assumption of power by the Federal Government is the possibility that when rugged individualism has been eliminated the indomitable fighting spirit that made America may also have been crushed to earth. So that instead of the old *de-voté* initiative we may continue to pass the buck in placid resignation.

Nothing could be more fatal to morale, to progress, to reforms in social or political life. An individual or a nation that is resigned to fate is on the down grade.

It is well to remember this as we come into 1934. For although Government is regimenting industry and labor, and extending its authority into business and into the home in a manner without precedent in American history, there are still many things left for women to fight for, and the forcible presentation of their mass opinions can still sway public opinion, and through public opinion the powers in Washington. For instance:

**WAR.** It is the duty of every woman's organization to register its unswerving opposition to our participation in any more foreign wars. If we are ever in danger of invasion we shall, quite naturally, defend ourselves—and our defense must be always ready and always fully adequate. But if Europe again chooses to take the bloody road to ruin, let us at least keep sane—and out of their squabbles.

**SCHOOLS.** The education of our children must be maintained. Perhaps not quite on the lavish scale that was adopted in the days of easy money, but with such penny-pinching penny as will send our boys and girls into life only half prepared. If economy must be practiced—as it certainly must—then let the parents in each community dictate the school policy, and not the politicians.

**HOME OWNERSHIP.** Must be abandoned as a national policy and ideal. To say that eighty-five per cent of our people should not even aspire to the ownership of the ground on which they live is to relegate most of our population to a poverty of tenantry that not even China can exceed.

**RACKETEERING** must be eliminated. And if our women feel unequal to the task of wiping out the bootleggers, the kidnappers, the gunmen, and the paid killers, they can at least put out of business the politer forms of racketeering, which operate so successfully in the guise of unworthy charities, paid secretaries of useless organizations, and chattering promoters of underserving enterprises.

**MORTEMORIS** must be made safe. Maternal mortality is not an act of God, nor does it result solely from illegal operations or from inadequate prenatal care. Too often it comes from the wholly preventable cause of uncleanliness. It is well within the power of the women to cut down this appalling death rate.

**MOTION PICTURES.** Hollywood's great industry lives only by the favor of the public. If dirty pictures fill the theaters, then the producers can only conclude that the public likes dirt. But if the women voice a loud-ongoing demand for better films—and patronize them when they are produced—then Hollywood will surely see the light.

**TEMPERANCE.** Most of the states will have to pass new legislation for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Women as well as men joined in the nation-wide demand for repeal of prohibition; women as well as men must take a part in framing new laws against the saloons and for the promotion of true temperance.

**CONSUMER PROTECTION.** In the making of NRA codes, the consumer has had only the most feeble representation. Yet in the end it is the consumer who must buy, who must pay the increased costs of industry and labor, as well as whatever taxes Government may see fit to impose. So every woman's organization should, as a part of its 1934 program, become also a consumer organization, to battle for the protection of the household buyer. Also, there are tax investigations to be made, and there must be constant scrutiny of merchandise to see that quality is maintained.

**CULTURE.** Then there is the task of promoting culture through music and art—formerly the self-imposed duty of the libraries in each community. Now there is the support of libraries; there is the volunteer enterprise of providing recreation.

Altogether, 1934 presents plenty of problems, plenty of opportunities and duties for women both in and out of their homes. Although Government is taking over the greater tasks of reemployment and relief, it remains always to be kept in mind that so long as the United States remains a republic, we, the people, are the Government, and we shall have the final say.

• *Seventeen Looks at Forty* •

RECENTLY some two hundred high-school seniors were asked to write on the subject, "Grown-Ups as I See Them." Their eager comments were illuminating their frankness somewhat disconcerting—but out of their youthful wisdom we may, if we can be as wise as they, achieve a new view of ourselves as parents and friends.

There were three major protests against adults—nagging, not keeping youthful confidences, and forgetfulness of their own youth. Almost every student voiced a keen desire for comradeship with parents, but only a few had achieved that happy goal.

Movies of crime were criticized in many of the boys' papers. "Young children hear so much, see so much, and think so much of the heroism of the lucky crook that they want to follow in his footsteps. Why then are so many pictures of that nature? It must be to please the older generation."

Girls wrote much about the middle-aged mother who does not take her responsibilities seriously enough. And a number urged that adults find more fun in life. "The younger generation goes in for humor and comedy more than anyone else. And in order to get along with us, our elders should try to see funny things as we do. Usually they take things too seriously, and when we try to make light of things, they grow angry."

It was not lack of love, care or interest that brought forth the protests. Not one mentioned unhappiness or discontent because of lack of material things. But they did complain at the lack of understanding of the needs of youth. More serious or growing personalities would answer many of the questions, solve many of the difficulties. But let a few of the students speak for themselves.

One said: "Adults on the whole are pretty nice people, but they are always telling us something and then contradicting themselves. When I was a boy, or 'When I was a girl,' they say to their children, 'I was never out after ten at night. This disgusting neglect!' But when parents get together to joke about the old days the truths come out. They weren't such angels after all."

Another said: "An argument with a mother or a father or a friend of the family invariably ends up with the youngster on the short end. The youngster is sent through high school and college, but still he is not supposed to know anything. In some cases, of course, this is true. But I've found that regardless of age, size, education or talent, it is impossible to put up a convincing argument if the one arguing with you has the authority to tell you to stop talking."

And still another, unconsciously summing up most of the grievances of the rest, directed his protests against "Grown-ups who tell you what they used to do, and can't see that times have changed. Grown-ups who forbid the doing of things that they are doing all the time. Grown-ups who have no sense of humor. Grown-ups who will never admit that they are wrong. Grown-ups who baby us. Grown-ups who expect us to be angels and then tell us of the tricks that they used to play. Grown-ups who are always telling secrets about you in public and get very cross when you tell on them. Grown-ups who are immoral. Grown-ups who try to cultivate our tastes by nagging. Grown-ups who are always criticizing the younger generation."

• *On the Just and the Unjust* •

IT is difficult for some people to understand the mercies of God. Why should the wicked receive the same benefits from Nature that the good man earns? The answer, of course, lies in the fact that the mercies of God are never earned, but are freely bestowed as a token of His love. It is harder still for people to apply this principle to their dealings with others. Yet love is never wasted even when it is repulsed, because there is in the meanness of men a spark of appreciation that may light his whole being if it is reached.

Jesus did not think His effort wasted because it led to the Cross, nor did Robert Morrison when, after thirty years in China, he had only ten converts. No mother would call her efforts wasted even though her child seems ungrateful after years of sacrifice.

The church is the answer to Jesus' love. The real place that Christianity has made for itself in China is Morrison's reward. And though the mother may not see her son's response to her love, could she look into his heart she would find it his most precious treasure. We must spend our love lavishly, trusting to the future for its growth.



# What Will Congress Do Now?

FACING A NEW ELECTION IN THE FALL, IT MAY BE LESS MANAGEABLE THAN IT WAS LAST SPRING

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

ON JANUARY THIRD the second session of the seventy-third Congress will convene, and our national whipping boy will be with us once more. We are a great people for laying the blame on the other fellow; sometimes it is an individual, sometimes it is a group—but Congress, particularly the House, leads as whipping boy extraordinaire, and has for many years. In its first session, docile as it was, Congress did not give anything approaching all-round satisfaction. Though from March until its adjournment in June it passed by huge majorities the measures demanded by the Administration, and passed them in record time, it was given small credit for its obedience and celerity. The general attitude was "I had better get my hands off this, or I'll better pass them and hurry up about it too." Yet the fact is that though the President was the enthusiastically revered symbol of a new era, the measures passed were almost without exception credited to the various members of the Brain Trust, or to organized groups such as farm and labor—indeed, there is little that has nominally come from the White House that has not been so credited. Banking and industry are practically the only groups that have not at one time or another been reputed to be in the saddle.

A great factor in the speed and competence with which the administration program was put through was the fact that the country was practically scared green. Not since anyone can remember has the country been in anything like the demoralized condition that it was on the fourth of last March—and a scared country means a scared Congress. Even if there had not been any patronage, the Administration measures would still have been put through because of the panic condition of the people, who wanted them put through. Members of Congress were simply afraid to stand in the way, afraid to get up and voice opposition, and most of them meekly voted for what was proposed, regardless of their lack of understanding or of their opinions as to the soundness of the legislation that was shot up to them by the Executive. Any member who objected, who wished to scrutinize and debate the proposed legislation, to brave the rush to pass the grants of blanket authority bestowed upon the Executive, was ignored or criticized as an obstructionist. The dotted line was good enough for the vast majority in both houses. They were obstructionists or rubber stamps, depending upon the point of view of the critic.

The Democratic majority is, of course, so overwhelming that it was easy to pass the Administration program. But in the coming session it will hardly be possible to duplicate that situation. Undoubtedly patronage—the dealing out of the jobs—combined with the element of fear was a club to keep potential traitors in line. Now practically all positions have been filled, and it remains to be seen how our representatives in the House and Senate will behave with the patronage threat, as well as some of the terror of last March, removed. The general feeling is that Congress will be far less manageable than it was then.

Undoubtedly the major preoccupation of the members in both bodies will be how best to insure their reelections. So far June they have been listening pretty attentively to their "friends and neighbors." It is a horrid situation that faces our legislators. They have got to decide what will make a hit with the voters back home. Will it be most to

their advantage to continue to support the New Deal without reservation or protest, or will that course conflict with the views of their constituents? If it conflicts, they must weigh the relative strength of those constituents who do not quite go along with the Administration program. In every state, in every district, there are organized minorities—groups that the average member must placate if he is to get the votes he needs. The unlovely candidate must balance the power of Economy League versus Veterans, of producer demanding higher prices for products versus consumer demanding lower prices on his purchases. At least he thinks he must do all this. Personally, I believe that the necessity for political cowardice is exaggerated—that is to say, if the candidate has some or any conviction that is based upon grounds of general welfare, and, holding such a conviction, has the patience and capacity to present it to his constituency, regardless of the demand of the Administration or of organized groups, I should think it would be a risk that would be enjoyable to take once in a while. I don't say that it will always work, but some have taken the chance and have been rewarded with approval at the polls.

## Congress Faces a New Line-Up

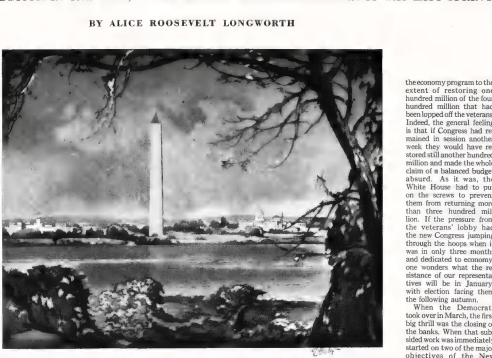
CONGRESS has not yet developed the line-up that characterizes many of the European parliaments, with their grouping into Left, Center and Right. But we do seem to be tending toward a division into blocs, and with the Old Democrats showing so little in common with the New Democrats, it is within the range of possibility that we may see the beginning of a very different alignment from that to which we have been accustomed. During the Hoover Administration the division was most noticeable in the Republican Party. The so-called progressive bloc held a real balance of power in the Senate. Roughly speaking, it was made up of agrarian Westerners, a certain number who were not all agrarian but also represented the silver-producing states, and the advocates of Government ownership of public utilities.

Last March, Congress was too dumbly scared by the condition of the country to do much more than take orders and listen to the glad news that happy days were here again. Yet even then, subdued as they were, they went against

and farm relief. The National Industrial Recovery Act, with its provision for "codes of fair competition," offered a novel and definite regulation of industry, which its authors stated was a program of voluntary cooperation. It is, in fact, mandatory; with drastic penalties, increasingly drastic, provided for nonobservance. So far as it concerns itself with the condition and welfare of the labor that is employed by the big basic industries, and with establishment of a mutually beneficial relation between that labor and its employers, it is a step in the right direction, though one that should be taken with deliberation, scrutiny and in the spirit of strict justice to all affected by it—worker, employer and consumer alike. We all must be well aware that the doctrine of laissez faire has vanished or is vanishing into the mist of the past—has almost become a legend of the older world. But when NIRA became a law, and under it the National Recovery Administration came into being, situations were created that aroused opposition and criticism—such as placing small employers in some classifications under the same restrictions as the corporations and industries which employ large numbers of individuals. Another debatable situation is the impetus NIRA has given to organized labor to demand the obligatory unionization of all workers regardless of the conditions, wishes or opinions of those workers either as individuals or as groups.

In the minds of many, NIRA and the Blue Eagle are one and the same. Perhaps they are. But if that is so, it seems to me a folly and a pity, and at times something worse, to see a far-reaching experiment in governmental function mixed up in people's minds with hallelujahs, hymns and boycotts, with extravagant forecasts of the number who would be back at work by certain dates, with threats of "cracking down" and an emotional appeal to be patriotic, instead of taking the honest, sensible matter of course and fact attitude that for two years, anyway, this is the law of the land, and that it is going to be enforced without fuss or fear or favor. Though it remains to be seen which it will eventually prove to be—an emergency measure, or a new policy, a permanent part of the New Deal—as it is asserted to be by those responsible for its working—it is kept in force after the unemployment which it was primarily evolved to displace has been vanishing.

Other criticisms, demands and grievances that the coming session will be up against, unless things have changed before the new year, will be from (Continued on Page 37)



# DELICATE HINTS

## I N C O R P O R A T E D

A GROUP OF GIFT SUGGESTIONS COMPLETE WITH GREETINGS

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



### FOR THE TOE OF A CHRISTMAS SOCK

Lever, rollers, handle, crank, . . .  
Use this opener, and thank  
Me for keeping us abreast  
Of the times here in our nest.

*(This new sock opener operates so smoothly many feel it may replace the horse, the automobile and the radio.)*

### FOR AN INCON- STANT NYMPH FROM A DOGGED PURSUER



There are no leaves upon the trees  
And ultra-violet's ultra rare;  
So, lest the winds of winter freeze  
Your dynamo beyond repair,  
Sit 'neath this sun lamp day by day  
And toast the very marrow of  
That plant of yours so that you may  
Keep pink and beautiful, my love.

*(No house is complete without its sun and air. A sun lamp in the winter is therefore indicated.)*



### FOR A HARD CITIZEN FROM HIS FEMININE PUBLIC

Sweet Sir: You're everything that's nice,  
But are you man, or are you ice?  
Will nothing wean that heart of yours  
Away from frosty temperatures?  
For months I've diligently tried  
To thaw a pathway to your side  
Without the least success, but still  
Perchance this handsome heater will.

*(Heater attaches to any household outlet, raising temperature of room and occupant gradually to point at which both become approachable.)*



### FOR THE TOE OF A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

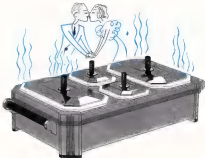
This glistening potato rack  
Is gifted with a special knack  
Of saving time and skin and space  
And temper for the human race.

*(Homemade food not only delicious in taste but potatoes when they are cooked tenderly are baking racks before being introduced to ovens.)*

### FOR A MODEL WIFE

I try with all my might and main  
To be a model husband. So  
With chromium and porcelain,  
And seal beneath the mistletoe,  
I bid you Merry Christmas, dear, . . .  
Pray note how charmingly the server  
Keeps dinner hot while we stand here  
And register connubial fervor.

*(Server plays its socket. Full success of service with water. Water will leak just below heating points, keeping food at just temperatures hot without cooking over.)*



### FOR ROVER'S STOCKING

Dear Pup: Undoubtedly you'll savor  
The chocolate odor and the flavor  
Of this mysterious rubber bone,  
So take it for your very own.

*(This fine, sanitary rubber bone is sold only of chocolate, and the flavor lasts! Beware before leaving to home.)*



### FOR A SOFT DRINKER

Merry Christmas, Happy Yule!  
Here's a gadget that will cool  
Bottles in a so-called trice  
While it crushes hunks of ice.

*(Beverage cooler with reusable ice breaker and built-in tap for furthering innocent holiday length.)*



### GIFT FOR AN ARCHCOOK

O gifted culinary toiler,  
Your art deserves this double boiler.  
And just in case your bosom's aching  
To do some roasting and some baking  
On top of, rather than inside,  
The stove, you'll doubtless take great pride  
In yon Dutch oven, bright and new,  
And built of fine enamel too.

*(Double boiler, too better and Dutch oven of course enamel and chromium appear on 18th year's bill of fare gifts.)*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORTON MORGAN

# GIFTS

TO MAKE EYES SPARKLE

ON ANY HOLIDAY

Where's the little girl who doesn't love a tea-party set? Up there in the corner is an unbreakable one which comes in a box decorated with pictures of famous folk from Alice in Wonderland. Just above is a new radio in a size apartment dwellers are finding convenient to tuck away under the window and week-enders to sling under an arm. It will stow away in a dormitory room with equal ease. The beauty kit is in a shiny leather case, lined with bright red-checked material, and contains everything you need for refreshing your looks en route. A friend with a new baby will be pleased with the baby box of talcum powder and cakes of soap. In the center is a gift for a golfer—a barometer which will help him make his dates ahead of time; that is, if his wife doesn't take it to keep on her dresser, to decide what to wear in case of rain. Everybody loves to get a watch, and this watertight one is the kind the "aces" wear.

Need more be said? Next to it is a folding umbrella that's very smart because it's plaid in brown and white, like the case it fits into. For the many friends to whom you want to drop a word of greeting there are these little cards which come in packets of twelve folded sheets with their envelopes. And new individual stationery, in two sizes. At the far right is a self-starting clock with an illuminated face, which you can take wherever you go, for it plugs into a socket. It will help you catch trains, meet chums or get to your hairdresser's on time. Down in front is a dresser set in a cloisonné design which is just as lovely as the real thing, but far less expensive. You can choose from three colors—turquoise blue, yellow, rose. And then if you run out of ideas, here's first aid to the list-less—games, toy airplanes, a copper garden set that won't rust if left in the rain, a bicycle, or a memo pad with an alphabet guide.

What a lot of ideas for things to make, food to cook and fun to have, you'll find in the booklets listed in the Journal Reference Library!

# WHEN YOU'RE BEING MERELY DECORATIVE

THE SUB-DES • EDITED BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

You steal a glance into the mirror to see if you're really as devastating as you thought. To give a last reassuring pat to your side curls. And a snag little tug to your wrap. What you see is good, good, very good.

Perhaps you have kept him waiting. But, "What's worth having is worth waiting for." And you know you're decidedly worth having!

No one would ever recognize you as the dirty-kneed hoyden who made the winning point that very afternoon. Tonight you're being merely decorative.

You can't just pop out of the shower and be a new person all in a flash. It takes a good bit of secret experimenting—and a little jacking up of the mental point of view.

Last-minute changes—deciding to wear your hair a new way the night of the party, putting on your make-up differently—will give you the jitters. You'll sneak nervous peeks at your compact mirror to see if your hair is still behaving. That your make-up still looks as if it belongs. To see if the wear and tear of black-coated shoulders has worn you down.

Days ahead of time experiment with your hair. Spend conscientious hours before a full-length mirror trying this and that. Study yourself from all angles. Try on different dresses and make your hair match. Get the how it'd down pat.

Then when the big night comes, you can slip into your new role—to everybody else, but to you an old story. You'll know that the general effect is good and you can forget about it. And concentrate on your state of mind.

## STAR DUST

There's a time and place for everything. Run like a deer on the hockey field. Roar with laughter at a picnic. But when you're all dressed up in a long, swishy evening frock—please—just a bit of glamour.

Don't slither into your dress and run. Swish around in it in your room—practise your dress. This sounds terribly artificial—and, of course, I've told you girls to be natural. But it's perfectly natural for every woman to be an actress. Glamour is being thrillingly alive, calm, gracious, poised, lovely. It's not so easily slipped on as your frock—it comes from deep down under. Fill your ears with good music—it will put you in the mood. Too much jazz will make you skittery. Read some French just before you go out—it will wake up your brain. Go out with your will to do something nice for somebody—it will make your heart warm. Then out you go certain that you really are as lovely as you look.

## SCENT SENSE

The movies to the contrary, no girl who knows grams her perfume atomizer and sprays herself violently with big blasts of the bulb before dashing down to greet the boy friend. No need to call, "I'm on my way." He can smell her coming!

Perfume is a subtle thing—a faint whiff of an illusion to enhance you.

After your bath and you're completely dry, put on your perfume. On your shoulders, at the nape of your neck, in the part of your hair. Then dress. By the time you've slipped your frock over your head, your perfume has become part of you.

A wise girl uses soap, creams, powder and perfume that have the same scent. Too many scents mix people up. Hands smelling of crushed roses, clothes smelling of lavender and a dash of something Oriental in the hair. Get it down to the least common denominator—your own.

## A NEST OF ROBINS

Marie Antoinette won the beauty prize at court one evening by appearing with a jeweled slip in full sail riding her billowy curls. And it's quite the thing these days



## THE MODE ATMOSPHERIC

TWO MOONBEAMS FLUNG ACROSS A CHAIR,  
A WISP OF RAINBOW IN A DRAWER,  
A DRIFT OF SUNSET ON THE BED,  
TITANIA'S SANDALS ON THE FLOOR.

I THINK OF THINGS LIKE THISTLEDOWN,  
OF FEATHERS FROM A BLUEBIRD'S NEST,  
OF GOSSAMER AND BUBBLES—BUT  
IT'S ONLY SALLY GETTING DRESSED.

—Clara Wells

to tuck unsuspected things into unsuspected places in one's coiffure. Merely decorative.

Jeweled clips and combs and pins, crystal stars and crescent moons. Artificial flowers and real ones. These you can fasten to a side comb, or sew onto elastic the color of your hair, and look like a May queen.

And here's a brand new idea for restraining rebellious hair when driving to a party, borrowed from the sheiks. Get out your illustrated copy of Beau Geste and study the desert chieftain's headress. His heavy rings hold his burrmane on his head.

Make some rings for yourself—plain, ordinary, heavy rings—and wind them over velvet ribbon. Fit them down over your coiffure. You can wear one at a time, or make them of narrower rope, and wear two or three in different colors. Be smart and cover some cheap big bracelets to match.

Equally decorative is your evening purse, which you can make yourself. Cut a buckram foundation just big enough to hold your gadgets, and cover it with white silk. Then make detachable covers for it—a wisp of lace, a dash of cherry velvet or a scrap of gold lamé.

## THE LAST LICK

I'm all against scurrying around at the last minute to make a raving beauty of yourself—but sometimes you get caught. So here are some bits of news.

A liquid shampoo that won't ruin any wave you happen to have. You just put it on with a pad of cotton, rub it through, then rub your hair dry. You don't need any water. And you still have a wave.

For those hickies that will pop out at the most inconvenient times—and feel like scarablights to the unwelcome owner—acne lotion. It is healing, will dry up the hickie, and leaves a powder coating to disguise the redness. Good for everyday treatment, but sure help in a pinch.

Do your nails show white marks and blemishes, even through your varnish? Here's something new—opaque nail polish in bright colors that you simply can't see through. It covers a multitude of sins.

## HEADS UP!

We're short on long bobs these days. In the daytime heads look as if a fresh wet breeze pulled straight in our faces. Hair back simply, cut close in back. No cascades of lilycurl curls dripping down our backs.

But in the evening—what tricks! Bangs here, a flat curl there, a row of tiny round curls across the top. Fancy, yes, but adorable. All of this frizz is in front, and the back shows the hair line, subtly following the shape of the head.

If you insist on hanging on to your long hair, wear it braided into a crown for evening. Brush and brush and brush it until it gleams, then twist it high around your head like a coronet. Dress and act up to it. No ha-ha-cha. Act as if you usually were a crown. The boys will try to outdo Sir Walter Raleigh.

Everything shrieks that "the head's the thing." Hats with tiny veils, scarfs, necklines, collars, all framing the face. It all seems sensible to me. I never could see point of bustles—calling attention to the back of our laps!

So there's work to do—careful, thoughtful work on our heads. Maybe that cowlick of yours is a blessing in disguise. Perhaps that stray lock that won't stay put can be taught to do tricks. If you've decided tired of looking at the same old self in the mirror, and you'd like to be somebody else, six somebody else—all decorative—my new booklet is for you. FRIZZ, FUZZ AND PUN-BELLOWS—the latest news about hair to turn your head. Just send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for booklet No. 1116.

Your first impression clinches the deal! If you want to make a hit this winter—the Sub-Des booklets in the Journal Reference Library will show you how!



BY JULIA COBURN

## FOR LOUNGING AND LOVELINESS

The pajama-and-jacket set on the reclining lady are knit of fine cottons. The pajamas are one-piece, the jacket is sweeper, and with them come the cutest bed socks, for a long winter night. The seated lady wears peach-silk-culotte one-piece pajamas with a short jacket of tangerine velvet. Nightgowns and pajamas are both grand for ladies who are loungers, or those who are just tired!

A tailored nightie? How about the pastel printed satin one, bliss soft, with a soft tie? A ruffy one? The square-necked gown with the lace-edged ruffles is styled just like an evening gown. The one under that does everything for the slight figure is the lace-trimmed combination shown immediately above. Tailored, dainty, and of a substantial fabric that washes like glove silk.

Tired of lace? How about panties with embroidered scallops and openwork embroidery? And see the bed jacket of satin, with its lace-edged shoulder sleeves—it is too precious for words. The headless slipper is of fine corduroy and trimmed with marabou. The mules on the lady in the velvet jacket have solid bowknots of a darker shade. The slippers by the chaise longue are of fine satin.

**WANGLE** them for a gift if you can—the slippers, negligees and lingerie your soul adores to own. Or abetted by a Christmas check, present them to yourself. Any girl, on an allowance or on her own, can afford these. Fit and frivolity, comfort and comeliness go hand in hand with this outlay. A knit pajama with Dutch-boy trousers, a jacket to match, and bed socks thrown in—and a five-dollar bill covers it all. A pajama with a little velvet jacket that is so smart it can bob up any evening at a dance. A bed jacket to make the healthiest girl look unworried. And slippers and mules—in there any choicer gift? Undies you'll be loath to give away, they're so practical, with all their fine lace and embroidery.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

IN COLOR BY

CHARLES GARNER





# YELLOW

IS THE FLAVOR OF CHEESE

**MOLTEN-GOLD**, and a faint flavor—a color that excites the eye, a tang that spurs the appetite—there's nothing more welcome at a buffet supper than Welsh rarebit. Smooth—fluid—yellow—golden-yellow cheese.

Of course everything that is yellow isn't cheese. But at smart suppers of the day, a golden sun of cheese on crisp curly Melba toast is sure to take its place as the pièce de résistance of the evening.

And Welsh rarebit possesses all the requirements of up-to-date entertaining. You make it at the table. You can't make it alone. The hostess makes the gestures and everyone present performs some indispensable chore for the aid of the party. And this is a preferred technique for a good time this season.

But there's more to the occasion than the Welsh rarebit making. First in importance, very important—there's the approach to cheese.

Now the cheese cult has many standard bearers—those who delight to taste and taste and taste cheese, and cheese and cheeses. And so varied and versatile is this food that you could run the gamut of flavor and never leave its domain. Smooth, spicy, sweet, sharp—but I know no more adjectives, and still there are more and more cheeses and cheeses.

The second method of approach is more dramatic. To describe it, one must borrow a phrase of the cinema world and call it the star system. It consists of a series of delectable dishes with one stellar one, the star being cheese, and the supper assembled something like this: A frosted, fruity cocktail, quite tart, assisted by the brisk salty flavor of herring and anchovy, caviar and such fry. This, gathered on soft circles of bread, cut thick, and crowned with a golden sphere of hard-cooked egg. These are served in the living room in the very new help-yourself fashion.

And, by the way, even beverages are being assembled by the guests themselves these evenings. The equipment to set the stage is a large tray on a stand, conspicuously placed in the living room. This impressive retinue may be turned over to an energetic guest, who assumes the duties of major-domo, leaving the hostess free to mingle with the guests and finally lead the way into the dining room, where the buffet table is spread.

And here on these pages is a picture of what guests might see—a dining table

covered with blue or black glass. (If you have a glass table top, spend the afternoon painting the under side with black or blue paint. Wiggle the brush north, south, east and west, so the finished job won't look streaked.) Or maybe you will adopt the very newest choice in tablecloths, one of sapphire blue or maroon. Or, if you are very ch-ch-ch, black linen with natural-colored border. Also very new are gleaming platters and bowls of copper or chromium, arranged as you see here. Even dishes can be bandied with decorative metal rings, and they keep company with your metal accessories most congenially.

Center stage—the cheese dish—and here's the recipe for the evening:

## WELSH RAREBIT

- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1 Teaspoonful of Butter | ¼ Pound of Cheese, Cut in Small Pieces |
| 1 Teaspoonful of Flour  | ¼ Teaspoonful of Mustard               |
| ¼ Cupful of Milk        | ½ Teaspoonful of Salt                  |
| ¼ Teaspoonful of Salt   | Toast or Water Crackers                |

Melt the butter, add the flour and mix the two together until they are well combined. Gradually add the milk, stirring to prevent lumpiness, and cook until thickened.

Add the cheese and stir until it is melted. Add the seasoning and serve on water crackers or toast, garnished with pimiento if you like. It is essential for the success of the rarebit that it be cooked only until the cheese is melted.

Now the correct approach to cheese is not more important than the correct farewell to cheese. Therefore, after the rarebit, tart green salad, such as the one termed *Chiffonade*. Finally, tea or coffee, served in amber glasses from a copper percolator—hot, strong, flavorful.

This is but one of the many successful ideas for a buffet supper, and if you plan to be really serious about this undertaking and want more news or ideas, there is a JOURNAL booklet hooped with the very latest facts on the "how" of the buffet supper; everything from recipes to table settings; from party clothes to guest management. This new booklet, *THE ESSENTIALS OF THE BUFFET SUPPER*, No. 1121, is just off the press and is yours for just a three-cent stamp, sent to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Penna.

BY PHYLLIS CARR . . .  
THE HOSTESS

# THIS LITTLE PIG

PORK PLAYS THE LEADING RÔLE IN THESE MENUS

BY CAROLINE B. KING

THE big bad wolf famed in song and story certainly knew what he was about when he went calling. But let's change the ending a bit—for there's nothing more satisfying to the big bad wolf of winter appetites than fresh pork. And fresh pork is at its best as menu material in January, as its fuel value is high and it combines so very delectably with winter fruits and vegetables. But as its flavor is a little bland, to bring out all its richness it is a wise plan to supplement the roast or tenderloin or chops with tart and tasty relishes, the more pungent vegetables and greens, and your favorite zesty pickles or sauces.



One thing more—and this is very important: never serve underdone pork; beef may be quite rare, lamb as you like it, but pork must be cooked to a turn, sizzling brown and crusty on the outside, juicy, white and tender when the knife cuts through its delicate goodness.

The following are menus in which pork is the meat chosen; menus for dinners, and for luncheons or suppers, delicious combinations, some of them traditional, others unusual, they will be heartily welcomed by the busy homemaker with her task of planning meal upon meal for a hungry family that likes nice food.



## DINNERS

### A COMPANY DINNER

Tomato-and-Green-Pepper Cocktail  
Crown Roast of Pork  
Spiced Brown Gravy  
Browned Pineapple Pickles  
Celery  
Buttered White Onions  
Spinach Bechamel  
Ambrisco  
(Shred Onions and Shredded Coconut)  
Black Coffee  
Pork Loaf  
Spaghetti With Tomato Sauce  
Glossed Carrots  
Lettuce, Onion and Green-Pepper Salad  
Peach Tart  
Coffee  
Pork Tenderloin Fillets With Grilled Apricots  
Baked Hubbard Squash  
Buttered Beets  
Pickled Cauliflower  
Apple Compote  
Sponge Cakes  
Coffee

## DINNERS

Onion Soup  
Stuffed Pork Chop Grilled With Pineapple and Sweet Potatoes  
Pickled Beets  
Whole-Wheat Roll  
Fruit Salad  
Toasted Wafers  
Coffee  
Pineapple Juice  
Deviled Pork Chops  
Sweet Potato Soufflé  
Tomato-Jelly Salad  
Boston Cream Pie  
Coffee  
Consommé  
Roast Shoulder of Pork With Savory Stuffing  
Browned Apple Slices  
Green Pickle Relish  
Prunes in Lemon Jelly  
Tiny Spiced Cookies  
Coffee  
Brussels Sprouts  
Tomatoes au Gratin

## LUNCHEONS

Pork à la King  
Coleslaw  
Waffles With Plum Consome  
Tea  
Milk  
Chilled Cranberry Cocktail  
Sausage With Scalloped Apples  
Buttered String Beans  
Hot Biscuits—Honey  
Tea  
Milk  
Tomato-Jelly Cocktail  
Cold Roast Pork  
Corn Pudding With Green Peppers  
Head Lettuce With French Dressing  
Orange Short Cake  
Tea  
Milk  
Cold Sliced Chicken  
Hot Rolls  
Apple Snow  
Tiny Sausage Borscht  
Spiced Currant Jelly  
Raisin Cake  
Tea  
Milk

*At their delicious best  
..... in this soup!*

EAT SOUP  
AND KEEP WELL



21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Stout
Calder	Onion
Chicken	Pot
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Chow Chow	Primier
Consommé	Tomato
Julienne	Tomato-Onion
	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

I'm sure to win  
In every race,  
For Campbell's always  
Sets the pace!



Only the finest tomatoes for soup-making are accepted by Campbell's—the ruddy, luscious tomatoes that have the most tempting color and flavor. If you were to see them as passed by the eagle-eyed inspectors at Campbell's kitchens, you would say at once that they are just the perfect kind you always try to serve on your own table. And then in the skilled hands of Campbell's famous chefs, these glorious

tomatoes acquire an even greater deliciousness when blended and enriched with golden creamery butter and seasoned according to Campbell's exclusive recipe. What a flavor! What a tingling, irresistible flavor! You agree that only Campbell's make the Tomato Soup you most enjoy! You decide that you will serve Campbell's always, especially since you know how little you pay for all its extra goodness!



**Campbell's Tomato Soup**



THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

## EATING TO KEEP WELL

**F**rom childhood to the grave we are what we eat. Food makes our bodies and gives us all the energy we shall ever get to write poems, sweep rugs or build bridges—to live, in fact. If it is not adequate for all the needs of living, or if it is poorly adapted to the body it is intended for or the processes it has to go through in the body, it will cause trouble as surely as water in gasoline.

But modern science is teaching us how to avoid trouble. We know today that we can eat to keep well just as surely as we can eat to keep ill. Diet, we have found, has to do with a surprising number of ailments. Many of them, such as colds, headaches, dyspepsia, we used to take for granted, like original sin. Now we know that they are as unnecessary mist of the time as smallpox.

A healthy kind of life naturally demands a healthful diet—in other words, eating to keep well. Health being the goal, the objective, the desideratum, in eating to keep well one idea ought to be kept ahead of everything else. It is admirably summed up when we say of a youngster or grown-up, "He's the picture of health."

If you have a headache, the picture is out of focus somewhere. A headache is one of Nature's danger signals. It may be caused by or associated with any one of a number of troubles—dyspepsia, auto-intoxication, neurasthenia, sinus infection, eyestrain, bad teeth, to give some examples. But by eating to keep well we help avoid some of the fundamental ailments, in which diet plays a part, that are accompanied by headaches.

In the making of our picture of health there is a continuous partnership between the elements in food and the processes through which food passes in the body. Suppose we examine some of these things separately.

Our newer knowledge has shown that a diet rich in Vitamin A helps us to keep free from colds. It does many remarkable things in the body, and among others it has a lot to do with keeping the mucous membranes in a healthy, resistive condition. Vitamin A seems to be one of Nature's provisions for that purpose.

This vitamin is peculiarly far-reaching in its effects throughout our bodies, and it is a potent source of strength against numerous infections, particularly where mucous membranes are involved.

Colds, influenza and catarrhs are among the commonest of these, with the possibility of sinus infection following any one of the three, and recurrent headaches, neuralgia or serious disorders in almost any part of the body resulting from the sinus infection.

The liberal consumption of Vitamin A should be a regular habit, not an emergency measure like resorting to the

medicine bottle. In fact, this rule holds good for dietary principles in general, for many a sound change in diet does not show apparent results until it has been practiced for some time.

Milk affords the simplest medium for affording a Vitamin A supply. Plenty of milk—a quart a day for each child, not much, if any, less for each adult.

Everything with milk in it helps—butter, whole-milk and cheese dishes, foodues, vegetables au gratin, cheese sauces, cream-cheese salads, soups containing milk, ice cream, custards, milk puddings, hot or cold cereals with milk or cream, various maited and chocolate drinks, hot or cold.

While on the subject of milk it must be noted that milk is decidedly a part of the picture of health—calcium. What the story of calcium is we don't yet know, but it seems evident that we need a really liberal supply if we are to maintain that ringing physical tone which is one of our greatest assets in resisting disease.

In addition to milk, what contains a lot of Vitamin A? The green and yellow vegetables, and egg yolk. Thus a dish of spinach, topped with a poached egg or slices of hard-cooked egg, would contribute mightily to the day's supply.

Other good Vitamin A providers would include carrots, battered or creamed, or perhaps appearing bountifully in a stew, a vegetable soup or a salad; to say nothing of salads of escarole, green lettuce or green cabbage. Tomatoes, too, are a worthwhile

source, whether fresh or from a can, baked, stuffed, stewed or scalloped, as a sauce or a soup, or in the form of tomato juice.

But other things in addition to Vitamin A affect our resistance, too, and if we let ourselves get below par in other ways we may be subject to colds in spite of an abundance of this vitamin. The important thing is to hold fast to the broader idea that right eating builds up the entire body and puts it in a condition to get the most out of life with the least interruption from troubles of various kinds.

This is the only way to get the maximum benefit out of diet. Keep this in mind and eating to keep well becomes a game with real zest to it. The experimenter tries to see how healthy she can make herself and the other members of her family.

When we come to Vitamin C we know that even a slight deficiency lowers the power of resistance of body cells, and brings a pervasive if vague sort of general ill health and an increased susceptibility to infection.

A liberal supply of Vitamin C is needed for sound teeth and healthy gums as well as for general physical stamina. Getting it is also an agreeable part of the game of eating to keep well, since it involves the generous use of such pleasant foods as oranges, grapefruit, lemons, tomatoes. They, too, can be taken straight or as ingredients in innumerable recipes.

Other worthwhile sources of Vitamin C include strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, pineapples and apples (fresh or canned), many of the leafy vegetables, especially when eaten raw, turnips, carrots, onions.

The recently differentiated Vitamin G, quite commonly found as a sort of Siamese twin of Vitamin B in foods, is also a vital part of our picture of health. Milk, good old milk, is the outstanding source of this vitamin, but what is most important, perhaps, is that it is still present after the cream has been removed, which is not true of Vitamin A.

Experiments show that laboratory rats deprived of Vitamin G develop what is known as a pellagra-like condition. But give 'em plenty of this vitamin, and you get the jump on life, grow bigger and huskier and live longer. And so we know we must have Vitamin G, too.

Finally, we might mention Vitamin B, so often found as a boon companion of Vitamin G. Perhaps we don't need a liberal supply of this vitamin, but an adequate amount is vital because Vitamin B is closely associated with appetite, assimilation of food, normal functioning of the intestines, and good stomach tone.

Fortunately, Vitamin B is fairly well distributed in foods, but it is especially plentiful in whole grains—which is one good reason for including whole-grain products among our breadstuffs and cereals—and in dried legumes, such as peas, beans, lentils, Lima.

The other half of the health partnership—the proper functioning of internal organs—depends to a considerable extent upon our eating habits. Bad eating habits can result in indigestion, classical headaches and other troubles.

No particular diet is recommended to avoid dyspepsia, but it should be a varied one. Prime offenders are too-fresh bakery products, soggy pastries and poorly cooked starchy foods in general. Raw vegetables and acid fruits, which are normally valuable foods, will cause trouble under certain circumstances. Overeating of any one thing, or overeating in general, should be avoided. Sometimes, too, it is necessary to cut down on starchy foods, if they cause undue fermentation in the stomach.

Also, if we are to achieve the picture of health we must avoid constipation. Here the need is for an adequate amount of bulky material in the form of fruits and vegetables and for some roughage in the form of whole-grain products.

And in conclusion here are two things to be avoided as you eat to keep well: dietary fads, which frequently make health anything but a joyous privilege; and that base of physicians, self-diagnosis of one's own ills, which is more likely to ruin health than to improve it.



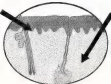
GIVES US ENERGY TO WRITE POEMS OR SWEEP RUGS

# To avoid *Wrinkles* treat your Under Skin

## When Dryness bothers treat your Outer Skin

### OUTER SKIN

which coarsens and yellows, roughens and dries. If unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheat, houses, make-up—which tend to dry out its natural moisture.



### UNDER SKIN

which shrinks when clay glands don't function, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here is where really you help these glands to work properly.

**WHAT causes wrinkles?** What causes dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness... charm... Romance!

Today we know the answer to these old riddles. The structure of the skin is no longer a mystery. Its separate layers have been identified. Their functions explained.

### How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness... Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into folds. Little lines form. Eventually, dreaded wrinkles!

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the under skin. Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream, your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—instantly!



**The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT**  
Beautiful Society Women use  
Daily—as told by  
**MRS. THOMAS CARNEGIE, JR.**

**1 "AT NIGHT"** I cream my face and neck thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and all the day's dirt with Pond's hot Tissues. For the second cleansing, I pat the cream in vigorously. It tones my skin deep down. Then Pond's Tissues. My face feels so clean! My complexion looks bright and fresh.

**2 "NEXT,"** Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream—so much better than those sticky creams. Pond's fluffy Vanishing Cream softens—takes away roughness, dryness... and it's so delicious to use!

**3 "IN THE MORNING,"** and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Creams all over again. Then Vanishing Cream to prepare my skin for make-up and keep it from

Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is cleanser as well as beauty builder. The thoroughest, most satisfying cleanser in the world.

### How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the Outer Skin! That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the Outer Skin. It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughness in one application!

Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your make-up beautifully, and holds it for hours.

### Easy to Have Beauty Like Thine

Some of the most beautiful women in the world use these two creams alone to keep their skin lovely. Try their method yourself for a few days. See how magically Pond's Two Creams used together smooth and soften your skin. Keep it free from lines. Gloriously fresh. Radiant!

chapping or drying during the day. This 8-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling marvellously alive and glowing—invariably.

### MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. A.  
397 Hudson St., New York City  
I enclose 30¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....



**OUTER SKIN**  
WHERE  
DRYNESS STARTS

**UNDER SKIN**  
WHERE  
WRINKLES START

*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.*

*Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde skin the Pond's way... Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.*

*Now in lovely new jars*

**Pond's Creams** in the new oval jars, with smart jade green tops, are... the SAME marvelous creams... in MORE generous quantities... and at the SAME blessedly low prices!

**TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T., WEAF and NBC Network**

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

"SIMONIZ makes any car stay beautiful!"



## Always... SIMONIZ Your Car!

Wise motorists everywhere Simoniz their cars. They say it's the only way to keep a car beautiful for years.

Simoniz protects the finish in all weather, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. Besides being easier, quicker and safer to use, Simoniz lasts . . . and practically eliminates washing expense and bother.

Simonizing is easy . . . you'll enjoy doing it yourself. If the finish is dull, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener restores its lustre in a jiffy without any hard rubbing. Just a few easy strokes and your car looks new. Then Simoniz takes only a few moments to apply and keeps it sparkling bright in all weather.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So always insist on them for your car.



Mr. C. L. Bunker Church says that he's never had his Simoniz car look better. For more information, ask your Simoniz dealer. Looking over, Simoniz 103,276 miles.

Motorists Wise  
**SIMONIZ**

THE SECRET OF LASTING BEAUTY

## MEETING KITCHEN EMERGENCIES

BY MARJORIE HESELTINE

KITCHEN EMERGENCIES are less common than they used to be, but just so long as some of us work with stoves provided by uninterested landlords, and so long as the telephone will ring when there is a pan of cookies in the oven, they will continue to make cooking the most exciting of household activities.

It goes without saying that the best way of dealing with these mishaps is to prevent them. However, once the accident has happened, knowing how to salvage the food can save the meal from threatened disaster. So, while the cook who never makes a mistake may scorn these first-aid measures, her more human sister may see their resemblance to the little boy's definition of a lie as, "An abomination unto the Lord but an ever-present help in time of trouble."

In order that there may be some system to this collection of measures for rescuing foods in distress, let's consider first things which go wrong in top-of-the-stove cookery, and later, oven mishaps. I suspect that the most common accident in every home is the boiling dry of kettles in which vegetables are cooking. (To be sure, the state of affairs is not likely to come about with properly chosen utensils and correctly adjusted burners or heating units. But we are concerned with what to do when it does happen.) Under no circumstances should the hurried cook obey her impulse to pour water into the original saucepan first and then determine the extent of the damage. If the saucepan is made of enamel ware, its surface may be ruined by the sudden change in temperature; in any saucepan the added water may spread the burned flavor from only a part to the entire contents of the pan. It may be to transfer the pieces of vegetable at once to another pan, examining each for signs of damage, which may be limited to those pieces in contact with the bottom of the pan. Sometimes the scorched portions can be cut away, leaving no odor or flavor in the remainder, but more often tasting will indicate that at least part of the material which shows no surface signs of scorching must also be sacrificed.

"Sauce trouble" is another frequent mishap in top-of-the-stove cookery, perhaps because sauces and gravies are likely to be made in those last busy minutes when the cook's attention has to be divided among so many things. The most common shortcoming is in consistency—the sauce is either too thick or too thin. Incidentally, in judging the consistency of a sauce on the stove, it is well to remember that the sauce will thicken slightly as it cools on the way to the table.

### SAUCE REMEDIES

Too-thick sauces are easily remedied by stirring in more of the liquid used in making the sauce, or even water if nothing else is available. The added liquid dilutes the sauce, so that it should be tasted critically and perhaps reasoned before serving.

Too-thin white sauces and gravies can be thickened by adding more flour in the

form of a thin paste. If you have difficulty in mixing flour and cold water to a smooth paste, try floating the flour on top of the water in a small bowl and beating with a rotary beater. If the paste is diluted by stirring in part of the hot sauce, it is much more likely to thicken smoothly when the two mixtures are combined and reheated.

Greasy gravies and sauces come from using too much fat in proportion to the flour. That is particularly liable to happen in making pan gravy when we pour off "all but four table-spoonfuls of fat"—or what the eye estimates to be four table-spoonfuls of fat. There is just one way of redressing these gravies: since the fat cannot be taken out, more flour must be put in to restore the proper proportions. Unless the gravy was too thick originally, adding more flour will mean adding more liquid to preserve the proper consistency. More liquid means more sauce, therefore more seasonings will be required. One thing does lead to another in cooking!

Lumpy sauces, if not too lumpy, may also be restored to smoothness by beating with a rotary beater. When all else fails, there is always the strainer to fall back upon. Naturally, sauces used in the process of straining and usually need reheating.

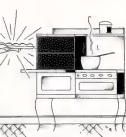
Lumpiness of Hollandaise sauce and soft custard is a special problem, which comes from overcooking the egg and

### BUDGETING?

JANUARY! Time for taking money routers in hand and subduing unruly expenses.

Cue bookies, *How to Make and Keep to a Budget*, tells you how to keep an adequate record of your expenses without involved labor and offers a number of budget plans for families of various sizes and incomes of various amounts.

To secure your copy of *How to Make and Keep to a Budget*, send three cents to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017, for Booklet No. 1001.



constitutes the first step on the way to curdling. Setting the top of the double boiler in a pan of cold water and beating with a rotary beater will often remove the lumps, but the sauce is likely to be somewhat thinner than we like it.

The subject of curdled sauces leads to the simplest way of rescuing curdled mayonnaise, as recommended by a leading worker in the field of experimental cookery. Instead of starting all over again with a second egg yolk, all that needs to be done is to put one table-spoonful of water or vinegar into a fresh bowl and beat the curdled mixture gradually into this liquid, to make a smooth emulsion to which the rest of the oil can be added as in the original recipe.

Next to sauces, boiled frosting is one of the most frequent sources of trouble, for even if the sirup is cooked to the right temperature, variation in the amount of egg white, due to using small or large eggs, may cause the frosting to be too thin or too stiff. Frosting which begins to stiffen too quickly can be corrected by beating in hot water gradually. Lemon juice may be used instead of hot water if the flavor of it blends well with the cake. Frosting which will not stiffen after a reasonable amount of beating should be transferred to the top of a double boiler and stirred over boiling water until a scraping sound indicates that sugar crystals are being formed along the edge of the pan. The recooled mixture should then be poured back into a bowl and beaten for a second time until ready to spread. This is one of many occasions when an efficient electric beater does wonders for the cook's disposition.

### BURNING TROUBLES

Poor results in baking are much less frequent now that thermostatically controlled ovens are in general use. But we still see cakes and breads which are well cooked except that the top crust is too pale or the bottom crust too brown. Sometimes faulty circulation in the oven is the cause, and that is beyond the cook's control; more often the difficulty can be overcome by skillful handling of the food. It is never advisable to leave a cake or bread in the oven after they have cooked through in an attempt to brown the crust, but if the food is still unpleasantly pale on the top when it responds to the usual tests for doneness, it can be slipped under the broiling flame or electrical unit for just the few seconds required to develop the right color.

Once cakes, cookies or biscuits are burned on the bottom, there are two things to do about it. The first is to feed them to an obliging member of the family who does not mind a burning of a moustache. The second is to remove as much of the burned portion as possible. Corners of soft cakes can be trimmed away with a sharp knife, and frostings cover a much larger area of a cake. Cookies, biscuits and rolls usually respond better to a grater, which often dispenses of every trace of incriminating evidence.



# When coffee grows *stale*, it loses flavor and becomes *nervously irritating*

## EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the *Food and Coffee Trade Journal*, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refused to disclose, but who they insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable emphasis on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

Of the 93 brands selected for this test, 5 were bought in Atlanta, 6 in Boston, 4 in Cincinnati, 6 in Chicago, 5 in Dallas, 4 in Kansas City, 6 in Los Angeles, 5 in Minneapolis, 3 in New Orleans, 11 in New York, 6 in Portland, Me., 4 in Portland, Ore., 6 in Richmond, 1 in St. Louis, 6 in Seattle, and 6 others in miscellaneous

56 brands of packaged coffee were found to be stale.

That means that no matter what you pay for coffee, you run the risk of getting coffee that is not only sadly lacking in flavor and cheer, but that is also definitely irritating to your whole system. But how can you tell whether your coffee is fresh or stale?

### One Sure Protection—DATING

The freshness of coffee depends entirely on how quickly it reaches you after roasting—not on the package. The only way you can be sure of freshness is to *know* how old your coffee is.

You know Chase & Sanborn's is fresh, because it's *Dated*. Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens by the same nationwide delivery service that delivers yeast fresh.

Every pound is clearly marked with the date of delivery—for you to read. And Chase & Sanborn see that no can ever remains on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

The date on the can is your assurance of full flavor, of absolute freshness and complete freedom from the nervous irritation of stale coffee. Start tomorrow drinking Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

Copyright, 1933, by Standard Brands Inc.

COFFEE gives you a feeling of increased power *only when it is fresh*. When it is stale, it contains rancid oil and is often the direct source of a physical and mental irritation which makes you slower in arriving at decisions, makes you oversensitive to criticism and easily hurt—the kind of person who “flies off the handle.”

### Drinking of Stale Coffee is widespread

The clipping above shows that in a recent investigation, covering the principal cities in America,

**DATED—**



**means it's FRESH**

# Hands *age and chap so easily*

because the skin  
of your Hands  
is *different* from  
the skin on your  
Face and Body



The skin on your face is kept supple and smooth by natural oil. Unless you've just powdered, you can feel it when you draw your finger hard across your forehead.

*Feel how different they are*

But when you touch the back of your hand you'll feel that this skin has no oil to protect it. It easily gets chapped from water, cold or dirt.



Have hands  
that are loved—  
keep your hands  
smooth, soft  
and young—

THERE'S ROMANCE IN LOVELY HANDS • DON'T LET THEM LOSE IT THROUGH CHAPPING OR ROUGHNESS

It is easy to have appealingly soft, young-looking hands when you understand the kind of care they need.

The skin on your hands is not like the rest of your skin. It has almost no natural oil, so it must be kept soft by moisture inside the skin itself.

But this unprotected hand skin quickly loses its softening, youth-giving moisture . . . dries out and gets rough from exposure to cold and grime, and from being in water so much. Of course you can't avoid

these things when you are keeping house or busy on a job.

But you can easily put back the precious moisture your hands are constantly losing. Only you have to have this moisture in a form that goes into the skin and doesn't merely stay on the surface.

#### Restores moisture inside the cells

This is exactly what Jergens Lotion does for you. It is made in such a way that it penetrates right down into the cells themselves. Recent tests have proved that this is more true of

Jergens than of any other lotion tested.

That is why it doesn't ever feel sticky! And that is why it is so wonderfully soothing and comforting to chapped, roughened hand skin.

One of its precious ingredients is remarkable for softening and relaxing skin that is harsh, taut and dry. While another is marvelous for whitening.

Use it regularly—both night and morning—and every time you have your hands in water,

especially in cold weather. Before you'd believe it possible, even hard-used hands will have regained a lovely smoothness, will have again the appealing young softness men find irresistible.

You can get Jergens Lotion in your drug or department store for 50¢ or in the thrifty big \$1 bottle. It also comes in a smaller size at the ten-cent stores.

See for yourself how this lotion goes INTO skin cells. It does this more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested! That is why it never feels sticky, why it works miracles in smoothing, healing, whitening the skin.



# Jergens Lotion

#### FREE! Generous trial bottle of Jergens Lotion

Mail this coupon to The Andrew Jergens Co., 8401 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, 8401 Sherbrook Street, Perth, Ont.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# THE HOLIDAYS—AND AFTER



CHILDREN EVERYWHERE COMPLAIN THAT THEY HAVE NOWHERE TO KEEP THEIR TOYS

One of the reasons why mothers sigh about the winter months is that they often mean having about the house several ages whose interests sometimes clash. A plan to avoid such irritating situations will make for peace and harmony, though at the expense of some of mother's ideas as to how the house should be kept.

If Larry, aged ten, has been given an electric train at Christmas, he will want to use it for hours on end. Some place must be found where he can leave it set up. We may find Elizabeth so rapturous over her new eel that she wants to have it right on hand—a fact duly appreciated by Baby Brother, who finds the trough with brushes and crayons is a very convenient hitch for him to reach.

If you frown at the idea of clutter, if Larry's room can't even be stepped into for fear of wrecking an important switch, if the dining room is the only place to play charades, if the living-room rug is the only one that is "just right" for a certain game, cast about to the long stretch of years later on when no stray marbles, screws or doll clothes will litter that smooth expanse of rug, so scuffing boots rub its nap the wrong way.

Let's not worry about "looks." If the holidays are an excuse for eating at odd hours, surely they may also explain the sequester town in the guest room, and the menagerie of wooden animals under Ronnie's bed.

## FORGOTTEN NEEDS OF CHILDREN

Because most houses are not planned with children's needs in mind, the returns to a questionnaire, sent out by President Hoover's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, showed that children everywhere complain that they have nowhere to keep their various collections, toys and clothes. A look at the wall and closet space about the house may disclose unrealized possibilities, such as putting open-front, sliding drawers in that reach in the children's closet; running shelves across a corner of the bedroom or using the slabby dress box as a block container. Even such a minor detail as a row of hooks back of the kitchen radiator, where wet mitts and socks may be disposed of, may mean the difference between peace and frowny commotion, when the children come in from play.

The thoughtful parent has seen to it that the routine of the younger children has been disturbed just as little as possible by the holidays. Some mothers apparently find it hard to take into account that

BY MARION L. FAEGRE

their children will have many years in which to enjoy such occasions, and that they will enjoy them all the more later on if they are not too crowded and jaded now. There will be better radio programs and movies for children as time goes on, and we are only foolishly weak when we yield to entreaties to be allowed to stay up "just this once." Sturdy nerves and husky frames are built by many hours of sleep, simple foods and appropriate exercise.

It is far more important that we should have time to take little Jamie out each day during the winter than it is that the rest of the family should be pumpered with pies that keep us hovering in the kitchen. To give toddlers enough exercise during the rainy or snowy months is a problem that shows some ingenuity to solve. Two-year old Toddy, who was so contented in his pen in the summer, is going to need more activity than he can get there, when the days are gray and the branches bare.

Planning winter occupations for him will take an alert mind, if he hasn't playmates his own age near by. A shovel, pail and broom will all be useful when it is snowy. Rubber boots and a raincoat are indispensable "play material." Even a child living in a sandy waste will use them to make believe!

Of all outdoor equipment, a dog is best calculated to lead to enjoyable activity. He will take our place as guardian, too, without the dominance and authority that sometimes enter in when we try to play with our children.

If we must be with our young children more than we feel is best for them, let's not "condescend." Can't we treat them just like human beings? Whether we are walking with them in the park, or reading to them by the fire, there is a happy co-existence of manner which will keep them from feeling the strain of adult companionship.

So many possibilities for satisfying children's needs are right under our noses! Fortunately, the day is past when children used to languish in outer darkness, wearing their nerves to the proverbial frazzle while their fathers and mothers had the fun of trimming the Christmas tree with all the carefully branched trimmings. The fingers of toddlers simply itch to handle those bright and gaudy balls. Surely the sense-learning that goes on is more important than the cost of the smashed ones.

Handing them to mother as they emerge from their soft wrappings is an experience that gives intense delight, as do all the thrilling things learned through the sense of touch. The soft, fluffy cotton, the cold shine of gilt and silver, the thin rustle of the tinsel, the faint tinkle the little fairy bell makes with its crystal-powdered clapper—don't for anything miss the opportunity to give children this, one of the best of Christmas gifts, the pleasure of helping bring into being that marvelous creation, the Tree.

Children can have the fun of making "snow," stirring starch until it is quite thick and gummy, and spooning it onto the branches ready for a powdering of shining mica. To them can be given, too, the after-Christmas task of keeping the tree's container full of water, or brushing up the shed needles, which are good for all manner of use later on. (If you can't imagine what, just watch the child who hounds them.)

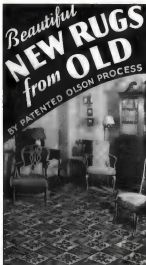
## MORE WORK, MORE FUN

Half the fun of the holidays, for the children, has been in getting ready for them. Grow-up, so full at this time of machinations for children's happiness, are sometimes oblivious of the fact that it is more fun to plan than it is to be planned for, and almost more fun to look forward to and get ready for things than it is to have them happen. Just waiting for some exciting event, without having the time filled with activity—is anything more nerve-racking?

Little children will enjoy and remember the half hour we spend with them, cutting and pasting and coloring something for big brother, and be completely apathetic about the gift that it has taken us a couple of hours to track down, for them to "give."

If our idea has been to make them generous we have failed, because they are not sharing, they are only passing something nerve-racking?

How often the idea of independence pokes its head up in these paragraphs! Arrange things so the youngster can learn orderly habits, and be independent of help in caring for his playthings. Provide things he can do by himself, so that he won't lean on us and expect us to provide amusement. Let him help! Let him do for himself!



Early American design faithfully reproduced

## SAVE 1/2 ON RUGS

### FACTORY-TO-YOU

Tell us how we scientifically reclaim the valuable wool—scur, steam, sterilize, bleach, resgen, dye and weave. In a Week, into rich-textured, new, seamless, reversible Olson Rugs. Two Rugs in One. Sizes for every need. Choice of 58 new patterns, Oriental, Plain, Hooked, Oval. (We have no agents.)

Write for FREE BOOK in Color

Tells how we scientifically reclaim the valuable wool—scur, steam, sterilize, bleach, resgen, dye and weave. In a Week, into rich-textured, new, seamless, reversible Olson Rugs. Two Rugs in One. Sizes for every need. Choice of 58 new patterns, Oriental, Plain, Hooked, Oval. (We have no agents.)



Catalog shows lovely plain color effects in Rust, Grey Green, Hiss, Tanpe, etc.

## WEEK'S TRIAL

We guarantee a pleasant surprise. You make extra savings now but may never come again. Participate in our big 60th ANNIVERSARY Celebration.

Money back if you don't say: "The softest, richest rug I've ever seen for so little money."



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Get them! Mail us your list, saying OLSON RUGS, FREE, and RETURNED OFFER.  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Time \_\_\_\_\_  
Copyright 1934, Olson Rug Co.

"I FIND CAMELS HAVE  
A FINER FLAVOR —"

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II  
OF BROOKLINE



■ Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd divides her time charmingly between her severely spacious house in Brookline, Massachusetts and the Coolidge Island in Squam Lake. Her energy and enthusiasm are inexhaustible and besides closely supervising the education of her four children she gardens a great deal, plays badminton and tennis, swims and climbs mountains. She is devoted to dogs and raises dachshunds with great success. She loves yellows, browns, and greens. She gives charming dinners in her green paneled dining room, and her famed oysters in a tomato sauce are celebrated. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

**CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE  
TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND**

"Quality is just as important in cigarettes as in anything else. I prefer Camels because they are mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Coolidge. "And I enjoy their full rich flavor—I never tire of their taste nor do they get on my nerves. Of course, I keep other brands in the house, too, in case some guest might want them, but I notice that Camels seem to be the general

favorite." People don't tire of the Camel flavor.

Camels keep right on tasting so good because of their costlier tobaccos. They never make your nerves "jumpy," always give you a cool, mild smoke that never tires your taste.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

*Camel's  
costlier tobaccos  
are  
Milder*



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## INTRODUCING THE MODERN NOTE

HERE'S HOW TO GIVE YESTERDAY'S ROOM THE CONTEMPORARY LOOK. DARK TAUPE WALLS. A RUG IN LIGHT SHADES OF GRAY. A COUCH COVERED IN A ROUGH-TEXTURED TAUPE MATERIAL WITH CORAL PLAID. A CHIP-PENDALE SIDE TABLE AND CHEST OF DRAWERS. MODERN COFFEE TABLE. MODERN POTTERY AND LAMP OF CRYSTAL AND CHROMIUM, WITH WHITE-PARCHMENT SHADE



THE CURVED LINES OF YESTERDAY'S CHAIR ARE CONCEALED BY A TAILORED SLIP COVER OF GRAY BENGALINE. MODERN CHAIR OF TAUPE IMITATION LEATHER CORDED IN A LIGHT GRAY. SHERATON DROP-LEAF TABLE. A READING LAMP WITH A CHROMIUM BASE AND WHITE-PARCHMENT SHADE. TAUPE-POTTERY VASE, WHITE-FEATHER FLOWERS, BLACK CENTERS. CURTAINS OF SILVER-GRAY BENGALINE



WHITE PILLARS ON SQUARES OF BLACK WOOD SET UNDER THE WHITE MANTEL RE-DATE THE OLD FIREPLACE. MODERN CHAIRS OF TAUPE SATINÉ. WHITE LAMPS WITH CYLINDRICAL BASES FOR BOOKS. A TAUPE-VELOUR COUCH AND A WHITE-LACQUER COFFEE TABLE OF CONTEMPORARY DESIGN. MODERN PICTURES AND BITS OF MODERN POTTERY ON THE BUILT-IN BOOKCASES



DECORATION BY R. H. MARY & CO., NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE STEDER

# 9 Great Nations prove Woodbury's the most effective of all beauty aids



*In Italy*

The Countess Gabrielle di Robiast participated in the Half-face Test in Italy, under the supervision of Dr. Pompeo Calvi, distinguished dermatologist of Milan. 50 subjects were tested. 8 out of every 30 skin faults yielded to Woodbury's Facial Soap. Eczemacutaneous improved in 97%, of the cases, blackheads in 89%, sallowness in 71%, wrinkles in 91%.

## THE HALF-FACE TEST ORIGINATED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

16 leading skin specialists in 14 principal cities of the United States and Canada invited 612 women to cleanse the left half of their faces with their accustomed soaps, creams, lotions, for a period of 30 days — the right half with Woodbury's Facial Soap. The same test was made also on hundreds of women in 7 countries of Europe. Other cleansers either failed or made very little improvement. At the end of 30 days Woodbury's Facial Soap had improved or overcome Dry Skin, Oily Skin, Blackheads, Large Pores, Pimples—79% of all skin faults!

"PATCH TEST" (right)—to reveal whether the ingredients of a soap are irritating—proved Woodbury's had only a mild, gentle effect upon the skin.



*In France*

The Princess Sixte de Bourbon Parme was one of 30 women to take the Half-face Test under the direction of Dr. Joseph Pierron, leading Paris skin specialist, Woodbury's helped or improved 75% of all skin faults, cured 15%. Dr. Pierron said: "Woodbury's assures the absolutely perfect means of skin care."



*In England*

Lady Cecil Douglas participated in the Test under Dr. Thomas F. Radcliff, English dermatologist, who said of the London Test: "With Woodbury's Facial Soap... blackheads yielded to a few days' treatment... dull, sallow skins improved... large pores diminished... dry skins became softer..."





Miss Marianne Van Rensselaer, New York society favorite, was among hundreds to take the Test. Woodbury's improved 66% of all skin faults.



The Baroness Kaethe Heine Goldner made the Half-face Test under Dr. Theodore Susman, Vienna skin specialist. Woodbury's corrected 60% of all skin faults.



The Baroness Ida Legen was one of many women to take the Test in Budapest under Dr. Nicholas M. Pogany, who reported, "The skin became smooth as velvet..."



The Marquessa de San Carlos shared in the Half-face Test under Dr. C. Sarrin Sana, Barcelona skin specialist. Woodbury's overcame 77% of all main skin faults.



The Countess Lenore Sumbach took the Test in Berlin, under the skin specialist, Dr. Wilhelm Richter. Woodbury's improved 87% of all skin faults.

## Now Woodbury's cuts the cost of Beauty with a new and much larger cake

In world-famous Half-face Tests other beauty aids fell short, while Woodbury's—in only thirty days... made 79% of all complexions lovelier

You've read the convincing story of the Half-face Beauty Tests! How in 9 great nations' well-known soaps, creams and lotions were put to a living, unbiased test... the first to establish their relative effectiveness. How one beauty aid—Woodbury's Facial Soap—proved itself superior to every other. Now this famous beauty treatment in cake form—

the same, identical quality of soap—appears in a new, much larger cake—at no increase in price! The old Woodbury cake was always economical because it lasted so well. But the new one will outlast the old by weeks. Yet it comes to you at the same standard price as the cake you've used for years. Weeks of beauty, now, for every woman at greatly

lower cost! Weeks of the cleansing and tonic facials which make complexions firm and fine. This new long-lasting economical cake will bring you lovely skin from brow to toe.

Down goes the last barrier to beauty

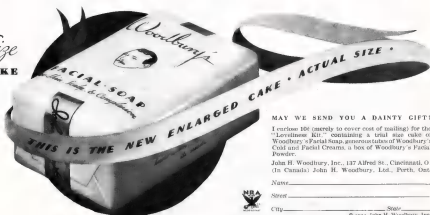
You can afford to use it not only for the face—but for the all-over beauty bath! Even your back will bravely meet the spotlight of this year's evening fashions when you've given it Woodbury's good grace!

Trust your complexion now to Woodbury's—the proved aid to skin beauty. It will economically guard your most priceless possession—*cap-a-pie!*

AND ANOTHER

*New Woodbury's Size*  
**30-DAY TREATMENT CAKE**  
**10¢**

For new users, for you who have never tried Woodbury's, there is a new 30-day treatment size cake for only 10¢! It will bring you the famous Woodbury Facials twice a day for a whole month! It will do for you—in 30 days—what it did for the hundreds of women who took the International Half-face Beauty Tests.



BING CROSBY—on Woodbury's Radio Program every Monday evening—Columbia coast-to-coast and Canadian network—8:30 Eastern Standard Time

MAY WE SEND YOU A DAINTY GIFT?

I enclose 10¢ (merely to cover cost of mailing) for the "Loveliness Kit"—containing a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Pouch Creams, a box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 137 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

# "DISHES at EIGHT"

The story of a lazy drain that got the prize

Pictured by F.G. COOPER

Fine stuff! Eight o'clock and you still washing dishes! We ought to be leaving this minute. What's the trouble?



Oh, there's something the matter with this drain. I don't know what to do about it.



I'm sorry we were late tonight but my pet drain acted up and it was eight o'clock before I had my dishes done.



Wait a moment—



Why don't you use Dräno? I'll give you my can so you can try it tonight.



?



Why don't you use Dräno? I'll give you my can so you can try it tonight.



Come on, let's give that drain its dose of Dräno before we go to bed.



We played rotten bridge last night but we got a prize in that Dräno.



You're right. The water fairly scampers out now. Believe me, I'll use Dräno every week. No more stopped-up drains!



## Dräno

CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS

KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

• SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Hints." The Dräno Co. Dept. J 261, Cincinnati, O.

## The State versus Elinor Norton

(Continued from Page 17)

killed him in self-defense. I still think that's what happened.

Isabel, possibly frightened at what she had done, had let for the East that day; indeed, their car passed the sheriff's on the way out, and Elinor waved to him.

"I didn't like it much," he told me. "Not that I expected trouble; you'd think he'd have up and told me the story, wouldn't you? And when the little lady waved to me I just about quit and turned back."

He did not turn back, of course. He went on, leaving his car at the house and going on back to where Leighton was watching the horses being thrown and their shoes removed for the winter.

"Hello, sheriff. Cold day, isn't it? What are you looking for? Bootlegs?"

The outfit grinned, but the sheriff knew the men and he had a feeling of tension among them. It relaxed, however, when he said he was after an Indian accused of rustling some cattle. He asked a few questions and then Leighton walked back to the house with him.

"Come in and have a drink."

"Well, if you're sure it's preservative!"

THEY went into the living room together, and the first inkling Leighton had that everything was not all right was when, coming back with the liquor, he found the sheriff in front of the gun case.

"Nice lot of guns you have here."

"Yes. Some of them were Norton's, of course."

"Just which were Norton's, Mr. Leighton?"

Leighton put down the tray and stared at him. Then he laughed. "So that's it," he said. "I take it this is an official visit."

"Well, yes and no. I'm not aiming to make trouble, I understand. But there's been considerable talk, and the way to fix that is to nail it now, once and for all. I've been up to that called Leighton, West yesterday. Now if you'll just tell me what actually happened up there—"

"Tell you? I've told you all I know."

"Not all, Mr. Leighton. You didn't tell me or anybody else about that bullet hole in the wall, and why you plugged it up." He had no knowledge, of course, that it was Leighton who had done that. "Taking a long shot," he called it later. But Leighton's reaction was sudden and ugly. For a moment the sheriff thought he was going to attack him. Then he laughed shortly and poured himself a drink.

"Try and prove it!" he said. "Am I to understand that you mean to arrest me?" The sheriff was shocked. He meant nothing of the sort. He was certain that everything could be cleared up by a little talk. Now if they could have that it would be simpler, because otherwise—

"Otherwise what?" Leighton demanded.

"Otherwise I'll have to ask for those guns of yours. I'm not demanding them, I understand. Maybe I could, but —"

"I doubt it. I'm not an American citizen."

"Well, they're American guns," said the sheriff. "And if you're not a citizen you're probably not entitled to a license to have them! Come, come, Mr. Leighton. You don't want Mr. Norton coming back and finding me here, do you?"

LEIGHTON said nothing. He poured himself another glass of neat whisky and drank it, and the sheriff eyed him.

"We've got a saying out here, Mr. Leighton: 'One drink's all right, two is too many, and there's not enough.' There's a lot of truth in that. Besides, if you're going to tell me that story —"

"What story?" said Leighton truculently.

It was after that that the sheriff took the rifles, loading them into his car and

throwing a rug over them; and then driving quietly back to that office of his, where the bullet which had killed Lloyd Norton was still lying in the match box.

He passed Elinor on the way, but she did not see him. She started straight ahead, and he saw that she looked tired and dispirited.

XXX

THERE can be no great story without a great character, and I have not sublimated Elinor in this defense. She had elements of greatness in her, endurance and pride and a sort of heroic patience. She had courage too. But she was still only in her late twenties, still beautiful, and still incredulous that life could do to her what it had done.

Perhaps what I have shown is not Elinor Norton at all, but a sort of puppet, around whom—as around so many women—revolved the weaknesses and passions and infidelities of men. She was never a puppet. She was real and warm and generous; and she was uncannily puzzled and anxious. And she was still holding to her belief in a God who alternately comforted and alarmed her. I know that she had taken to going to church, slipping away on Sunday to early service at the small Episcopal chapel, and that Leighton considered this amusing.

"Feel better now? Sin's all forgiven?"

"I know there is forgiveness for sin, Blaise."

"In that case, why worry?" It was not all like that. There still were intervals when he showed her that gentler and better side of him; when he looked to her like a tired boy, and she became once more not only his wife but his mother. They were more and more rare, however. She began to suspect his fidelity, although she never suspected the Uman girl. And a letter from her Aunt Henrietta, received during Isabel's visit, but never mentioned to her, revealed a viewpoint of her situation which cut her like a knife.

"You cannot imagine what people are saying," she wrote. "I myself do not believe it. I cannot. But we are told, Elinor, to avoid not only evil itself, but the appearance of evil."

"It is for that reason that I suggest that you come to us here at once. You will be welcome. After all, it is your home. But I must make myself clear. You must not only leave the ranch and all it stands for, but, being with you the humble and contrite heart which is the only acceptable condition of salvation. I know your pride, Elinor, but this is no time for pride."

I HAVE often thought about that letter of Henrietta's. She wrote it, I have no doubt, in old Caroline's tower room and sitting at old Caroline's desk. They were not so unlike after all, those two sisters.

I had seen Henrietta once late that summer, when mother had at last agreed to go back to the cottage. She did not see me. The alterations at the big house were still under way, but I saw her on the beach where I had once seen old Caroline. She, too, was gazing at the sea. The wind blew her black habit and outlined her thin tall figure, and although she held a cross where Caroline had held a pistol, it seemed to me that there was a certain resemblance between them; an intrepidity and an iron will common to them both.

Mortimer, coming along the beach just then, had chuckled. "Queer doings, Mr. Carroll," he said. "It's hard to think of a lot of cums in the big house, isn't it? Prayers and incense instead of parties and liquor. Do you remember the day Miss Elinor was married, and she and you squirt who swam to the raft in a top hat?"

(Continued on Page 42)



# for a finer ham WITHOUT PARBOILING!

You see, it's the Ovenized kind



WHAT A TRIUMPH for holiday feasting—a finer ham, a marvelous ham, prepared an easier way! Baked, just think of it, *without parboiling*.

Swift has made this possible by producing a ham that is unusually mild and tender. These qualities developed by the famous Premium mild cure are now brought to perfection in Swift's Premium, *Ovenized*.

The *Ovenizing*—a special way of *smoking in oven*—has given a delicacy of texture, a smooth richness of flavor unique in hams.

And it leaves for you only one step of sim-

ple, easy cooking! Merely baking according to the instructions at the right, or frying or broiling the center slices without parboiling.

Do try this ham, cooked this way. It's an easier way, a modern way. And it gets the most glorious results. Honestly you and your family, and any lucky guests who get in on it, are going to be more than delighted.

But remember this: the ham *must* be the *Ovenized* kind. So ask your dealer for Swift's Premium. All Premium Ham is *Ovenized*. No other kind is.

Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

## Bake it this easy way

1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.
2. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 21 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 15 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams.
3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off lid. Score surface and dot with cloves, rub with mixture of  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 30 minutes in a moderate oven (400°).

### FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Cut thick slices of orange, cook in heavy sugar syrup (sliced with seeds removed) and whole cloves, until orange skin is very shiny. Remove from syrup, and drain. Tie with pineapple tidbits and cranberry pulp.

*Martha Bryan*



# SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

IT MAKES A GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT! UNUSUAL, JOLLY, IMPRESSIVE. A WHOLE PREMIUM HAM THAT YOUR DEALER WILL SEND FOR YOU, IN GAY WRAPPINGS

Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dot you will find on even a single slice.

Copyright 1914 by Swift & Company

## It's Ovenized



◀ (Left) To relieve the pain of burns or scalds, apply a cooling paste of Baking Soda and water. It is instantly soothing. This effective first aid is obtainable everywhere, is dependable and very economical.

▼ (Below) For best results when cleaning window frames and other woodwork, scrub with a little Baking Soda on a damp cloth, rub briskly, rinse, then wipe dry.



► (Right) When making muffins, use the leavening that brings out the finest taste and texture. Cooking experts recommend sour milk and Baking Soda, the effective combination for better baking results.



▲ (Above) Our Baking Soda has many remedial applications; it may be used with confidence whenever Sodium Bicarbonate is indicated. Keep an extra package in the medicine cabinet. It is obtainable everywhere for a few cents in a sealed package.



(Continued from Page 40) "I do. He was killed in the war, Mortimer."

"Well, now, think of that! You can't tell about folks, can you?" He eyed me. "How's Mrs. Norton these days?"

"She's well."

He drew a long breath, and looked out over the sea. "Yes, things are queer," he said. "Your father came and here at the big house, and now Miss Elsinor a widow. Well, I'd better be getting on. That sister of mine may have retired from the world, but she's still got a pair of eyes."

He moved along, chuckling.

But Sister Henrietta was right, there was something in all sorts of that time. Ada Mayhew called me one day to demand to know if it was true, and cut short my labored explanations.

"All I can say is that it is disgraceful, Carroll. What if she does marry him now? It's too late."

"Perhaps if you knew the situation—"

"It's the situation I am talking about. Of course you were always all for her, but how you can stick this is more than I can understand."

THROUGH all of this, what she knew and what she suspected, Elsinor had continued to move with her head high; and on that last day she reached the ranch with a feeling of relief. Isabel's visit had been a strain, but the long drive through the break air had revived her. She put her car away, and stopped in her garden to gather a few flowers, and she still held them in her hand when she walked into the house and found Leighton glowering at her from a doorway. Beyond him was chaos. In the living room rugs were thrown hither and yon, cushions had been taken from the chairs, even her sewing basket had been ransacked.

"You've been the best of a time getting back," was his greeting.

She stared at him. He was not drunk, but he had been drinking.

"I don't understand. What has happened? What are you looking for?"

"What do you think I've been looking for? What have you done with that necklace of yours?"

"It is in the bank," she said, as steadily as she could.

"In the bank? You would do that," he said furiously. But he saw that he was frightening her, and he made an effort at self-control. "Listen, Nellie," he said more reasonably. "My father is dead, and I'll have to raise some money in a hurry."

"You mean that you are going back to England?"

"Not to stay," he said craftily. "You know that, don't you, Nellie?"

He made a movement toward her, but she backed away.

"You will not go before you marry me," she told him, her face set. "There can be no such hurry."

"Oh, for God's sake, can't that wait? I've got to go now, at once."

"Blair," she said quietly, "do you really mean to marry me at all? Have you ever meant to? What do you feel toward me?"

Am I your wife, even your common-law wife? Or am I only your mistress? You're always doing that."

But he needed her help and needed it badly. He went to her and put his arms around her. "What do names matter, sweetheart? Of course I'll marry you, since you think it's important."

"Since I think it's important!"

"Darling, a few words by a preacher just don't make sense to me. But I'll do it, of course."

She did not believe him. She freed herself and set methodically about straightening the room. He left her, and she could hear him packing off a sort of frenzied haste. He was slamming drawers, throwing things about. At last she saw the empty gun case, and that alarmed her. If he was taking his gun he did not mean to come back. She went to the door of his room.

"Where are the guns, Blair?"

He looked startled. "The guns? I sent them into town to be looked over."

So great was her relief that she went over to him and put her hand on his arm. "Of course I'll give you those pearls, Blair. And I'm sorry about your father. When did you hear?"

"Today."

She went back and finished straightening the room. She even got her flowers from the hall, and put them in a vase on the piano, and she closed and locked the gun case, now with only two shotguns and Lloyd's old automatic left inside it. Then she went to the kitchen for water for her flowers, and was surprised to find that Sally was not there.

She found her upstairs in her room, straightening it. She was at the desk when Elsinor entered, and she turned startled eyes toward the door.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Norton," she said. "He's leighton over everything up so. Mr. Blair all over the house. Ever since the sheriff left."

"The sheriff has been here?"

"Yes'm."

"Thanks," she said mechanically. "I'll finish in here."

Sally said so, and Elsinor locked her door behind her. She felt sick and dizzy. She sat on the side of her bed and tried to think, but the effort was almost too much for her. Somewhere in all this tangle of lies there was the truth, but what was it? Was Blair's father really dead, and was Blair escaping the law by running away? In any event, what did that mean to her? That he had killed Lloyd, and then taken her as he had? Then what was she?

She was still dizzy when she finally unlocked her door and went down the stairs again. In his room Leighton was strapping a suitcase, and he looked up as she stood swaying in the doorway.

"Blair," she said, "I must know or I'll go mad. Did you shoot Lloyd?"

He straightened up. "I think you are mad. Are you accusing me of murder?"

"NOT murder," she said feverishly. "I know there must have been a reason. It may have been an accident, only, don't you see, I have to know." And when he still said nothing, "Please, Blair. How you're leaving me, but I must know why. Can't you—can't we—be honest for once? I've attacked you."

"He did attack me," he said slowly. "He tried to kill me, but you will believe that? They'll find my bullet in his chest."

He told her the story then, and I believe it was a true one. It was the usual story of a man shut away together, the usual small disagreements leading to

larger ones. Norton had been definitely good off balance for long enough before that, and on that fourth day some action of Leighton's had apparently sent him over the edge. He had picked up his rifle and fired, but the bullet had missed, hitting the wall. Leighton had jumped at him, but he had got off a second gun.

"Then I got mine," he said. "I only meant to disable him, but he moved and—well, you asked for it. Now you've got it."

THERE must have been more to the story, the carrying out of that body, and the frantic journey through the snow with it to where it was found; the setting of the stage, and the snow still falling heavily to cover his tracks; and still later the attempt to plug up that hole made by Lloyd's bullet. It is curious, that story; it shows the violent streak in Leighton better than anything else. He did not tell the truth at once because of that strange streak in him, for Norton was not only unpopular; he was definitely a war neurotic. There would have been a dozen witnesses to prove that.

She asked him that day. "Why not?" she said. "Or why not tell it now?"

To run away—"Why did I run away?" I've told you, my father is dead. And I'm going into town now. I have a lot of things to see to."

She stood as she slammed out through the kitchen. Then she set to work to put her room into some sort of order. In front of the stove ready for burning, he had thrown a heap of rubbish, discarded ties, papers, and what not, and she stooped and gathered them together. It was then that she saw the cable, and still bending over, she read it. It said: "Father passed away peacefully last night," and its date was a month before.

Then and at last she saw where she stood. He would not marry her. He never had meant to marry her. His promise was nothing but a lie.

She carried the cable up the stairs and into her room, locking her door behind her, and when Sally called for her to dinner an hour or so later she sent her away.

"I have a headache, Sally."

"And Mr. Leighton?"

"He won't be here. I'm sorry."

She heard the girl go down again, and soon after she saw her on her way to the bank house, important with gossip. That did not matter now—nothing mattered. He had stripped away her last illusion, and she saw their relationship for once as he had seen it: not a holy or a clean thing, but something dirty and sordid.

It was during those long hours while the evening faded into night that she began to doubt his. (Continued on Page 44)



## SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE

To be a perfect hostess it

As what may be easily

Acquired, if you will follow this

Advice: Just buy one set of three

New Books. Each one costs a dime,

And with the trio as your armor

You'll find you can continue to climb

To greatness as a social champion.

THE ETIQUETTE OF ENTERTAINING (No. 1023) 10 CENTS

THE BOOK OF PARTIES (No. 1032) 10 CENTS

THE BOOK OF GAMES (No. 1077) 10 CENTS

The Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



to fight colds  
and sore throat

use the Safe antiseptic with the

# LASTING EFFECT



*Germ reduced as much as 64% even at the end of 4 hours*

When health is concerned, choose your mouth wash carefully.

You can't expect to fight infections of the mouth and throat, such as colds and sore throat, unless your mouth wash has an immediate and lasting effect.

Here is why Listerine is favored by doctors, nurses, and the public:

The moment it enters the mouth, it kills millions of germs.

Within 5 minutes, bacteria reductions as high as 99% have been shown.

And 4 hours after the gargle, tests have revealed germ reductions as high as 64%.

That is lasting germicidal effect, indeed, and helps to explain Listerine's effectiveness in checking the advance of colds.

In connection with this, medi-

cally supervised experiments have shown that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day contracted fewer colds than non-users. Three times a day gargling showed even better results.

Make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and night.

It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and clean—sweeps over the teeth, gums, mouth and throat surfaces killing and removing bacteria that lead to serious infections.

At the first symptom of a cold, increase the frequency of the gargle to once every three hours. Listerine not only helps to ward off colds, but even checks their progress.

For best results, use only Listerine. It is free from the dangers and uncertainties of antiseptics so harsh they must be diluted. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



AT  
NEW LOW  
PRICES

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC  
**LISTERINE**

*lasting germicidal effect*  
*lasting deodorant effect*





# Covetly Women

(right) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself! She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.



(left) EDITH TRIVETTE, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.



(right) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE STARNES from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.



(above) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. Enroute to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film deal was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.

(left) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOWALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

## WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TEETH LIKE THEIRS ...WHITER, MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Among the more than two million women who have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste from other brands are many professional beauties.

These girls find that Listerine Tooth Paste makes their teeth look whiter, gives teeth a brilliance not obtainable from old-type dentifrices.

Listerine Tooth Paste has proved again and again that it does "bring out" the naturally beautiful lustre of tooth enamel. It works wonders even with teeth that seem to be "off color."

A special polishing ingredient... far softer than enamel... perfectly safe... removes the dingy film-coats with but little brushing. Stains yield to it with surprising speed.

There is a refreshing mouth effect from

using Listerine Tooth Paste which also accounts for the favor it finds. You are conscious of a sweet, pure breath after using. Gums seem firmer and healthier.

Is it any wonder, in view of these results, that women by thousands are changing from old-type dentifrices to this? Some of these former brands cost fully twice as much as Listerine Tooth Paste. Yet at 50¢ and even more they accomplish no more than this generous tube which is never priced higher than 25¢, often less.

Heed the trend. If so many women find Listerine Tooth Paste helps them, you may find it will do wonders for you. See if proper care can give you "teeth like an artist model's." It is worth a trial. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



REMOVES FILM  
FASTER  
ERASES ALL KINDS  
OF STAINS

## Two ways to wash woollens!

Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.

Washed right with IVORY SNOW! Just as soft and roomy as new.

**Be SAFE with IVORY SNOW**

These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft woolens!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The washing, my dear! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

### YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing woollens SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them exactly to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Make a generous lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is pure.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.
5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99% Wool 1/2 Pure - Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water

To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through screens. It's fine to soft, fluffy bits. No hard fat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Longest-lasting package only 15¢. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.

(Continued from Page 44) She's still a young woman, and a mighty pretty one, at that.

"Have you seen her?"

"I have. She walks on the beach a good bit at night. Mostly by herself."

I took the hint, and that evening I found her there. Like Caroline, like Henrietta, she too was gazing out toward the water. She was in white, and so still that at first I thought she had not seen me. She gave me no formal greeting whatever.

"Come and sit with me, Carroll," she said. "I had forgotten there was such peace and healing in the sea."

I sat down, and she gave me her hand. "Has it healed you, Carroll? I have made you suffer so much. And do you hate me for it?"

"Hate you?" You are just what you always have been, Elinor. Maybe you have never been away, and we have dreamed the rest."

"Perhaps. I feel as though I have lived in a nightmare, and have just awakened from it, Carroll."

"To what? To life?"

"To good works," she said, and smiled. "I suppose you know, don't you? And they do a great deal of good." She paused, and when I said nothing: "What else can I do, Carroll?"

"You can still marry me."

She shook her head. "Never." And she added, rather wistfully, "Can't you let me have my peace, Carroll? It is all I have. I must hold on to it."

We were silent for a long time. Then she said:

"Do you remember, long ago, how we sat here together on the beach and cried together?"

"Don't. For God's sake, Elinor!"

"AND then we danced, in the moonlight. What children we were, Carroll! You said then that I would have to live my own life, and not the life someone planned for me. Well, I did, and see where I am."

"You are here, and I am still beside you, Elinor," I said steadily.

"I am so tired, Carroll. And so—solved."

"What about my life? I have lived it, too; like any man. But I have always loved you."

"And I have always loved you. Don't misunderstand that, Carroll. It doesn't change anything. I just wanted you to know."

She left me abruptly on that and I did not attempt to follow her. I remained on

the beach alone for a long time after she had gone.

I had very little hope. There had been an inability about that that showed me where I stood; even that confession of hers had been final.

I saw her the next day. She and the brisk young priest were slowly pacing the beach and talking gravely together. I hated him with a furious hatred that day. I could not fight him, or the peace he offered her.

All I could offer her was life, and she had had enough of that. I misjudged him, however. I was surprised that evening to find him on the front veranda, asking to talk to me, and to find him observing me shrewdly through nearsighted eyes.

"I wonder," he said, "if you can give me a little time? It's rather quiet where I live. We could go there. It's over the old bathhouse."

"I KNOW that," I said, not too amiably. But I agreed to go, and it was not until we were settled there that he came to the subject in his mind, and that without preamble.

"I have been talking to Mrs. Norton," he said. "She has—well, she has told me a great deal." And he added abruptly: "She has no business entering a sisterhood, any sisterhood."

"I agree with you," I replied. "But why not?"

"There are a number of reasons. Principally, however, because she is very much in love with you. I have told her that that automatically unfits her."

But what am I to do about it? She won't marry me.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked. "I am not, and—good heavens, man! Haven't she a right to live? Why don't you talk her and make her happy? Surely there's more than enough misery in the world already."

I sat very still. We were on the broad porch of the bathhouse. Below us lapped the sea, that sea that old Caroline had defied, and I thought with a certain irony that if her shade hovered near, it would shudder at the heresy of that gossip of happiness.

The young clergyman, too, was gazing out over the water.

"You see," he said quietly, "if I believe in anything, I must believe that misery is man's mistake, not God's." And he added, smiling boyishly: "I have told her that, and—I think you will find her waiting on the beach."

(THE END)

## "I've Earned \$15 and Prizes!"

SEE how happily Shirley Bramkamp is smiling! (Picture at right.)

She can hardly believe her good luck! In a short time she has earned \$15, won a \$10 prize, wears the beautiful Club Pin.

No wonder she's glad that she joined The Girls' Club!

"It's great to be earning real money," writes Claire T., putting the first \$2 into her purse! Irene K. was delighted to make \$8.75!

You'll be just as surprised and pleased with the Club's big earnings! Its gorgeous prizes!

Why not write a little note this very day, asking about our Club plan? Then we'll hurry off full details and supplies at once. No expense to you, except for a stamp. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB

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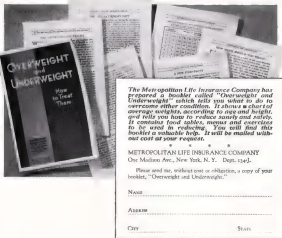


You're ready for any finishing, with money for your own to spend!

## THE CENTER OF INTEREST

BY ELIZABETH MACRAE BOYKIN

THERE is a tide in the social affairs of a hostess which, if taken at its worth, leads on to fame. It is the moment just after the guests are seated, when the complimentary chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" over her table setting begins! And this is accomplished by a dramatic centerpiece, some really brilliant piece, like the graceful trumpet-shaped silver vase at the right. Just below is a three-piece glass flower container that you can arrange as you like. Doesn't the two-holder candlestick curve as naturally as a tulip stem? The epergne sounds the note of a more elegant dinner for the modern hostess, as do the silver bowl, shell compote and miniature pie-crust table. The massive crystal candelabrum will grace a refectory table. With one of these centerpieces, smart candles and the right flowers, the reputation of any hostess is made.



## Overweight is Dangerous

IT is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much—and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"—that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a deathrate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by disease

of the glands of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much and exercising too little.

You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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*Sonny, it's so easy  
you could almost do it*

"NEW Sunbrite Cleanser certainly means less rubbing. The Hidden Name Test taught us a new way to save time, work and money, didn't it?"

Hundreds of women, who made the Hidden Name Test, will agree with that statement. And they know! Because they tested leading cleansers equally for a week in their own homes—on pots and pans, tile and enamel, stove and refrigerator.

There were no brand names to guide them. They made their decisions on *results* alone. And they discovered that one cleanser did a better job in less time, with less work and with never a scratch. That cleanser was New Sunbrite.

You, too, can make a simple test and solve your cleanser questions once and for all. Get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser and compare its *results* with the cleanser you are now using. It's economical too. Let your own experience convince you that

## New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

CLEANS EASIER • WORKS FASTER • WON'T SCRATCH



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# Gillen

(Continued from Page 12)

"I don't put in my stitches for appreciation, Gillen."

"What do you put them in for, mother?"

"What you can do in this world, Gillen, do well."

"Hee, mother blushed. 'I keep them clean,' she said."

Gillen was late for her English class.

Professor Spotswood had marked her absent before she slipped in and sat down near the door.

Professor Spotswood, who was dark and righteous and dynamic, came in late at once, frowned and said:

"Late! And you were late on Friday."

The period before this on your schedule is a study period, Miss Piere, which you should have passed in my classroom."

"Yes, sir."

"But which you did not pass in my classroom. Where were you?"

"The carriage was late," said Gillen.

All the class looked at her. Professor Spotswood continued to look at her and his face was grim.

"You come to school in a carriage?" he said.

"It's not my carriage," said Gillen.

"You will wait, Miss Piere, to speak with me after class."

"Yes, sir," said Gillen.

THE Pyne boy, who was stupid about his lessons but bright about everything else, winked at Gillen. The Pyne boy was very white euffs which he pulled in and out when he did not know his lessons, which was practically the time. After he had winked at Gillen the Pyne boy was blown to his feet by a look from Professor Spotswood which was pure dynamite.

"Your impression of Caliban upon Setebos, Mr. Pyne," said Professor Spotswood. "Give it now."

The Pyne boy looked wretched and pulled out his cuffs. "C-Caliban," he began.

"He's in Browning —"

"A location?"

"No, sir, A. poet." The Pyne boy brightened. "This is our poetry class, sir."

"You're quite sure it is not your gymnasium class or your wood-turning class?"

"Quite sure, sir," said the Pyne boy.

"Continue with Caliban."

"Well, Caliban — Well, he was lying in the mud and he was thinking about the moon —"

"Why?"

"Well, when you lie in the mud, sir —"

"I don't lie in the mud," said Professor Spotswood.

"Well, when anyone lies in the mud — I mean when Caliban lies in the mud — you see, he had to think about something —"

"Not necessarily."

WELL, it's so in Browning, Browning wanted Caliban to think about something, so Browning had him think about the moon.

"That will do, Mr. Pyne," said Professor Spotswood. "Do you dance?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I dance."

"When you leave us for the outer world, Mr. Pyne, the lady would, either Browning and lead cottillions, but he did not wink at young ladies. It's not good form. — Mr. Edeline, you're interested on a scholarship. We intrust ourselves and Caliban to you. Do you think you can pull us out of the mud?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Edeline, who thought he could pull anything out of Caliban."

"I understand all about Caliban, sir."

"All," said Professor Spotswood ominously. "Shakespeare did not, Browning did not. Mr. Pyne does not; but if you do, Mr. Edeline, we are indeed fortunate. Proceed, Mr. Edeline."

After class Gillen stopped beside Professor Spotswood's desk. So did Miss

Fenn, who had had thoughts in the night about Caliban which she wished Professor Spotswood to hear. Miss Fenn had stringy, yellow hair, wore spectacles, and had a crush on Professor Spotswood. Mr. Edeline lingered also, to confide that out of class he had written an essay.

"What about?"

"About how it feels to get there on a scholarship."

"Yes, I'd like to see that, Edeline."

Mr. Edeline walked off on air. It was Gillen's turn. Professor Spotswood looked down at his desk. He had a pencil in his hand and as he looked to Gillen he was making a drawing of a little house.

"Miss Piere," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are not going to college?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Mathematics," said Gillen. "I can't multiply by nine."

"It's all nonsense not to go to college and be a doctor like that. You want to be educated, don't you — able to talk to people, able to learn things and forget them, able to write when the time comes! You want to be a new woman, don't you?"

"I — I'm a new woman as it is."

Professor Spotswood glanced up wrathfully. He was very dark and his eyes were Way back in Professor Spotswood's eyes there was a fire as he looked at Gillen.

"You're terribly pretty," he said.

"You know it, don't you? You're boasting."

Gillen blushed. "I don't mean to," she said.

"You don't mean to make Pyne sit beside you and Edeline glare at you through his spectacles. You don't mean to make me feel about you to shake you when you're late. Or do you?"

Professor Spotswood spoke all in a rush. He spoke so rapidly, he seemed to feel that he had taken that he took all of Gillen's breath away.

"No, sir," managed Gillen.

"AND when you're absent — when I know I won't see you again until Wednesday or on Friday. So I shall see her in three days or just one night, but nights are short —"

He threw down the pencil and took off his eyeglasses.

"How old do you suppose I am?"

"Forty?"

"Forty! I'm twenty-seven. You judge. Do I look forty, or haven't you noticed? You've been in my class for months! He stood up suddenly, pushing back his chair. From across the desk he looked at Gillen, always with that light that burning life way back in his eyes. "It's outrageous," he said, "how young you are. And I — understand you. Are you frightened?"

"A little," said Gillen.

"I don't mean you to be frightened. I don't want you to be. Look here. Will you shake hands with me?"

"Yes, sir."

Across the desk they shook hands. "I send a note to your mother yesterday," he said. "Don't answer it unless you wish about it. He hesitated and then sat down again at his desk, however. "That will be all for today, Miss Piere," he said.

At hatchment Gillen walked around the block with the Purling girls, and they were always with her. They were always where they could look down across the city, gray and square and seeming to be made for the purpose of burning roads to a glint, which was a watery sun shining on one of the rivers. And the arch of the new cathedral stood out against the sky. Gillen could hardly wait to get home and see her note.

"Here's an envelope for you from the University Club," said her mother when she came in.

"Didn't you open it?" asked Gillen.

"Certainly not," said her mother, looking at her hands.

Gillen opened her note before she took off her rubbers or her scarf or her cap. It was on beautiful stationery, embossed

stiff. It was from Professor Spotswood. His first name was Hugh. He was asking her to go with him to a dance at the Up-town Club. Gillen had pale. All the blood seemed to be leaving her heart.

"A dance," said Gillen faintly to her mother. "Across the street. At the club."

"We mean," said her mother. Gillen handed over her note. Gillen sat down in a rocking-chair. When her mother had read the note she looked at her mother.

"I haven't a dress," said Gillen.

"You'll have a dress," said her mother.

"But it's on Wednesday night."

Gillen desperately, "and this is Monday. We can't get Miss Molly in time. She isn't coming to us until after Easter."

"We can buy a dress ready-made, can't we?" said her mother.

Gillen gasped. Never in her life had Gillen had a dress which was ready-made.

"They cost forty dollars," said she hopefully. "I can't go."

"You'll go," said her mother.

When her father came home they had a council of war. Her father made plenty of jokes about professors until her mother said "Harry! Gillen looked white, and her eyes weren't blue at all but polished, black saucers. When her father had read the note he looked over it at Gillen.

"Want to go?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, sir," said Gillen.

HER father went to his desk and took out a bank book. Her father opened the book and showed figures in it to Gillen.

"Nine hundred and nine gold dollars,"

her father triumphantly. "That's pretty good for a newspaperman. How much would a dress cost — a real pretty dress of white silk dress with buttons?"

Gillen's eyes overflowed. She wept. She threw herself into her father's arms.

"Forty dollars," she cried, clinging to her father. "It's too much. Your hard-earned money —"

Gillen's father looked at her mother and shook his head. Her mother nodded.

"What's forty dollars?" said her father.

Gillen wrote a sedate little note to Professor Spotswood and handed it to her

invitation for Wednesday evening next at nine, and stayed away from school.

"What shirt?" whispered her mother.

"Short sleeves or with a strap?"

"A strap. For evening," whispered Gillen.

Her mother set her chin and gripped her hand bag. "I guess you can afford her if you have to," she said aloud.

"Even here they couldn't expect anything better than that."

Gillen's father was waiting for them in the main hall of the club, pocketed, and showed five ten-dollar bills cheerfully to Gillen.

"Harry!" said her mother.

THEY went up in the elevator. Dimly Gillen noticed the soft carpets, the elegant salies in the lobby, and their hair pulled and a silk rustle whenever they moved.

"Something girly," said their saleslady, looking at Gillen. "White, of course."

"Something inexpensive," said Gillen's mother.

"Not over forty dollars," said Gillen.

"Don't listen to them, young lady,"

said her father largely. "I'm paying for this dress."

Gillen's dress was probably the most beautiful of the line. It cost fifty dollars, the dressmaker had said, and she told over a white-silk wedding. There were ruffles of tulle on the skirt, and ruffles of tulle on the bodice, and ruffles on the sleeves. Gillen looked with surprise at her arms coming out of the tulle ruffles almost up to her shoulders. She had not known that just before she had put on her arms could look pretty. Over the dress there were scattered little embroidered bouquets wrought in color. Beautiful, tiny stitches had gone into the bouquets. Gillen, large-eyed, white, arched, looked at the bouquets and pointed to the stitches. Her mother nodded.

"We will take this dress," said her mother, setting her chin, "and pay cash. It must be delivered tomorrow."

"Yes, madam," said the saleslady.

"May I suggest embroidered silk stockings with the stockings in the color used to match the bouquets?"

"Slippers. Stockings," said Gillen faintly. "I hadn't thought."

"I HAD," said her mother, holding up her hand bag. "I'm paying for the slippers and the stockings myself. You can't go to a dance barefooted, can you?"

On Wednesday Gillen stayed away from school. She washed her hair, and Miss Wagnall put it up for her in curling tongs. Mrs. Willy did Gillen's finger nails in tiny points and rubbed glycerin and rose water in Gillen's chapped hands.

"Just hands," said Gillen, looking at them thoughtfully. "Do they matter so much?"

"Everything matters for your first big dance, honey," said Mrs. Willy. "It's the next best thing in the world to getting married."

"It is — it is agreeable to get married, Mrs. Willy."

"How can you tell when you want to get married, Mrs. Willy?" asked Gillen thoughtfully.

"Oh, you sort of know," said Mrs. Willy with ease.

At five o'clock her mother spread out Gossamer's gown for the evening.

"Take your bath now and dress under me," said her mother. "After dinner Mr. Wagnall will be here."

"I don't want to go," said Gillen. "I'm afraid. The patronesses will be standing in a line. No one will ask me to dance. I won't know how to do it."

Spotwood. He's like skyrockets. When I'm with him I can't breathe."

"You're both the same. You're both white-silk stockings on Gillen's bed and stood up beside them two rose-colored satin slippers. The bathroom is empty now," said her mother.

She o'clock. Seven o'clock. Eighty-three. Miss Wagnall had done Gillen's hair. A hat row of. (Continued on Page 51)

# We HOPE YOU HAVE A *fussy* FAMILY



Unless your family is just "average", they have some individual tastes . . . in mayonnaise, among other things.

Your own home made mayonnaise is popular because it tastes the way your family likes mayonnaise to taste. Maybe you use fresh lemon juice instead of vinegar . . . or prepared mustard instead of dry mustard . . . or no mustard at all . . . or an extra teaspoon of sugar when

it's for a fruit salad. It's so easy to give your own home made mayonnaise the right flavor. And the right mayonnaise is the difference between a "dull" salad and a "hit". We hope your family plain hates "dull", "average" food . . . and that you make your own mayonnaise to get that fresh, home made taste and that little individual tang that simply "makes" a salad.

Mayonnaise is simply egg and salad oil . . . whipped and seasoned. No mayonnaise is cooked. Here is one delicious recipe . . .

1 fresh egg  
1 teaspoon each of  
mustard, salt,  
and sugar

2 tablespoons lemon  
juice or vinegar  
Dash of pepper  
1 pint Wesson Oil

Mix the egg, the lemon juice or vinegar, and the seasoning. Then beat in well as added, not too much at any one time, the pint of Wesson Oil. It's easy to make this recipe with a bowl and



rotary beater. But it's easier than easy if you have the funny looking mayonnaise maker which somebody has just finished using in the picture. This new, quick mixer whips firm, creamy mayonnaise in 1½ minutes with never a failure. It's brand new . . . so if your grocer hasn't got it yet we'd be glad to send you one, postpaid,

packed with a recipe folder and a pint can of Wesson Oil all for 65¢.

The Wesson Oil People, Dept. J-1, New Orleans, La.

W E S S O N O I L  
FOR MAKING GOOD THINGS TO EAT



(Continued from Page 49) curls ran across Gillen's smooth forehead, dickle curls went over her ears, sausage curls were at the back of her neck, and the rest of her hair was gathered into a Psyche knot from which a final spray of curls, delicate as foam from a fountain, escaped. Miss Wagnalls powdered Gillen's face with pear powder and rubbed something hastily over Gillen's lips with the tip of her little finger. The dress was slipped over Gillen's head.

Mrs. Willy hung an embroidered-silk lace over Gillen's arm. "Long gloves. If you need them. Stand still. Don't look in the mirror." Walking to the door, Mrs. Willy flung it wide open. "All right. Come up, everybody," she called.

Then what a trooping there was up the staircase—Mr. Willy with his paper; Miss Wagnalls' aunt with her rheumatism; Mrs. De Rham looking like a Brooke and Mr. De Rham looking like a banker; one of the gray bachelors. Gillen's father proudly flourishing an empty pocketbook, showing it to everybody; Gillen's mother saying "Harry!"; two of the maids in the background, craning their necks, standing on tiptoe. What "oh's" there were of admiration; what "ah's" Gillen's face crumpled up suddenly. Such dear people. Such friends.

And then the bell rang twice sharply downstairs and one of the maids ducked down to answer it. Mr. Willy, peeping over the banisters, announced to them all in dumb show that it was the professor and that he was wearing an opera hat. The maid came upstairs and said, Mr. Spotwood. Gillen's heart began to beat heavily. They all flattened themselves against the wall to let her pass by. At the top of the stairs she looked back. They waved her on and down she went.

He stood waiting beside the newest post, looking up at her as she came. He held his opera hat crushed in his hands. His scarf was white, his eyeglasses were gone. He looked young, on edge, expectant.

"Good evening, Miss Pierce," he said, "Good evening, Professor Spotwood," she said.

"It's a cold, wet night," he said. "I hope you are warmly wrapped up?" "This is my mother's cape," she said. "It's a nice warm cape." "In any case," he said, "I have a carriage."

"You go to dance that are just across the street in a carriage?" said Gillen.

"It's not my carriage," he said.

In the carriage he spread a robe over her knees. "Drive around the block," he said to the driver.

Driving around the block in line behind other carriages they conversed.

"You have stayed away ever since I see you my note," he said. "Why?" "I was buying my dress," said Gillen, touching her dress beneath the carriage robe.

"Two whole days to buy a simple dress?"

"This isn't a simple dress," said Gillen.

"It's embroidered."

He glanced down at her sideways. He leaned toward her and then away. "How many dances will you give me?" he said.

"YOU'RE so—so learned," said Gillen haltingly. "Until you wrote me the note I had never thought of you as caring to dance."

"Until I wrote you the note," he said, "you had never thought of me at all. Had you?"

"When you rush at me like that I can't think," said Gillen.

"Had you?"

"Whatever I say will be wrong," said Gillen.

"Had you?"

There was a silence. Gillen couldn't speak. She clasped her hands together. The horses stopped before the stroving wiving at the club.

All the gray-bearded old gentlemen had been swept away and, except for the patronesses, for tonight, the club was young. The dressing room was crowded

with dark girls in pink, with blond girls in blue. In the hall young men were rubbing about writing down names in white-stain programs. Professor Spotwood waited for Gillen at the dressing-room door, and when she came out he slipped her hand through his arm.

"I'm sorry I rush at you," he said. "I try not to. If I'm not very careful you won't like me at all. Will you?"

"Let's—let's not talk about eventual things," said Gillen.

"Liking me would be eventual?"

"Let's get acquainted slowly and be friends. Let's not hurry. There's plenty of time, isn't there?"

"Not for me," he said. "I've waited for months."

**T**HE patronesses were imposing in volutes, in diamonds. Gillen clutched Professor Spotwood's arm and he squeezed her hand tight against him. Gillen was presented and curtsied as she had been taught to do in dancing class. One of the patronesses had a tiara. The tiara, the whole room swam before Gillen. One of the larger patronesses had a lorgnette and she looked at Gillen through it.

"Pierce," she said bluntly, as if Gillen were not there at all. "I don't place the name. She's a very pretty little girl, Hugh, but what about Lorna?"

"Who is that lady?" asked Gillen as they moved along.

"My aunt. She doesn't mean anything."

"Who is Lorna?"

"Friend of mine. Vassar. Let's dance, shall we?"

"I don't know anything about your life," said Gillen.

"I don't know anything about yours, but that doesn't matter, does it?"

"I live in a boarding house," said Gillen. "I'm not in society."

"People don't have to be in society unless they want to," he said. "May I speak of your dress?" he said. "I have never seen such a delectable dress or such small slippers. What do you keep in those slippers?"

"My feet," said Gillen.

"Some dance will you let me take off your slippers and hold your feet in my hands—and warm them?"

"Shall we dance?" said Gillen clearly.

**H**E PUT his arm around her and for a moment they stood waiting for the beat of the music. He held her very carefully. Gillen had had plenty of partners at dancing class, but she had never been really held before. Here was a difference. There was something new, violent, strong and yet careful in such holding. And the Strauss waltz carried its own enchantment. They circled the room.

Gillen tried to think. "This is just a student with Professor Spotwood, my English teacher. He's twenty-seven. He has a friend named Lorna at Vassar. She cin multiply by nine. He is hard on me in class—sarcastic. If you feel any response to the poem at all, Miss Pierce, expression of that feeling should be possible."

But when a girl is so young that feelings and responses are utterly new and eventual, expression of anything boldly and all at once—bang!—is not possible. She wants to put off, to push things away. Not to tell her thoughts about a Robert Browning poem in class before everybody. Not to grow up suddenly, in a sort of lightning flash, before everybody in the ballroom of the Uptown Club. Gillen glanced up. He was looking down at her. When she was there he never looked at anything else. Instinctively now his arm tightened around her.

"I love you," he said. "This is the first time I've touched you—held you. I want you to be my wife."

"I'd like to stop dancing, please," said Gillen.

He stood still. "You don't like me to touch you," he said.

"I'd like to sit down somewhere," said Gillen. "Perhaps I could have a drink of water." (Continued on Page 52)

## FISH SHOULD REALLY BE FRIED IN

# Oil



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And the way to get beautiful, even frying is to fry with oil . . . choice Wesson Oil, clear and pure and delicate as the fresh white meat itself.

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*wholesome* food. And Wesson Oil is so pure that even after frying fish it can be used again without carrying one particle of "taste." Use Wesson Oil for *any* frying.

# WESSON OIL

FOR MAKING GOOD THINGS TO EAT

# "She had been Constipated since childhood"

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MISS ALICE SPINNING, Washington, D. C., writes—

"My pep came back and my headaches stopped!"

HERE'S ANOTHER CASE THAT SHOWS WHAT EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WILL DO! MISS SPINNING (ABOVE) WRITES—



"I AM A GRADUATE NURSE—often on duty for twenty hours a day. I need good health. But I had become chronically constipated. This led to indigestion—I could hardly eat. Had headaches. Finally things came to a climax . . .



"I HAD TO STOP WORK and stay in bed, on a strict diet. But my digestion got no better. Then I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite returned—digestion improved. The doctor urged me to continue with yeast . . .

"IN TEN DAYS my elimination became normal. My energy came back. Indigestion, headaches left. I agree with what doctors say about yeast!"



(Continued from Page 51) He released her at once. He became remote, formal. His mouth looked frozen. His people stood out. "Certainly, Miss Pierce," he said.

Gillen sat on a tall, broadened chair facing the staircase while he went to get her a drink of water. She didn't sit up straight and she forgot entirely to hold her stomach in and not to frown. She sat spherically, limp, all in a heap. The bad host Professor Spotswood, badly hurt himself. It seemed difficult not to hurt them when everything mattered so much to him. It wasn't easy to manage all at once a new dress and new satin slippers and patronesses and a ballroom and a man—particularly this man, Professor Spotswood, her English teacher.

Gillen, sitting limply, endured an indefinable ache somewhere within her and saw the Pyne boy, very fashionable, assured and languid in his evening clothes, coming down the staircase. When he saw her the Pyne boy looked incredulous and then very, very glad. His face became pink. He shot out his cuffs, and came down the rest of the staircase in a series of leaps.

"Holy smoke," he said. "Gillen!"  
"You needn't swear," said Gillen.  
"I say, you look stunning!" said the Pyne boy, using a new word. "You look smooth," using another one. "I didn't know you'd come out yet."  
"I've come out for this evening," said Gillen tartly. "Pretty soon I'm going in again."

THE Pyne boy looked at her hair, at her dress, and passed them. His eyes descended to her slippers. "You told you to wear rose-colored slippers?" he asked. "They're the latest word in Paris. Come along and dance. This is the only rose-colored slippers on the floor."

As she danced with the Pyne boy, Gillen watched the door, and presently she saw Professor Spotswood standing in the doorway with a glass of water in his hand. He was looking for her. When his eyes found her something perverse in Gillen, something darting and frightened, made her look up at the Pyne boy and smile.

"This is smooth," remarked the Pyne boy.

"This is smooth," agreed Gillen. When she looked again Professor Spotswood had gone.

It was a miserable occasion, toretched, heartbreaking, an occasion born to go wrong. Gillen danced continuously with the Pyne boy and his friends; she ate supper with the Pyne boy and his group. Her throat had a lump in it and inside of her she asked, "Maybe I'm coming down with a cold," she thought. Across the room Professor Spotswood sat at the patronesses' table with a man in yellow beside him, and not once did he glance at Gillen. Invariably his face was turned away.

After supper she danced with the girl in yellow and during the crush of the dance Gillen was able, once, to put her hand on his arm.

"Please," asked Gillen, "when are we going home?"  
His eyes flicked over her. He passed by her with the girl in yellow.

GILLEN went straight to the dressing room, put on her carriage boots, found her mother's cape and got into it. When she turned the gray-fur collar up about her neck it felt warm, it felt like her mother's little girlhood to Gillen. Gillen began to cry as she was crossing the street. She let herself blindly into Mrs. De Rham's car with her latchkey. There was just one dim light burning in the hall and all the house seemed to be asleep, but her mother wouldn't be asleep. Gillen knocked softly on her mother's door and at once there was a stir inside and her mother, in her gray-flannel dressing gown, opened the door. Gillen thung herself into her mother's arms and sobbed.

"I'm too young," wept Gillen. "I'm too new at it. I don't want to get married yet. I'm too young."

"Who's going to make you get married?" demanded her father. "Where's my slippers?"

"For once," said her mother shortly, "find them yourself. For once stay in the background." The mother sat down in a rocking-chair and held Gillen on her lap. "There—there," said her mother, rocking Gillen back and forth. "There—there—there."

After a while Gillen could tell them all about it. She could tell every detail and almost every word. Sometimes her voice stumbled and almost stopped, but she kept on. When she told about Professor Spotswood standing in the doorway holding the glass of water and looking for her, searching for her, she burst out with wild crying again. Eventually there was silence.

HER mother stopped rocking Gillen back and forth, and looked at Gillen's father.  
"Can't you do something about it?" said her mother.

Gillen's father took off his slippers and put on his shoes.

"What are you putting on your shoes for?" asked her mother, rocking Gillen.  
"I'm going over there to that Uptown Club and find that young man and bring him over here," said her father.

"At two o'clock in the morning?" In your nightgown?"

"I can get dressed, can't I? What's two o'clock in the morning compared to the happiness of my only child? Where's my gray pants?"

"In your closet," said her mother. "You won't find them. You've never set eyes on him in your life."

"I know all about him—where he came from, who his folks are, what he's done, what he's aiming to do. I met him too. I went up to that school and got acquainted with him."

"Without telling me?"

"Do you suppose I'd let a daughter of mine go to a dance with a fellow I didn't know?"

Gillen's mother rocked back and forth in silence. But Gillen she realized.

"You didn't look up at that club?" she said. "You can't even find your own pants in your own closet."

"I'M LOOKING, ain't I?" said Gillen's father, feverishly looking. Gillen's father talked while he was looking. Gillen's father was a great talker.

"Gillen! he's like Aunt Mary Ann," he said. "She smiles at the wrong fellow. She backs and fills. And the young fool, instead of walking right up to her and hitting her a clip over the head, circles pillars and stays away."

Gillen was sitting up. She looked as if she had seen a shaft of light. But the light faded. Gillen threw herself back into her mother's arms. "He won't come," she cried, all sudden with weeping. "He'll never come again."

"You won't find him," said her mother to her father. "It's two o'clock in the morning. He will have gone home. You can't even find your gray pants in your own closet."

"I have found them," said her father through his set teeth, "and I'm putting them on. I'll find that young man if I have to wading the river for him. Where's my hat?"

When her father was gone Gillen went into the alcove with the folding doors and at the brown-marble basin in the alcove she washed her face. She brushed back all the dragged webs of curls and made herself neat. She didn't look very pretty, but she looked neat, serviceable, like a little ship getting ready to sail. After she was neat she sat down and folded her hands on her knees. Her mother stood looking down at the street around the edge of a drawn shade.

"Two men," announced her mother after a while, "coming across the street in the fog."

Gillen rigidly sat. Her throat closed up. She could not speak.

"That's your father's hat," announced her mother. "He's got somebody with him. You'll notice," announced her mother with a sigh, "that your father generally gets what he goes after."

When her father came in Gillen was still sitting there.

"He's waiting downstairs," said her father. "Do whatever you like with him—and—and us," said her father, "but don't be an Aunt Mary Ann. If you love him, tell him so. If you don't love him, tell him so. Don't be a wicky-wacky. Make up your mind. There's nothing in God's world your mother and I want but your happiness. We've done everything we could for you from the day you were born, but this is the time we step aside. This is something you've got to do for yourself. If he's the right man for you, you go down inside of yourself you'll know it, and you're not too young to know it true. Your mother herself was only eighteen."

Gillen left the room. Very composed and pale and dignified in her beautiful dress, she came down the long, straight, velvet-carpeted staircase. He wasn't waiting—she'd seen the new coat this time. He stood farther away, near the door, and he was turning his hat in his hands, crumpling it. All the time Gillen had been waiting upstairs she had been making up a little speech.

PROFESSOR SPOTSWOOD, I apologize for leaving you so rudely at the dance. I meant to come right back to you, but I did not come back. I couldn't. You didn't give me a chance. Professor Spotswood, I have been silly and rude. I did not mean to seem to reject your kind proposal of marriage. If we must part cannot we part as friends?

There was just one dim light left burning in the hall. It shone down on Gillen's fair, pale face and on him standing there, looking as if he had come a long way and was lost, looking as if it hurt him to breathe.

"Professor Spotswood," said Gillen.

He didn't look up at that club. "I wish to apologize for my rudeness to you at the dance," said Gillen clearly. "I did not mean to—to seem to reject your kind proposal of marriage."

There was a silence. He didn't say one word. He stood there. Then he turned his back on her. He put his arm up against the wall and leaned his head against it. Gillen saw his dark, brown hair, his collar, his beautiful white scarf, his overcoat, his poor, shiny rubbers.


"Oh," said Gillen. "Oh," Gillen had said. She felt as if she felt to clutch it hard to hurt it—that dog with the crushed leg, and the frozen bird, and Miss Wagnall, and Mrs. Abernethy brought that lady to dinner—that shy sharp pity tore at Gillen. It seemed to cut through some wall of defense which had been built around her. It seemed to cut away all her little landmarks, all her stiffnesses, her ignorance, her childlikeanness. This pity hurt Gillen so much that she could no longer stand still. So she moved forward toward him, near him. She touched him. Her hand touched his arm, his shoulder. Her hand was on his hair, smoothing it. Her arm seemed to go of its own accord around his neck. She pulled at him. She suggested Professor Spotswood—her English teacher.

"Turn around," she said. "Look at me. You've got to."

She pulled him around. She made him face her, look at her. There were tears in his eyes. His mouth looked like a little boy. Standing on tiptoe, Gillen put her head down against hers, felt his mouth against her cheek, his arms go round her, heard his heart beat, felt his heart, against him, felt relief from pain, felt rightness, sharp happiness—

"There—there," said Gillen, soothing him, appeasing him, rocking him back and forth. "There—there."

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because she's young. And he's not old enough to be fatherly. Part of their trouble is the difference in their ages. "She's no baby. I never saw a woman who could make a bigger fool of herself."

The maid came in. "Mrs. Goodrich wants to know if you can speak to her on the telephone."

Dave Barclay frowned at that.

"Of course I must. I'll have to go to her and to the maid. 'Till he right there. Dave, I'm about the only friend she has."

"What has she done to deserve any?"

The passionate voice on the telephone seemed to invade the order and peace of the house as Anne picked up the receiver.

"Anne," said "Goodrich," "I don't care what the rest of the crowd thinks—the worst they think of me the better I'll like it! But I wanted to tell you how good you've always been—"

"Pam, what are you up to?" asked Anne severely. "This is awful."

I'M JUST showing a few people how I feel. Their horror of publicity in family rows got on my nerves, that's all. Who cares who knows? I just told a waitress in a cafeteria the whole story."

Was she interested?

"Not very—didn't know the people."

"Why are you trying to hurt Lee?"

"Why should he let such loose things hurt him?" answered Pamela.

He care what other people think of his wife? Why doesn't he stick to his own mind about me and me to it?"

"She loves him," said Anne.

"Well, I just called up to tell you that I'm sorry I won't be at your dinner tonight," said Pam.

"Why not come along?" asked Anne.

"No—it would spoil the conversation."

"Pam," said Anne, "I'm sorry."

"Good-by, darling," said Pam.

Anne went back to the table. Dave asked her nothing and she told him nothing about it. They went on with their breakfast.

"Try to get out a little while tonight, will you?" she asked. "I'll have Wright at the office any time you want. He's here having people for dinner, remember."

"Who's coming?"

"Neighbors mostly. About a dozen or more. This is a good place to entertain and a good time too. Vegetables off the farm. You'd be surprised how cheap a dinner is out here. By the way, I asked that friend of yours, Joe Mallon, and his wife. You remember, the very pretty one. I'll get her next time you make her comfortable and give her a break. Tell her how pretty she is."

Peter smiled and, hearing that, laughed. "Am I too young to hear this?" he asked.

"You're too simple," said Anne.

"Morning," said Dave to his son.

"What time did you get in last night?"

"Three—a little later, I guess."

"I don't like it."

"Well, I can't very well go up to a girl I've taken to a party and say, 'Good night, lassie, but go told me to come home at sundown, can't you?'"

"You might say sunrise anyway," said Anne. "Are you sailing today, Pete?"

HE NODDED. "When this friend of mine gets here."

"The boat looks awfully well since you did that work on it," she remarked.

Dave asked, "What did that cost?"

"Hardly anything," said Peter. "I did it myself."

His father was pleased. Anne had been working toward that. "Good," said Dave.

"Money's tight. This place is a load these days."

"And I suppose you couldn't even get rid of it," said Peter, "if you tried to give it away."

"He's awfully casual about it," thought Anne. "It doesn't mean anything to him."

"Nobody's here, can you place?"

said Davis. "Nobody can afford to live in them."

"Which is good, sound reasoning," said Anne. "More coffee!"

## Without Lifting a Hand

(Continued from Page 9)

"What's the dirty tennis shoe for?" asked Peter.

"It's a sample," she told him. "Jack's playing in a match game and he has holes in both shoes."

"He could put some pasteboard in them," said Peter.

"You see the children are resourceful. Dave," said Anne. "We can always leave them on an island or in a wood and they'll make out."

But it was hard to make him smile this morning. It was the head of the city organization for relief.

"It's going to be a particularly hard year and we all count on you for help, Mrs. Barclay."

"I have so little time," said Anne. "I'd so hoped someone else."

"If you could help us just one more year, I'd be so grateful. Things are so precarious. I'm a little afraid the organization might go to pieces without you."

HE SHOULD'N'T have to be like that, she thought, Anne, as he talked. She thought of the sacrifices this man made, the clear depth of charity he showed. She couldn't refuse. Her mind scheduled the words.

"I'll do the best I can. When you do this work we ought to begin to get the organization started. Let's look over the old lists. . . . Yes, do that; mail them to me."

Jack was at her elbow. "Mother, about this work."

She hurried and caught Wright just before he drove off.

"I'll take the kitchen to visit next."

"Agatha, I'm so sorry about the tooth. You must go in to see the dentist this afternoon. Oh, yes, you can. You must."

Well, get it fixed, about dinner. Hot, clear soup. That always surprises people in midsummer and cools them off."

"I'll bring that over, her swollen cheek. A crown root maybe?"

"No, the crown roots are too expensive. You can fix your teeth so they think they're partridges. And peas. Lots of peas! Eggplant. Cucumber in gelatin for the salad. We've ten thousand free cucumbers. And strawberry cream."

She finished planning it with the waitress. "Use the thread-lace tablecloth. I'll ask John to pick all the yellow and orange napkins there are for a centerpiece."

The waitress said, "Do you think I could change my vacation to next week. Mrs. Barclay? My sister wrote me she's going to be married."

"I don't see how we'll be short of help. And Sally has planned a dinner. I don't quite see how I can. You say your sister is going to be married?"

"Yes, she is. Well, we'll just have to manage. That's all. When is the wedding?"

"I'll see that you get there somehow. . . . No, say I'm busy. Who wants to talk to me?"

What was that? What on the phone? Mrs. Sears? "Yes," he answered.

She hadn't heard from her in years. This was almost as tall as her friend, a girl she'd liked tremendously eighteen years before, who was motoring through.

"Of course you must stop and see me," said Anne. "You must come for lunch."

She was looking at her watch. "I have a meeting at eleven, but I'll be back home by one. I'd adore seeing you."

SALLY was awake when her mother went upstairs again. She was out of bed and her breakfast tray was hardly touched.

"You haven't eaten anything, dear."

"Quantities," said Sally.

She was always as tall as her mother, aristocratic and pliant. And this morning her eyes were intense and serious.

"Mother, I'm terribly fed up with everything around here."

"With what?" asked Anne.

"Oh, everything," said Sally darkly. "It's a sample. People think of nothing except themselves and their games. And they're narrow!"

"What do you think say?"

"I see the way they act. I hear them talk."

Anne turned to look at her daughter. Sally was half radiant, half defiant, completely restless. A thought of Pamela Goodrich crossed her mind.

THEY'RE a pretty average lot of people," she said; "all fairly decent."

"I wouldn't care if I never saw any of them again," said Sally.

"You ought to stay in bed today."

"Why, I feel grand," said Sally. "I've a lot of dates away."

"Doing what?"

"Tennis this morning. I'm going to a luncheon for that French girl who's here visiting. After that, I don't know. I may go for a ride with Woody. He knows some new trails. I'd like to get out in the hills."

"Woody's that boy Peter didn't like. But Anne didn't mention that. It wasn't the time, she thought."

"You've a dinner engagement, haven't you?" asked the dance at the Forest Club tonight?"

"Maybe I'll not go to that," said Sally. "It's just the club women."

Anne wondered what to say. She was afraid to trust too much. "All of us get tired of the people around us," she said.

"But they are friends. Sally, I know they seem narrow sometimes . . ."

"If a man doesn't belong to their crowd he doesn't belong," said Sally.

"He does not," answered Anne. "As long as he's brave and honest and generous. I won't ask more than that. You can't be on that side and not take less."

"Don't worry," said Sally with a kind of pride.

Anne did not worry. But she did not forget her daughter during that committee meeting at eleven, while they decided what to do with the public-lift forum for the new bridge.

Also she found herself thinking of Sally during luncheon.

THERE WAS'N'T much use in thinking of her former school friend, who was doing most of the talking. It had not been a successful reunion. The old attraction had not been revived, and her friend had grown very greedy in a domestic way.

She was assertive about her children and their changes, and had an air of looking at Anne's gardens, nappies and the silver with a certain resentment. "People change anyway," thought Anne, and a stray thought of Pamela suddenly crossed her mind. Pamela wasn't really formed yet. She might change.

Jack had luncheon with them. He had won his match, and at intervals a description of some play would come bursting into the room.

"I don't see how he can be so sure he thought him a dull little boy. She did not understand that today he was a hero, a conqueror. But Anne said, with a pat, as she passed Jack in leaving the room, "You can't imagine how set up I am, Jack."

The friend had to leave. She seemed, in departure to be a little more than a minute of gardens and furnishings to tell about elsewhere. Anne was cordially glad to see her go, and even more glad that Dave had not had time to meet her.

Now the waitress wanted to speak to her. There were two holes in the lace doily. "I don't see how you can put pink damask one. No—the yellow flowers would hardly do, at least not without blue. Blue and yellow might be effective. No—annual barberry, pink and blue, was

probably best. The yellow snapdragons could go in bowls in the morning room."

Agatha's tooth was set. That helped. It was a pleasure to think that tooth could not keep Agatha awake tonight. But there weren't enough strawberries on the plants today to give the children for twenty people. Then dessert must be changed. "Marmalade pudding," she decided. "It's always been delicious."

"Mr. Goodrich would like to see you," said the maid.

"Mr. Goodrich?" she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am."

Anne went into the long living room that would always be cool because of its colors and fabric, and her careful room invaded at this moment by tragedy.

"Hello, Lee," he said, and his voice was dry. "I suppose you haven't a minute to talk to me."

"I've all the time in the world," said Anne. "Sit down, Lee."

He was grim. She thought of how often he must have looked at Pamela like that, and how Pam would have hated it.

"Well, you know all about it," he began. "Not all."

"No—that's true; none of that rubbish in the newspapers has anything to do with it. I suppose I'm a fool to mind so much. But when a man walks down the street and knows he's being looked at, he knows."

"Is that what you mind? Or is it losing Pam?" asked Anne.

"WE WERE never suited," he said. "That's the whole story. I was crazy to think it would come off. I was fool enough to think I could make her into a woman like you—"

"Why pick on me?" asked Anne.

"You know," he said bitterly. "You know you're the woman I've always most admired."

"But you never wanted me the way you wanted Pamela?"

"I wanted to marry you, Anne."

"I know. But you couldn't help wanting to, even though you didn't marry."

"Anne," said Lee, "I was a fool. I was a little conspicuous with a few men. Stayed out more than she. She was a little more stare. Let an interviewer write a column about her in a paper that people will forget in an hour."

"Made me suffer like hell—"

"You're too ready to suffer."

"I guess so."

"You're better stop," said Anne. "This isn't doing anyone any good."

"I know, Anne. But you do me good. It helps just to hear you."

She put her hand on his and he lifted it to his lips. "If I could have had you you would have." "You're wrong."

"Can I come and see you once in a while?"

"Of course. Aren't you coming for dinner?"

"Naturally not."

"Why don't you? It's a lot better than sitting and biting your nails. I'll get you a good game of bridge."

"He said suddenly, 'All right. I will. Of course.'"

"No, she's not coming," said Anne. "The men are wearing flannels, Lee."

HE CRUNCHED out of the driveway just as the blue limousine drove up with her mother-in-law. The elder Mrs. Barclay had come to see the children, and was disturbed when they all could not be instantly produced and Jack seemed disgraced by the long and boring mother-in-law with stories of Sally's parties and clothes. Then Peter came in carrying his hand luggage.

"It's just a minute," he said, "just a cut."

"I don't like the look of it," said Anne. "Lost the foot race too," said Peter. "I've got to be out here. Excuse me, grandmother."

"You must," said Anne, following him, "put something on that blouse."

"Right, mother." (Continued on Page 55)

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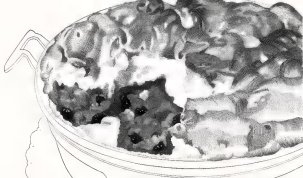


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3 slices bread cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick 1 teaspoon vanilla  
4 eggs 1 tablespoon sugar  
1 tablespoon oil 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 cups milk 1 cup Sun-Maid Puffed Raisins

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# SUN-MAID RAISINS

LET THEM INSIDE *Thermo-Jelled* SEAL THEM OUTSIDE

(Continued From Page 54) The elder Mrs. Barclay told stories of blood poisoning before she went. Several good ones.

It was six o'clock. Anne slipped away down to the back of the garden with Jock. Twenty minutes' tennis—that would help. He was good at the game. She wished that all there was in the world was to be young and strong and good at games.

Dave must be home, and he'd want to see her. She went back to the house and found him darning for her.

"Hello, darling."

"Hello," he said, and let a little of his exuberance with her as he kissed her. She knew that she mustn't be tired when he was like this. "Hard day?"

"Pretty bad. I can't see you where we're coming out. You can't run your own business and you don't know that they can. Of course there's a chance, I suppose."

"Come out here on the porch and lie down for an hour. I'll fix you something good to drink."

**DINNER** at seven-thirty. Anne took a brown-inked evening dress from its hanger, slipped it on, a quick shower, a push-up on the curves of her hair, bright lipstick, and she was dressed. She must see how Sally was coming along. Sally was going to the dinner-dance after all.

"That really is a pretty dress, Sally!"

"Am I pretty, honestly? Thank I'll keep on being pretty!"

"It depends on what you do with your mind, dear. Is Pete going too?"

"Sure, he'll show up. And show off as usual."

"Don't," said Anne.

"Pete makes me sick," said Sally in a sisterly way.

The dinner table was as it should be—gracious, restful. She had been right about that last year. The sprays were like feathers. People were coming now. Most of them were friends, but she must see that Mrs. Mallon was at ease. Mrs. Mallon was ravishing, really. It might all have come good just to look at her. The husband didn't look too cheerful. He, like Lee Goodrich, had married a woman younger than himself. Here was Lee, immaculate, defiant, as unquestionable as glass. Anne had put him next to her to-night.

How had he really looked under that careful appearance. He was haggard.

The soup was delicious. She had been right to have it instead of mackerel. People needed nourishment these days. What was she cheering about soup? she wondered.

They left the table. She saw a car was returning on the driveway. What was Pamela doing there? For one missed her for a minute as she went swiftly down the steps hidden in masses of late-summer foliage. One couldn't see the drive from the terrace unless he knew where to look through the shrubbery.

**NO WOMAN** should look as Pamela did to-night. There'd be trouble. Pam wanted trouble. That was why she watched.

"I thought I'd come to your party after all, Anne."

"Lee's here," said Anne. "He came, so you are."

"This should be a pleasant meeting."

"You mustn't come up," said Anne.

"So you won't ask me to your parties any more, Anne," Pamela laughed.

"I can't tonight, Pam."

"All right, my dear, throw me out. I don't blame you."

"I don't even hold it against Lee. You might tell him that. If I'd ever once been sure of him—but he never was sure himself. It doesn't really matter. This is the last you'll see of me, of any."

For once Anne believed in that foolish, defiant voice. She said, "Pam—wait a minute. Just a minute, please. I've something I want to give you. It's yours, and I may not see you again for a while. Just a second—please."

She went back on the terrace. She could see the beautiful Elaine Mallon talking to Lee. This must be managed somehow so that Mrs. Mallon and the others did not guess.

"Lee," she said, "can I speak to you a minute?"

He came to where she stood.

"Pamela's down there."

He stiffened. "Then I'll go."

"Go with her," said Anne, pleading.

"No. Never again."

"Lee, you're a fool. I know what's wrong between you two now. It's not age."

It's not her crannies. But you've never shown that girl you loved her. You've just shown her what she knew—that you wanted her. It's your chance, don't you see?

She thinks—and the rest of the crowd, more than her. She thinks she doesn't come first. That's why she's showing off. She's wanted so much to come first. Why don't you go down and prove to her that in spite of herself, in spite of all the twaddle in the newspapers, and the notoriety, that you love her? That nothing else matters except to love her. Take her away—

a month, six months, somewhere—live through it. Embarrassment's a short pain, but love is a long one."

His breath was short. "A man's got to get his mind's eye clear."

"If you murder your love for her you'll never have any. I told you today how it was. You can't help loving her unless you kill part of yourself, and then you'll kill her too. We can't catch her after tonight, Lee. I tell you that. And she loves you."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, go and look at her!" said Anne.

"Go and see for yourself."

She didn't hear what they said to each other. She only saw the car door thrown open. It moved off. They'd go a long way. They wouldn't come back soon.

"Who's playing bridge?" asked Dave.

"Do you play, Mrs. Mallon?"

A car was heard in the driveway again. Anne was suddenly apprehensive.

Two people were going in the wide door. She met them at the entrance to the dining room. It was Peter Sally.

"She's all right," said Peter, who looked like a man at the moment, "but she'd better get up bed, mother."

Really, it's ok. Don't fuss."

Anne's eyes were on Sally's face.

"As you said," said Sally, making something, "a person must be brave."

Honest," she laughed. "I'm certainly a great judge of men. A brightie, I am."

Then she grew whiter and limp, and Peter got some water.

He said, "She asked me to take her home. I guess that fellow was a lousy bet and she had to call him. Don't ask her about it. She's a swell girl, mother."

"I know."

Sally was in bed. No one had heard, and the guests had gone at last. Anne put her arm through Dave's, and they went out on the terrace. Peter roamed up from the lawn.

"You know," remarked Pete, "this place kind of gets you, doesn't it? I don't know what there is about it."

Dave spoke thoughtfully. "I certainly want to hang on to it. Hope we can."

Anne slipped into a corner of the moment. The pale yellow of lighted windows behind them, the whiter color of the moonlight—and Peter loved his home. Sally knew what dexterity was. Peter was asleep. Anne saw the last light in the kitchen go and she remembered with relief that Aggie's body wouldn't stir tonight. She thought of Lee and Pamela, and that they had another chance together. Nice night. She felt a little tired.

**AS THEY** drove home Joe Mallon said to his wife, "That was some evening!"

Elaine tipped her car into a mirror so she could see her face. She wanted to be sure of how she had looked in those last minutes. That man had certainly admired her.

"It's easy enough to give parties and run a house the way Anne Barclay does when you have to have to lift your hand," she said.



## WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO NOW?

(Continued from Page 21)

the farmer and from those who represent him. There is no question that the relief that was promised him, that lured him to vote in backlogs for the Democratic ticket in 1932, is far from having materialized. It is true that the prices for some farm products have risen; but on the other hand, the prices of industrial products, of the things the farmer needs to buy, have risen too. The objectives that uncomfoting fact, the objectives which the Administration hoped to achieve by its farm legislation have been put out of whack. In the message that the President sent to Congress with the farm bill, he said that what he proposed was "a new and untrod path," and that if after "fair administrative trial of it is made and it does not produce the hoped-for results, I shall be the first to acknowledge it and advise you." The hoped-for results were "to reestablish prices to farmers at a level that will give agricultural commodities a purchasing power with respect to articles that farmers buy equivalent to the purchasing power of agricultural commodities in the prewar period, 1909-1914."

As the situation, instead of getting in hand, got more and more out of schedule, the AAA—Agricultural Adjustment Administration—became increasingly agitated, which agitation took the form of dubious makeshifts to boost the purchasing power of the farmer. Crops were allowed under, the farmer was paid for destroying them, paid not to produce. On the same theory swine were killed, and it was proposed to treat corn likewise. When the processing tax imposed by the AAA made the price of wheat higher, the would-be purchasers took to corn meal. Altogether, that particular "experiment" began early to creak in its workings—and first North Dakota, and then Nebraska, started a revolt that could not be ignored.

The farm territory in the South and the West is the hotbed of currency inflation, and the congressmen and senators from those sections are convinced, or have been convinced by their constituents, that inflation is the answer to the farmer's prayer. One sometimes wonders who convinced the constituents—if perhaps the well-known big bad wolf of Wall Street may not have been at work. Because one thing that the mere talk of inflation does seem to do is to send up the stock market, and that between stock gamblers and farmers!

## BUT WHAT IS INFLATION?

Inflation is among the many subjects about which I disclaim any pretension to real comprehension. My experience has been that the people who most loudly mouth the desirability of inflation, who cheer for it as a cure-all, seem, when one tries to pin them down to explain it, extraordinarily vague. The fact is that, externally, I have listened to a great many men talk on the subject, the number who seem to have any real grasp or can elucidate it for the average mind could be counted on the fingers of one hand. I have tried my best to get any illumination, any convincing argument from those who hold the opinion that inflation is a good thing. It has been a disappointing experience. In addition to being unable to explain lucidly even the simplest form of inflation, it is hard to find truth that I do not know any two men among its proponents whose views coincide, or who are in accord as to facts, or as to general results. Usually the benefits of particular class or section seems to be what they have in mind—regardless of what the consequences would be to other classes and other sections. Their hot conviction of its worth seems only qualified by the extreme caution as to its type or degree they want. This heated passion is true not only of those who are for inflation, but also of those who oppose it. Among its opponents, to be sure, there

is more unanimity of thought and expression. They have ready to illustrate their arguments and clinch their points all the stock phrases of why inflation would be ruinous—the examples which we all know, of Germany and the other countries who have tried it with disastrous results. Yet I do not believe that one man in a thousand in public life has deep down a real grasp of why he is for or against it.

Nevertheless, this subject—inflation of the currency—will certainly be one of those uppermost in the coming session. Speeches will be made on both sides at great length, and with every appearance of inflamed conviction. Dry and intricate as the subject is, it will be treated emotionally rather than rationally. Whether anything more is done along inflation lines depends, I should say, wholly upon the Administration. It is difficult to see how the President, with his veto power, can be forced to take any steps he does not wish to take. Congress would have to be very completely out of hand to be able to muster the two-thirds necessary to pass legislation over a veto.

## PORK BARREL AND RELIEF

Still another matter that is sure to be continuously in the debates is the vast sum of Government money that is authorized for public works. Naturally, the Republicans won't have a look-in on it. But I do not believe there is a solitary one of the three hundred odd Democratic members of the House who has not at this moment his plans for getting his slice of that three billion, three hundred million. One can hardly blame them for wanting a hand-out. A great many of them are serving their first terms, and their primaries are not far off. But blame them in the least is alarming to surmise what is going to become of a "balanced budget."

One appropriation in the last session that was later an extra appropriation was the five hundred million for relief to be distributed among the states. If one can judge from the figures given out recently by Mr. Hopkins, the Federal Emergency Relief Administrator, that entire sum will have been expended by next April, unless by then many millions of wage earners have been returned to work. And unless they are returned to work, an appropriation like sum will again be necessary—not as a "nonrecurring item," as it is described, but will on the way to becoming part of the regular, and, as one fears, sadly unbalanced, budget.

Altogether, one of the features of the approaching session of Congress seems bound to be criticism and attack on the operation of the very program it put into effect last spring. So far as that program is concerned, there is no difference of opinion about its objectives. The Administration, as well as everybody in the country, wants to see unemployment, business recovery and the return of prosperity. There is no disagreement as to the goal—only as to the methods of achieving it. But the program will be under fire, not only from the Republicans but from their disgruntled Democrats—some of whom are offended, smarting and sensitive because they did not get the sort of relief they desired. Others will be angry because the Administration has not adopted their particular ideas. And there are a few who disbelieve fundamentally in the policies now in operation, the experiments which differ so radically from government action in the past.

For the whole enterprise that is now going on in Washington is an experiment. It has so been from the first. It is so viewed by everyone, sponsors and operators included—the professors among them. Unfortunately, they are almost as vague about the outcome as anyone else.



## When Grandma was a girl HINDS HEALED CHAPPED ROUGH HANDS *just as it does today*

Now fearfully chapped hands used to get, back in Grandmother's day! Houses were colder, housework harder. Hands roughened and reddened—knuckles split and cracked till they bled. The smarting pain brought tears to the eyes.

No ordinary remedy could heal such chapping. It took a *super-remedy*—HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

## Instant success

Fifty-nine years ago, in 1875, a Maine druggist first introduced this soothing, healing cream in liquid form. Joyfully women welcomed it—quickly the fame of HINDS spread from



Now IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Maine to every State in the Union. Before there was any advertising or even one salesman employed, over 3,000,000 bottles of this remarkable cream were sold in a single year!

Why HINDS does more HINDS had no equal for chapped hands then. It has no equal now.

Unlike thick, gummy, quick-drying lotions that merely leave a smooth, slippery, varnish-like coating on the surface of the skin,

HINDS goes down into the skin. Its soothing balms and healing lubricants soften and enrich the dry, chapped skin—banish roughness and scalliness. Red, work-worn hands soon become smooth, white, comfortable again! Children's chapped hands and knees quickly heal.

## Soft, smooth hands

HINDS prevents chapping, too. After hands have been in water, after exposure and always at night, rub on a little of this delicate, fragrant cream. See how nice your hands look, how fine they feel.

Get HINDS from your druggist today. You'll be delighted with the handsome new bottle—more delighted still with the glorious relief HINDS is certain to bring!

NEW—a remarkable Cleansing Cream made by the makers of HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Melts as it touches the skin—floats out dirt, grime. Exactly like the very expensive creams except in price! Ask your druggist for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.



*Whoopie—  
That Real Maple Sugar  
Flavor gives you Strength!*

THE BOYS AT A BRONC-BUSTING TEST  
FAILED TO BREAK A WILD HORSE KNOWN AS "ZEST"  
ENERGY ED TOOK A CRACK  
SLUNG THE HORSE ON HIS BACK

(FILL IN THE LAST LINE YOURSELF—JUST FOR FUN)



## THIS SYRUP IS AN ENERGY-MAKER —MEN NEED IT IN THEIR DIET

TENDER PANCAKES swimming in golden syrup! That's the kind of breakfast a man loves. He calls for more and more of that syrup with the rich, real maple sugar flavor.

You needn't be afraid to give him all he wants. Syrup belongs in a man's diet, food authorities say. It gives him quick energy. Greater zest!

Yet syrup is not fattening, and it makes pancakes non-fattening, too, by making their food values quickly and completely available. Women who are watching their

weight can enjoy this breakfast with a clear conscience!

So serve the syrup that everyone likes the best—Vermont Maid

—that smooth, golden syrup with the wonderful real maple sugar flavor. It's everybody's favorite syrup.

Vermont Maid is blended right in the heart of the maple sugar country—in Burlington, Vermont. A delicious syrup, made of cane and maple sugars—it has the flavor of maple sap that comes only from maples which grow in the North Woods.

Get a jug today. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



THE JAPS HAVE A WORD FOR IT: IKERANA, WHICH MEANS THE ARTISTIC ARRANGING OF CUT FLOWERS. SURELY AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT FOR STUDY BY GARDEN CLUBS



# GARDEN CLUB PROGRAMS FOR 1934

BY ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

Part of the fun of a garden is looking forward to the next picture which it will reveal. If you plant with care, new effluvia will be displayed continuously throughout the year.

Crocuses in March to surprise you, tulips to come laughing with the spring, iris warns cold May with color, and delphinium blooms in June. For July and August there are many things, but crimson poppy and blue veronica make the most savage clash of color and the most work for the bees under midsummer sun. After those excitements have passed come tardily the mellow shades of chrysanthemums filling your canvas with autumn colors until after frost.

Just as you are about to bid farewell to all growing things, suddenly tall furze come into view. Etched in dark splendor against a new blanket of snow, they rise in unexpected importance from amid the glistening leaves of broad-leaved evergreens planted around their feet. They furnish a stately background for the spikes of blue spruce and the ever-ready arms of daisy hellebores. Color you can have in this winter picture, too, if you use some low, spreading golden juniper for their yellow green, and trim the whole with berry-bearing shrubs.

Any garden casually planted and left alone to grow will bear flowers according to the season's will, but gardens designed for continuous beauty must be controlled, tended and cajoled to bloom at the right time. That they satisfy by their proportions, realize by their color contrasts, refresh by their fragrance and bless with their shadows in the evening light is a result of knowledge, artistry and much thought.

Fortunate is the gardener who finds at her garden-club meetings the help which she needs for this creative work just at the time she most needs it. Too often, however, is it otherwise. Lost in bewildered ignorance amid the intricacies of a color chart from which she is trying to give a new name for spring bulbs, she hopefully leaves home for a garden-club meeting, sure of getting there some helpful advice. Instead, she finds the whole club plunged into a heated protest against a new billboard recently erected at a busy spot near by. In the midst of excited suggestions for getting it down, her feeble questions about tulips are lost.

In June, when confronted by the deadly work of a worm which overnight destroys her gorgeous stalks of delphinium, she must keep her sorrow to herself while she smilingly listens to a lecture on the rare charm which flowers under the light of the moon. Or perhaps her nervous inquiries for a poison which will kill ants are politely silenced by the president who dogmatically begs that each member send her surplus seedlings on Wednesday to the street fair. If she is a veteran gardener she will suffer most when, her garden calling her across the fragrance of new-mown grass, she sits in a crowded room while a lecturer explains in detail how to plant seed and divide perennials.

I believe that subjects for garden-club meetings divide themselves into the following groups: Practical instructions for raising flowers, how to create artistic effects, civic activities, horticultural information, and conservation. From these subjects must be built the year's program, but this is more easily said than done. Seldom does a majority of garden-club members ever want at the same time the same thing from the club.

If the membership is large—over sixty, we will say—then it may be best to hold the club's monthly meetings in groups divided according to taste and experience in gardening. If the club is small, however, a program sufficiently varied to suit all tastes can be arranged—a schedule of which, giving dates and subjects, should be circulated early in the season. Then each member will know what information she may expect and when to expect it.

A wise plan is to open each new club year with a meeting given over to the discussion of the club's policy and aims.

From the ideas expressed at this meeting, the program committee will be better prepared to make its plans. At the second meeting of the season an effort should be given at any civic work the club has decided to undertake, so that at subsequent meetings only a report by the committee appointed to do the work will be necessary.

Practical instructions, which should be designed for beginners, will probably be the material used for meetings held during the months when gardening activity is at its height. If this instruction can be given by veteran members in their own gardens, the neophytes will be saved confusion, wasted time and failure.

Always, in my mind, a yearly program should include ample suggestion for artistic effects. Gardens are the best opportunity possible for that delicate artistry which through its very simplicity leads us unawares to a realization of a new loneliness. This aspect of gardening can be well set forth by accounts which some member may be able to give of an exquisite bit of planting she has seen, or of the Old World charm of some foreign gardens she has visited; public school, the garden of a friend, or a garden of her own; a lecture by a professional on garden design or on the view that places; an informal explanation of the value of shadows, set forth by an artist-gardener; or how to create excitement by lighting a garden at night. All such topics, properly approached, will lead to the right direction.

A meeting given over to the artistic arrangement of flowers also bears out this idea. A demonstration made before the club by a woman of taste, showing the right and wrong way to arrange a vase of flowers, emphasizes the value of the artistically sensitive eye.

## HORTICULTURAL HISTORY, CONSERVATION

For the meetings on horticulture, information can be given on all kinds of plant life, starting, if you care to, with green slime. A lesson in tree grafting would probably interest some of the gardeners, as well as a talk on the care and fertilization of trees. A talk on pollen and the romance of its distribution would make one of the most fascinating subjects of all.

Sometimes it is found practical to have various members adopt a special plant for study and observation, finally reading to the club a paper on what they have learned about its history, its propagation and its culture under varying conditions. The dahlia, for instance, is an interesting flower for the purpose; the first trace we can find of the now-popular cactus type being a root which sometime before 1830 was secured by a Dutch dealer in Mexico. According to Bailey's Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture, the plant from this root became the parent of all the present cactus varieties. The dahlia started life single in form, was developed in England into the old-fashioned double variety, and is now being cultivated in gorgeous shades, again as a single flower about three times as large as its original self.

The history of lilies is also interesting, the parents of some of the varieties we use most often being found by Mr. Ernest Wilson growing high up on the rocky slopes of the Yang-tze River in China.

A horticultural meeting in Philadelphia was made amusing as well as interesting by a clever hostess. Pictures of flowers cut out of seed catalogues were pinned up on a blackboard, minus their names but clearly numbered. Sitting before the board, the members began with gay confidence to pick out what each flower was. Writing their guesses on a slip of paper, and numbering each name to correspond to the flower's number on the board, they handed them in. After all slips had been received, each

flower's correct name was written on the board over its picture and the slips read out for comparison. Many familiar friends were put down as obscure exotics, most of them were ridiculously misnamed.

Conservation is a vast subject, covering the need of our respect toward all wild life. In the garden-club sense it applies especially to birds and to the native flora. A review of the whole forestry situation in America would make appropriate material just now for a conservation meeting, when reforestation is being so much discussed. To ramble, figuratively, with a well-informed naturalist down a nature trail might bring a realization of how many of her treasures Nature hides around the wooded edges of lakes and in her forests. Reeds, water plants, lichens, fungi and ground covers galore! The Garden Club of Mt. Desert intersperses its garden meetings with walks through the mountains taken with a naturalist three or four times each season.

In connection with conservation there is great opportunity for the education of children. One or two communities have bought tracts of woodland adjoining their largest public school, so that children can be taught on the spot a knowledge of and respect for wild life. Among the boys' scouts in Cleveland, a prize-winning contest has been started for the most practical and best built bird houses. Also, a contest is held in garden essays. In another community a prize is offered to the three boys, under a certain age, who collect the most caterpillars nests, thus directing the youngsters' interest toward saving the trees. The conservation chairman in Maryland arranged this autumn in the children's department of Baltimore's public library a fascinating exhibition of berry-bearing shrubs. There were forty-nine named varieties on display. And, of course, the movement to send public-school teachers to nature camps for a short course of study is most popular.

There have been many activities and meetings arranged by various garden clubs throughout the country which do not come under any of the headings mentioned above. On Long Island an ingenious meeting was held to which was brought any antique object which showed a creative use of flowers in its design. Many old pieces of needlepoint and exquisite hand embroideries turned up, echoes of an age when fair and delicate ladies reared on porches, stitching their dreams into their work.

One club traces in the lives of great Americans any gardening or horticultural interests which they evidenced. Jefferson was interested in gardens, and Washington was not only an intelligent but a modern farmer, since he experimented by planting five or six different kinds of grain each in small test plots of different kinds of soil. The comments in his diary of the results of these thirty or more plantings are most interesting.

To stimulate the gardening faculty through competition, some clubs judge one another's gardens, withholding the names of the judges when the count is sent in. In one contest the points judged were "What is most to be commended?" and "What might be improved without fundamental change?" Another club, using one hundred as a possible best, judged for color, planting effect, condition of plants, condition of soil, the gardener's relation to the house, and general artistic effect, giving to each count a relative value. The member who made the best total won the prize.

One of the most cooperative gardening schemes I know of is a plant exchange, held among club members. This takes place at the time of year when plants are being divided. Everyone takes her surplus to a specified place at a specified time, when each gardener selects her share of that plant which her garden lacks. All go back to enrich their gardens with what their neighbors would otherwise have thrown away, themselves relieved of the embarrassment of waste.









No. 370

## A HOUSE THAT FITS ITS FAMILY

BY WILLIAM AND MARY HOLMES

ARCHITECTS—THULIN AND VLIET

Our family has lived in apartments, tents, a little house on a terrace, a larger house in the suburbs, hotels, shore cottages and a cabin in the woods. During the sixteen years that we have laughed, and cried, and struggled, and failed, and run away from and come back to the perpetual, interesting problems that beset family life, we have often wondered, with a shade of wastefulness, what it would be like to bring to maturity a family of children in a house that was planned for the purpose.

Mr. Thulin, our architect, has interpreted this basic idea with charm and understanding. The house presents a simple exterior of enduring good taste. There is nothing bizarre to distasteful. It is native American. As you examine the floor plans you will see a significant variation from the usual layout. A small reception room and coat closet are combined with the front entrance hall in such a way as to form an almost completely detached unit. This represents the strictly adult portion of the house. It is the only part of the house which any adult except the most intimate personal friend is expected to see.

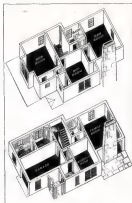
Now let's step over the threshold and see what you can really give to your family—and why. There is a separate family entrance from a terrace wide enough to permit parked baby carriages, roller skates and bikes. There are a lavatory and a family coat closet. The kitchen, although purposely somewhat off the main traffic artery, is quite accessible by a side entrance.

And then the family room. This room is meant to be the happy background for the children's unfoldment through all their changing phases from nursery days to late adolescence, after which it can easily smooth down its walls and refurnish itself into the conventional type of living room if its family so desires. Our family agrees with us that our family room ought

to be the largest, sunniest, most comfortable room in the house. We think it ought to have a real fireplace and a good view from broad, low windows. It is a room in which to learn, unhampered, the joy of creative effort. A room in which to try out and find out about things. The happiest people we know are not those with things, but those with an insatiable interest in things. Most children are born that way.

Here in our family room we have a plain linoleum floor. No one minds if we drop clay on it or spatter paint. The walls have shelves and shelves to hold the things children need through various stages of growth. Blocks, scissors, paste, crayons, hammer and nails, pollywogs, birds' nests, and a host of other funny things that all come of themselves as various interests wake, and quite unobtrusively wane, unless somewhere along the line one runs into a permanent hobby or talent. Few children like finished things. They want to try out and test their own powers. The walls of our family room are of wall board into which thumb tacks sink easily. Naturally, the few necessary pieces of furniture are light-weight, tough and strictly utilitarian. Our chairs might have to turn suddenly into bean' dens or private caves if we play games or act out stories. The only tables are cleared-for-action worktables, on which you may paste, or carve, or do anything.

Of course, some interests, like reading or music, are not necessarily messy, but you can't always tell what you are going to like until you have given it a fair trial. Ours is a family of this restless, experimental sort, but our experimenting makes us very happy, and we firmly believe that a home is the place of all places in which to be happy. So in our own family room, sequestered down a corridor and safe from outside interruption of any sort, we gladly indulge our happy family vices.





"YOU WANT TO SEE THAT HE PROTECTS THOSE FINE TEETH, MRS. JONES . . . GIVE HIM FOODS WHICH REQUIRE PLENTY OF CHEWING"



"Spoon Foods"—the name for all those soft, tender foods that practically melt in the mouth, with little or no chewing.

When you hear the family say, "That cake's so good it just melts in your mouth," don't put yourself on the back for your cooking skill. There's danger ahead from those soft foods that are swallowed with little or no chewing. Better play safe! Add a few Walnut kernels to all your cakes, puddings or other soft desserts. Then they'll have to be chewed.

Walnut Maple Cake



And that delicious salad or fruit cup you're planning to serve tonight. Is there anything in it for teeth to bite on—or is it, too, just another touchsome, soft dish? It's so easy to lift every salad from the "Spoon Food" class. Just add Walnuts. Then your salads will be really "chewy"—and look and taste much better.

Poor, Cheese and Walnut Salad



Walnuts combine so well with almost all the soft foods you serve. Souffles and creamed vegetable dishes, for example. Or muffins, gingerbread and the morning waffles or pancakes. These popular treats are generally "Spoon Foods." But don't think you have to give them up. Just make them chewable by adding crunchy Walnut kernels. There's no better insurance for teeth—and they'll be higher in food value, too.

Walnut Pancakes



## Take care that "Spoon Foods" don't start tooth trouble for your family

All dentists urge the importance of chewing—vigorous chewing.

"Neglect it," they warn, "and, sooner or later, gums will grow soft and flabby . . . they'll tend to sag away from the teeth . . . and decay—even loss of teeth—will follow."

The only trouble is—it's so easy *not* to chew, when the modern diet is so largely made up of "Spoon Foods." And these soft, fluffy foods are so luscious and tasty. Naturally, nobody wants to give them up.

But what if you could turn those cakes, puddings, creamed vegetables, and other "Spoon Foods" into real *chewable dishes*—and, at the same time, make them *look and taste better*, too?

Well, that's just what you can do—simply by adding Walnuts.

There's nothing like Walnuts to put real zest into chewing . . . nothing like Walnuts to add new flavor to other foods. And they add other things, too . . . concentrated food value . . . vitamins . . . needed minerals. They're one of the most *useful* foods you could possibly have on hand.

Why not prove it yourself? What better time to start than *now*? New crop Diamond Walnuts are at your grocer's. Prices exceptionally low. Just be sure you get "Diamonds"—plump kernels, full shells—your full money's worth—every time.



branded  
**DIAMOND WALNUTS**  
California's finest



And don't forget that we have made a big reduction in the price of Diamond shelled Walnuts. Batches and pounds, kept always fresh and sweet in fresh, air-tight, vacuum-tight, ready for immediate use.



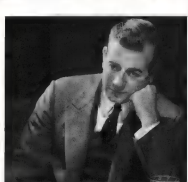
**THESE FREE BOOKS WILL HELP YOU . . .**  
Of course, you ought to know the exact scientific facts that position doctors, dentists and beauty experts have discovered about the vital importance of vigorous chewing as an aid to digestion, health and beauty. We have collected and condensed them for you in a little book entitled, "What Vigorous Chewing Means to Good Digestion, Good Teeth and Lasting Beauty." It may greatly help your future health and welfare. Sign, today, and mail—for a free copy. While it will also send our free recipe book.

Dept. K-15, California Walnut Growers Association, Los Angeles, California  
(A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 7250 growers—purely production cost 25¢ per pound)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# "CAN'T EAT THIS!" "CAN'T EAT THAT!" WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HIM?



**His appetite needs this "primer" before meals—a cup of hot Steero Bouillon\***

**POOR MAN!** His doctor would probably tell him that **POOR DIGESTION** is the real reason why he can't enjoy many of the nourishing foods he ought to eat. What his appetite needs is a "primer" to make the **DIGESTIVE JUICES FLOW BEFORE HE EATS**, to prepare his stomach to welcome, and not rebel at, all the good food you set before him.

A cup of hot Steero Bouillon is a drink or thin soup before meals is just such a "primer." The piquant flavor of Steero Bouillon, with its wholesome beef, vegetables and spices, stimulates the digestive juices at 3 **VITAL POINTS**—(1) the mouth, (2) the stomach, and (3) the pancreas. Thus is created a natural desire for the nourishing food any system craves. You'll find he'll soon be eating

everything—even some of those things he has always insisted didn't "agree" with him.

The importance of a good appetite to your health cannot be emphasized too strongly. Send for and read our new folder, "Appetite and Health." Address, American Kitchen Products Co., Dept. G, 281 Water St., New York City.

Begin your meals with a first course of Steero Bouillon right away. To get all its benefits, be sure to get genuine Steero Cubes. All good things are imitated. Look for the name Steero on the wrapping around each cube. Your grocer, druggist or delicatessen dealer has Steero Bouillon Cubes. You can try this tasty appetite stimulant at small expense by asking your dealer for one of our **NEW 10¢ PACKAGES**.

## \*Steero Bouillon Aids Digestion at 3 Vital Points

The tasty beefy flavor of Steero Bouillon makes it a first course to your meals prepared for research to relieve food hangover by stimulating the digestive juices of the mouth, stomach and pancreas. Thus food is digested more quickly, easily and completely.



**SO EASY!**  
A CUBE MAKES  
A CUP—JUST ADD  
BOILING WATER.

At right:  
Steero 24  
Cube Tin,  
White Seal  
—12 and 100  
new 10¢ packs

Distributed by  
Solebelle & Co., New York

(Continued from Page 61) offers a miniature model of the cooperative system in operation. You may measure the difference in scale by the fact that Denmark supplies the British market and the home demand with 5,000,000 pigs a year, the same number we took off the market to feed the unemployed. She is organized, moreover, to supply one market, and that an export market, with but two or three commodities. But the principle shaping her planned economy and our great project is the same.

The second reason is that Denmark happens also to be the scene of an American experiment. "Happens" is hardly the right word; it is not by chance that the first American woman diplomat was sent to Denmark, or that the only other woman ambassador, Mme. Kollant, of Soviet Russia, is accredited to Sweden. It is a sign of the position of women in Scandinavia, where a competent woman would be welcomed as minister from anywhere, and no questions asked.

The United States has done us a special favor in appointing a woman representative," observes an astute Danish business man. "Especially the first woman. Outside of Shakespeare, I don't suppose this country's name was ever heard so often as now that it is linked with the name of a woman pioneer."

As to the success of our experiment, there is only one answer. Apart from her pioneering, Ruth Bryan Owen has become the most popular diplomat in Copenhagen. She is the shining proof that woman's sphere is diplomacy—why didn't we think of it before? Perhaps what is needed in the thorny contacts between governments is a woman's insight and tact, especially when the woman is a first-rate politician like Mrs. Owen.

## Where Wealth Is Not Poor

THE world is pretty sick of diplomacy of the conventional type, whether shirt-sleeved or silk-hat. Of all the mistakes of old-time statesmen—and mankind is weary under their weight—the failure in the field of international relations is perhaps the most complete. This business of getting along with people, which nations have to do some time, on some terms, as the alternative to beating one another up, is worth for an expert in human relations. Beyond that, politics nowadays, being mostly cutthroat competition for jobs at home and markets abroad, is the business of trading with people. In Denmark, where two years we have lost two-thirds of our trade, not only in volume but in percentage as compared with other countries, it is crystal-clear that the human factor counts heavily even in commercial relations. Other things being equal, customers prefer to patronize merchants they like and who like them. A diplomat has a lot to do with that.

Mr. Owen likes the Danes, and they feel it. She recognizes in them the qualities of early Americans. "Their hospitality," she says, "has the flavor of the open-hearted and open-handed spirit of our pioneers."

"What do you think they can teach us late Americans?" I asked.

"Perhaps the ideals of our youth," she smiled. "Balance, chiefly. Along with her up-to-the-minute progressiveness, Denmark has managed to retain some sturdy old-fashioned virtues, just as she has clung to the bicycle in an installment-planistic age. And simple honesty. It can't smart to live beyond your means in Denmark. If people have money they have it earned. And it is smart to cheat. The tradesman is so honest that the foreigner can hold out a handful of unfamiliar coins and be sure that he will never be charged a penny more than its due."

Mrs. Owen agreed that Denmark has a pattern all its own, a closely knit pattern, the product of agricultural cooperation. The typical Dane produces, buys, sells and thinks as a member of a cooperative. He is a dairy farmer, owning six acres

of comparatively high-priced land, worth \$300 or \$400 an acre, twenty cows and as many pigs as he can find a market for feed. He lives in a good house, long, low and painted white, built on the sunny side of a wide quadrangle garden in which the house is heated by tall stoves reaching almost to the ceiling in the corners of the principal rooms. He has a telephone, a radio, rural free delivery, and a car and automobile. There is one car to thirty persons. In these hard times his annual cash income is about \$920, out of which he pays taxes amounting to \$120. Unless he had overborrowed, he prospered up to last year; now he prospers just a little.

This average citizen is trained for his job. To be a successful cooperator requires intelligence and education, and the Danes are one of the few agricultural people who are agriculturally educated. The country schools, compulsory for eight years, relate their teaching to the life around them. They are supplemented by purely agricultural schools, not too far apart, and by a system of People's High Schools, where the youth of the farms—their elders, too—can continue their studies during the winter months. A surprising number complete their education abroad; more of the boys in the United States or Canada (as farm hands, sailors or students); more of the girls in England, in the universities or as governesses, nurses or in housework. English is the second language of the land; at social functions, as often as not, the medium of general conversation, and heard everywhere in farm and city.

The Danes early digested the unpleasant fact that they had not the raw materials, the numbers or the strategy to compete with industrialized countries. If they were to survive above the lowest peasant standard on an agricultural basis, they had to specialize. They looked around, saw that their antithesis was England, a small country with a big factory, too populous and too industrial to feed itself. They decided—deliberately, that's the point—on a strategy of farming—not truck farming, for which their soil is unfitted, but dairying. They are organized to be the dairy of England.

## Tied to a Single Market

THIS is not Utopia. There is no Utopia in the modern world. As a producer, Denmark is a model; she is an almost perfect economic democracy. The smallest nation in an economic sense, she decides whether she registers two cows or hundred, takes one pig or a thousand to the bacon factory, he has one vote in his cooperative and the same proportionate price for his product. As an exporter, however—and she has no choice but to sell abroad—Denmark is an economic democracy of British Empire. And that is not the worst. Her English market is no longer secure. She is asked to buy dairy products from the dominions.

"What other market is there for us?" sighed Mr. Hansen when I asked why Denmark had put herself in this position of dependence on a single customer. Germany is bound to our best butter. Turkey in Europe can't buy from England? What other country cannot produce enough for her needs?

Mr. Hansen is the manager of a cooperative dairy owned by 147 farmers living within a radius of three miles. Every farmer has his own bacteria and they gather up the milk and take it to the creamery. There it is weighed, tested for purity and its bacteria and the skimming milk is returned to the farmer to be fed to the pigs. The members are paid monthly for the milk delivered. Every six months they share the surplus from the sale of butter, the price of which is fixed weekly by a committee representing all the producers. (Continued on Page 66)

A strange  
discovery

...an  
exciting test  
for women



## Faded skin blooms again with life

Science has discovered a new principle in skin care . . . women find in it the most radical beauty care improvement of recent years.

It was just an idea—that a certain natural substance in young, vibrant skin could make old skin younger looking. Just a scientist's idea—but it worked with dramatic effect when women put it to a test.

Skin contains a natural softening substance which makes it fresh, alluring—glamorous. The scientist got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin began to stir with life.

### *Sebisol—what it does*

The natural skin-softening substance put into Junis Cream the scientist named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is our name for this part of the chemical substance of your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we searched throughout the world for a sufficient supply.

Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But we know from women's statements that Junis Cream does for women's skins what other creams do not.

### *You need no other cream*

Gently apply Junis Cream to your face.

Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream.

Junis Cream contains no wax. Many creams do. Wax tends to clog the pores and make them larger.

### *We invite you to make this test*

We ask you to try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be

delighted with results. You be the judge, Junis Cream, we believe, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Please cut out the coupon below and mail it for a free 10 days' supply.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.

### GENEROUS SUPPLY FREE

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPSODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

This coupon is not good after June 30, 1934.

Name

Address

City  State



JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

# "A remarkably effective antiseptic"

SAYS WESSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



Use it in your own home—doesn't sting in open wounds

WESSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, centrally located in the city of Springfield, Mass., receives a great many accident cases yearly.

In these cases, this splendidly equipped hospital makes wide use of the modern antiseptic, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 (1:1000).

The hospital says: "We find this antiseptic remarkably effective for open wounds and for wet dressings in infected cases."

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution and it spreads more rapidly and more deeply than many other antiseptics into the crevices of wound tissue.

It is found on the dressing carriages of many great hospitals. Yet it is safe for you to use right in your own home, and to teach your children to use! Safe even if accidentally swallowed!

Pour it freely, and at once, into cuts,



scratches and open wounds. It will not sting or burn. If the injury seems a serious one, of course consult your doctor.

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 bears the Seal of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, which should serve as an indication of its trustworthiness.

Give yourself and your family this modern antiseptic safeguard. It can be kept on hand at little cost. The 50¢ bottle is now a whole  $\frac{1}{2}$  higher than before.

And you get the large size for only \$1.00 instead of \$1.25. Prices are slightly higher in Canada. Buy a bottle today at your druggist.

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37

Made by SHARP & DOHME



(Continued from Page 64) Nine-tenths of the farmers are members of such co-operators. Nearly as many are also shareholders in cooperative bacon factories, where the pigs are slaughtered and turned into ham and bacon. In addition, they buy cooperatively everything from fertilizer to socks. This is the one country where the consumers' cooperative is rural rather than urban.

With all this the government has little to do. The co-operators are voluntary associations, untaxed, organized and run by the farmers themselves. The members elect directors, and these hire a manager. The managers have exchanges for information, and the cooperatives cooperate with one another. Each belongs to a federation representing its own industry, and all the federations together elect twelve members who constitute a kind of supreme co-operative, the industrial body called the Agricultural Council. This represents the big farmer named Denmark, and he is really 300,000 little farmers, under a socialist administration running their own business with much less government aid or intervention than the ragged individual who gave America its reputation—our noncooperative farmer.

## "Too Interesting at Home"

IN THE Hansens' warm sitting room we were discussing life on the farm. We had inspected the spotless dairy with its shining machinery, seen the yellow cream soaring in its great vat for butter's churning, sampled the batter and watched it stamped with the bar and packed in its wooden keg for shipment to England on the biweekly butter ship. A young farmer with a rosy baby came in to draw an advance on his earning to pay his taxes. A pretty girl bicycled up to fill a can with cream for a Sunday pudding. A funeral passed along the road as we watched—a long line of shabby cars and bright yellow carriages, like enlarged models of the old pony cart of my childhood, where the passengers sat face to face. The men wore silk hats and the women their best black. At the entrance to each farm, the highway was strewn with autumn leaves and flowers, a last tribute to a dead neighbor.

Mrs. Hansen is nearing sixty. Of her four children, all but one daughter are married and scattered. She has worked hard all her life, but her face is smooth and serene. Unhappily and at ease, she brings in a bowl of winter pears and chestnuts and a bottle of port. The room is full of growing plants and the adjoining kitchen is painted bright blue. Copper pans glow on the stove.

The Hansens have managed this dairy for thirty-five years. They have free rent, fuel and light, milk and butter, and Mr. Hansen gets 1000 kroner a year and four-tenths of 1 per cent of the milk handled by the dairy. In good years he can make 7000 kroner. He is lucky to have 4000, about \$800. Normally the kroner is worth 26.8 cents, but since it followed England off gold and we followed suit, it fluctuates around twenty cents.

Mr. Hansen has seen many changes in the countryside. The young people go in for sport more than they used to—soccer and field games in summer, skating, gymnastics and a revival of folk dancing and choral singing in winter. He himself belongs to a singing club.

"We country folk, young or old, go seldom to the pictures," puts in Mrs. Hansen, and gives a reason that would surprise the American. "It's too interesting at home. Sometimes we play bridge in the evening. Once a week there is a meeting of the Housewives' Association. We hear of new ways of doing things. I belong also to the Danish Women's Association. I suppose you call it political; we hear talks on current affairs, discuss prices, local problems, anything that's in the air. Sometimes we get excited, as now when we think the farmer has to pay too much to support the city unemployed. We all go to church on Sunday; it's the custom.

## ALL KIDDIES WANT



## 23 FLASHY MODELS

Health insurance—that's what you get for your children when you own them Skippy Racers. And you also make them the best riders in town. The new Skippy Racers are beautiful, easy-riding and utterly coast-proof. The only one in the line—Velocepedes, Barrowes, Wagon, Scooters, Bicycles, Slides—All leading names everywhere—see them now.

## DEALERS:

Write for full catalog and price list to Skippy Racers, Inc., 1100 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



## WORLD'S FINEST COLLEGE GRADUATES

**I'm Hotel Hostless**  
Now—and earning a splendid salary

Mrs. E. M. Dyer, a Sister-Woman, who knew nothing about Hotel Hostless, became its first manager of Apartment Hotel.

"I was so tired and disheartened with my work," she writes. "One evening, I came upon your advertisement, 'I'm Hotel Hostless,' and mailed the coupon. Whether I could do it or not, I replied that here was everything I wanted—fast-paying work, fine salary, splendid opportunities—and I enrolled. Now I am Hostless—over my happiness! I have learned time, Hotel Hostless Training."

Master of all the Hotel Hostless Training, Hotel Hostless Training, Hotel Hostless Training.

**Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position**  
Good positions from coast to coast for trained women in hotel, club, restaurant and amusement field. Thousands of Managers, Assistant Managers, Receptionists, Hostesses, Waitresses, Room Girls, and many other positions. Training and experience required. Living expenses included. Previous experience desired. Training, experience, and salary. In Hotel Hostless, you will find the most complete and up-to-date training in the world. You will find the most complete and up-to-date training in the world. You will find the most complete and up-to-date training in the world.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS  
Box 114-315 Washington, D. C.

## HELP WANTED

MEN and women wanted to forward new and renewal subscriptions for Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman. Devote spare time or full time. For full details write to CENTS PERMANENT COMPANY, 256 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

## SORE TOES

CAUSED BY NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

INSTANTLY RELIEVED!

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you can wear new or tight shoes without discomfort. Tender toes are instantly relieved; blisters prevented. Painful corns and ingrown toenails cured.

A COMPLETE TREATMENT

—consisting of soothing, healing pads—easy to use and take off shoe pressure, and especially **Antiseptic** Disks to loosen and remove corns or calluses.

Joanna. Quick, safe, sure! Sold everywhere.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

There's always too much sewing and mending and knitting to do. In summer we have a couple of children up here from the city. The commune gives free transportation anywhere to city children who have relatives or friends in the country. We give a fortnight's or a month's holiday to any child the municipality sends."

Life on the farm is livelier and better secured when the farmers are partners in a cooperative business. I have an impression of a stirring, gregarious sort of countryside, with an enlarged round of common interests. These people buy from themselves and sell together, and have a kind of community of mind, like a family.

The factory workers in the city, even the professional workers, make the same sort of common cause. Everybody is organized, and the unions are powerful. The social-insurance assessments are paid to the *Kasse* of the workers' associations, which in turn are entrusted with the distribution of unemployment benefits. These cover unemployment for a period up to 140 days a year, and amount to about eighty cents a day, sometimes less, depending on the occupation and circumstances of the insured. The employer pays little into this fund directly—only about one dollar a year for each employee. The employer pays most and the balance is paid by the government, out of taxation. An electrical worker, for instance, contributes twenty-six dollars a year as against a state contribution of twenty-two dollars. This system, recently reformed, differs from any other. Its distinguishing characteristic is that the administration of unemployment insurance rests in the hands of the workers' corporations, another instance of the supremacy of the cooperative organs.

Thus the pattern of the country, social and economic, is reproduced in the city. Copenhagen is an ingratiating mixture of seaport, metropolis and country town, as am struck especially by the youth of the young. In the most sophisticated circles the debates have the manners of nice children. Far beyond the debating stage they play games at evening parties, and would rather go skating than to a dance or the cinema.

### The Christensen at School

THE three Christensen girls, for example, Margrethe, nineteen, tall and poised, her university-entrance examinations and is now "reading," as they say, in the department of economics. Jytte, seventeen, is preparing for college. Kirsten, the youngest, is specializing in domestic science and means to stay at home and help her mother, or even take a position as cook or maid. Girls of good families frequently do. They are usually paid less than the low wages of a servant—ten to fifteen dollars a month—and do not belong to the houseworkers' union; they are "frøken," which means that they are addressed as "Miss," eat at the family table and share, if they wish, the life and amusements of the family.

These girls are at the same time more mature and more sensitive than American girls of their age. They are competent. They go to a private school, which isn't usual, where they learn cooking, dancing and a craft—metal work, modeling or designing—in addition to the regular course. They read and can talk about the latest agreement with England, or about Mrs. Roosevelt, who is much admired for Scandinavian women. They dress like children, in woollen skirts and blouses and caps which they knit themselves, race back and forth to school on bicycles and eat like hungry boys. Still stockings they do not wear except for parties, nor do they think of waving their straight, fair hair or of using powder or rouge. They take off their shoes as soon as they enter the house and put on light, beeline dancing slippers. This is a general custom, designed to save shoes, floors and noise. And because the family flat is small, they sleep in one room in bunks, one above the other, as in the

old peasant cottages, and keep that shared and crowded room as neat as a man's cell.

The Christensens economize on rent in order to send the girls to a private school, at a cost for the three of twenty dollars a month. Mrs. Christensen does her own work, with the help of a laundress who comes in once a month only and washes the heavy household linen at a charge of three dollars a day for washing and one dollar a day for ironing. Because Mr. Christensen is an architect sometimes employed by the city, he lives in one of the municipal houses in a new five-room apartment that costs only twenty-two dollars a month. They could get larger quarters without least in older buildings at the same price, but most of their friends own their homes or rent in better neighborhoods at from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

### A Beneficiary of Peace

THE Christensens' income, 10,000 kroner a year, is fair for Denmark and means more, in purchasing power and relation to the general level, than its equivalent in dollars, about \$2100. The income tax, state and commune, approximates 10 per cent of the income, considerably less than the assessment in England, Germany and France, and Mr. Christensen pays, besides, few indirect taxes. On his income, he does not participate in social insurance, as contributor or beneficiary, but in common with every citizen he is assessed about two dollars a year for the state fund for sickness and disability insurance. He keeps a car for use in his work. American-made but assembled here, for which he paid \$1200 and which costs him twenty dollars a year for license and tax and twenty cents a gallon for gasoline.

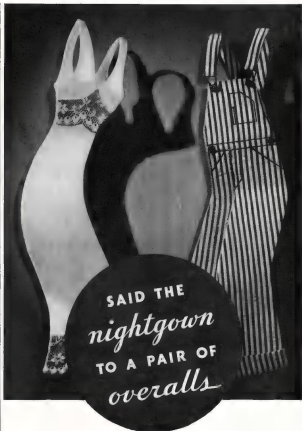
Danish housewives manage well. In general they do not care for display, buy for quality rather than style, and if one may judge from typical budgets, allot a larger amount of income for amusement and entertaining than women in other countries. The standard meal is heavy, food is not cheap—especially their own eggs, which cost as much at home as abroad—and Mrs. Christensen has to plan carefully to satisfy five hearty appetites on ten dollars a week.

The Danes eat well, and heartily. Dinner, eaten in some families at two, in the city usually at six or seven, is always ushered in with a "filler"—thick soup or porridge or hot, stewed elderberries with buttered bread. This is invariably followed by meat or fish and potatoes, seldom anything more. The food is excellent but monotonous, always heavy. I asked Mrs. Christensen why she served so few vegetables or fruits.

"Not filling enough for the price," she laughed. "We can't afford desserts as a general thing, but sometimes we have a fruit compote or panade, or a cake every day, while the currants last, we have *rodgrød*, stewed currants thickened with sugar. At noon, with the *rodgrød*, we have a cake with a stewed green. The girls make a cake once a week for the afternoon coffee, and something special for Sunday dinner. We get our vitamins from the air, I guess. We're an outdoor people, you know, with appetites, and you must admit we look hale and healthy."

"Healthy" is the adjective every one uses of the Scandinavians. It means more, than physical health. They look healthy because they have a hard life, never far from any town, and by north winds always a little softened by the westerly winds. Color and complexion, this "North" less rigorous than ours. They start. He is not Utopia, I repeat; start. A Dane talking of his troubles and he will almost convince you that he suffers. He is on the troubled edge of a stormy sea, but safe as few men are today. Safe by grace of his own genius for making the best of things. A beneficiary of peace.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the February Journal Mrs. McCornick told some of conditions in Carlsbad, Blomberg.



## "We both have one grand friend!"

"WHAT?" protested the overalls. "Do you mean to say that the same soap that washes greasy dirt out of me is gentle enough for feminine frocks?"

And the loveliness of the nightgown answers, "Yes, Fels-Naptha Soap does that very thing."

Here is Fels-Naptha's secret. It brings you the extra help of two active cleaners—unusually good golden soap combined with plenty of dirt-loosening powder. When these two cleaners tackle the job, even ground-in dirt has to let go. There's less work for you—no hard rubbing. And clothes are washed so clean, they fairly sparkle with sweetness.

Yet Fels-Naptha is always safe. Its soap is mild and bland. The naptha in it is the same gentle cleaner that dry cleaners use. Fels-Naptha couldn't hurt a thread of your sheerest finery. And it's friendly to hands, too.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap! Get a few bars at your grocer's and try it in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—for soaking or boiling clothes.

When you've seen how gently and thoroughly it washes, we believe you'll agree that Fels-Naptha is just about the best washday friend you and your clothes ever had!



© 1935, F&C Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some women, I understand, find it is kinder to ship Fels-Naptha in suit or machine by using one of your handy zipper bags instead of just an ordinary kitchen bag. I'd like to try the zipper, as I mention it in stories to help other postags. Send the zipper bag, too.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print name and address completely)



## 500 PEOPLE IN SCIENTIFIC TESTS END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

You may benefit by what they  
proved—Pepsodent Antiseptic  
fought off colds—cut time  
lost from colds in half.

Recently an interesting test was  
brought to light new facts about the  
Scientists found that the antiseptic  
gle and to spray with make all  
as to how many colds you have  
makes a difference as to how long  
Those scientists took a group of  
and observed them closely for  
Here are some of the remarkable  
covered.

A cold will last five days and  
Pepsodent Antiseptic is  
of a cold is cut to two days  
from a cold were saved.

Many of the group who  
Antiseptic had no colds in  
months. The number was  
greater than among the  
with other antiseptics tested.

This is the first test of its  
tistic condition with the  
salt water. It is the best  
the public.



## Now \$1 equals \$3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other lead-  
ing mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you greater  
protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it  
work?* How effectively Pepsodent  
Antiseptic "works" is now on official  
record. Tests on 500 people give science  
convincing proof of what Pepsodent  
offers you in fighting winter colds.  
Five hundred people were divided into  
several groups. In fighting colds some  
gargled with plain salt and water—some  
with other leading antiseptics—one  
group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic.  
Those who used Pepsodent had 50%  
fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent  
Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid  
of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence—what re-

markable testimony. Here is a clear-cut  
example of the extra protection that  
Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

### Know this about Antiseptics

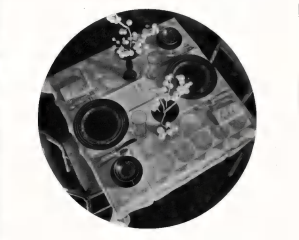
Take note! When mixed with water,  
many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot*  
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**PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC**



## PARTY LUNCHEONS



BY LITA BANE

THIS table gains its distinction through  
the use of black and white. Black luncheon  
plates with silver-lined bands, black saucers  
with silver-lined cups. Very dark vases  
with the white-balled decorations. White table  
linen.

A luncheon with such a setting calls for  
a menu that is a bit out of the ordinary,  
food that is not too heavy—something  
so tasty that it plays its rôle well in mak-  
ing this little party a long-remembered  
one. You probably have a favorite entrée  
that would exactly suit such a luncheon.  
But, should you want to try a new one,  
there are many possibilities for a central  
theme—creamed chicken or sea food in  
party shells, timbales or crustades, or on  
waffles or Chinese noodles, or rolled in a

thin pancake, or served in individual cas-  
seroles. Or you might serve an omelet,  
a soufflé, or chops, either plain or baked  
with a slice of tomato and perhaps, a bit  
of cheese on each one.

Our new booklet, *HOT DISHES TO DELI-  
GIOUS GUESTS*, tells you how to make just  
such dishes. Choose one or two as your  
own special forte. Know how to produce  
an omelet or a soufflé that will make any  
luncheon a success, and some creamed  
dishes or egg mixture that you can put to-  
gether on the spur of the moment for im-  
promptu refreshments.

To secure your copy of *HOT DISHES TO  
DELICIOUS GUESTS*, send three cents to the  
Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,  
Philadelphia, Pa., for booklet No. 1085.

## 'TWIXT LOVE AND BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 15)

But she wouldn't. She arrived in New  
York on a matinee day. She went to the  
hotel and waited there in Renée's suite,  
looking at the signed photographs stuck in  
the mirrors and around the walls. There  
was one photograph endlessly repeated in  
a dozen poses: "Fondly yours": "With  
all my love to Renée"; "To my beautiful  
girl."

Renée arrived, in a rush of frills and an  
ounce of perfume. She cried, "But you're  
grown up!" and there was a world of de-  
spair in the exclamation.

Half an hour after this reunion, the  
original of the dozen photographs ap-  
peared. Yvonne was eighteen and Renée  
was forty-one. Jack Marston was twenty-  
seven, dark, sleek, a hooler, very much on  
the make, a wise-cracker, with vitality, a  
lacy charm and a caressing voice.

"Not really!" she said, amused, taking  
Yvonne's hands. "But I thought she was  
about twelve."

Renée had tried to think so too.

At the end of a few weeks, several things  
were apparent to Renée and Yvonne.  
Yvonne would have to "do" something.

"Not the stage," sighed Renée. "It's a  
dog's life. I wouldn't wish it for you."

"I do! I want to go on the stage. I  
want to be a cinema!" Yvonne said.

"You must be out of your mind," said  
her mother, with frowning.

But she had to do something. Not that  
Renée's salary wasn't good; it was. And  
there was a movie offer. She didn't, you

see, look fat, and she wouldn't photo-  
graph it. The part of the offer, not too  
old woman, was perfect for her. The ad-  
ventures. The sirens.

But it cost so much to live. Suite,  
flowers, frocks, publicity, parties, photo-  
graphs.

It cost a good deal to love too. Renée  
was desperately in love with Marston,  
desperately afraid of losing him to a  
younger woman. That he was attracted  
by Yvonne, as he was by almost any  
pretty youngster, Renée knew. And when  
once, mostly out of boredom, Yvonne  
went out to tea with him, Renée had  
hysterics which lasted almost all night.

It all came out then—the lonely years,  
the wasted years, the grasping after love,  
vicious youth, the fear of growing old:  
"He's all I have. I can't lose him. He  
wanted me to marry him; I laughed. I  
said it wasn't fair to him. That was  
months ago. He hasn't mentioned it since.  
I'm afraid. I tell you."

Somehow she had to take herself out of  
her mother's life. She had complicated it  
enough. She had to take herself away,  
too, from the sight of her mother, cringing,  
almost stupid with fear; from the sight  
of Marston, whom she despised.

Her mother pleaded, "I'll send you to  
college; anything you want."

She didn't want it, that way. A day or  
so later the movie contract came in—an  
excellent contract, of its sort. Renée  
signed it with a hand which shook, and



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looked up at Jack Marston. "I—I'll need a manager," she said.

Yvonne slipped out of the hotel. She had been looking in a telephone book. Smith. So many Smiths. Perhaps her grandfather was dead; and her aunt—

But Elsie Smith wasn't dead, although Caleb Smith was. She was living alone, very quietly, in the old Smith house on Park Avenue.

Yvonne waited for her in the drawing-room. She thought, twisting her hands, wet with nervousness, "What shall I say to her? What was there to say? My mother doesn't want me. I can't stay with her any longer. I've come to you—"

Luckily, there was no need to say anything. A lonely woman, Elsie Smith. And so on her part stammering and tears and welcome, and on Yvonne's the reticence of loyalty.

**A**FTER that, Hollywood for Renée, and her marriage to her manager, and the house on Park Avenue for Yvonne. French lessons, German lessons, dancing, proper frocks, correct friends. And perfect gratitude—and boredom.

Elsie had never been as happy in her life. She was jealous of Renée, whose air-mailed messages—"Gloriously happy, making a marvelous success"—came at intervals. But she concealed it and even went with Yvonne to Renée's first picture, which was a considerable sacrifice on her part. The picture was good and Renée was better. At forty-one, Renée had come into something she had always considered her own.

But Elsie Smith was no fool. She knew that Yvonne was not happy, and taxed her with it. "What do you want to do?" she asked her. "There's money enough for anything within reason."

It was still chemistry. And so, presently, they sailed for Europe and settled eventually in a charming apartment in Berlin, where Yvonne studied furiously at her German, took her university courses and was wildly and gloriously happy for the first time in her life.

And then one day at the home of some Americans she met another happy exile, a young Bostonian, an M.D. from Harvard, an ex-internee from a New York hospital and now in Berlin to seize, as he told her, the opportunity of a lifetime, which was a year of study with Doctor von Biersdorf, the great skin specialist.

Andy Sterret was a nice person. He was long and lanky, enthusiastic, utterly wrapped up in his work, full of veneration for his chief. Yvonne liked him enormously. Elsie, meeting him, liked him too. And later there was an encounter with Von Biersdorf himself, aging, lincine, vital will, enthusiastic, irascible, genial and given to sudden sentimentality.

Through that chance meeting with Doctor Sterret, therefore, Yvonne went to work in the laboratories conducted by Von Biersdorf, to work side by side with young Sterret, to watch Von Biersdorf conduct his clinics and to throw herself into this growing, immeasurably interesting science with every ounce of energy in her slender, white-garmented body.

**S**HE stayed in Berlin for two years. Sterret returned to America at the end of the year, after asking her repeatedly to marry him. But she was not in love with him. She was in love with her work. And Von Biersdorf, finding in her a keen mind, a quick intuition and a perfect pupil, permitted her to stay.

At the end of two years Elsie Smith died, very suddenly. She left her niece all of which she possessed. There was less than there had been, but it would provide an adequate income. Much Yvonne never forgot those things she had learned in her childhood and girlhood through her mother and her mother's friends. The fear of age, the loss of beauty. She stammered something of it to Von Biersdorf. He nodded his big head and smiled a little.

"I am a doctor," he said. "I look for disease. Where I can, I cure it. I could



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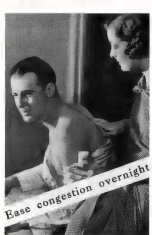


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EASIER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

have been something a little different—and very rich—had I desired to. But I did not. All this business of preserving youth and beauty—these are wise ideas of the things which interest me. See Yvonne, I can give you the formulas and you shall make your own business, based on science, simple, not a miracle worker—there are no such preparations—but enough of the spectacular to make you famous. Had I a daughter, I would have wanted her to be very much like you.

That was how YVONNE came into being. The small beauty salon on a good Manhattan side street. Yvonne and her laboratory and her way of doing things herself, and her clever advertising.

At first, just herself to give the treatments. A clever clientele, carefully worked up. Then, a larger place, the laboratories increasing, and operators who were trained. And then, stage women, even screen women.

AND then, one day, young Ralph Barker saw Yvonne's picture on the box of finely bottled face powder, and fell in love with it.

He met her, finally. He had ways of meeting people. He had money and he had family—stiff-necked family, solid money. He could meet anybody. He did. He said to Yvonne at the party, "I fell in love with your picture on a box of powder. But you're a lot prettier than that. Where have you been all my life?"

It was first love, for Yvonne. It was very sweet. Wander years, the years of study, the years of work. Now love. She was as new with it as a child with sunlight. She went out a great deal during those days. Ralph was tireless. Parties, dancing, theaters—everywhere. A weekend at this house party, a week-end at that. Yvonne went too. People said, "Oh, the girl who keeps the beauty place." Others, better informed, added, "Yes, but she's Caleb Smith's granddaughter. That makes all the difference."

So they accepted her, with tolerance, amusement. Women she met at social events came into her place a few days after parties, with their hands to be kept young, to be made beautiful. Laughing, half exasperated, she complained to Ralph, "But they won't recommend me. Oh, the stage people and the screen stars and the others. But not that crowd. They preserve the silence of death when it comes to recommending something they've found good. Eva Hunter's been coming to me for eight months. In her house the other night at dinner I found all my preparations—with the labels removed."

AT THE end of less than a year's time Yvonne was, so she fancied, engaged to be married to Ralph Barker. She wore the ring, she was seen with him, everywhere, but had not met his family.

Finally Yvonne guessed, guessed to it by whippers, by the little remarks, the marks of the other women with whom, in Ralph's company, she came into contact. "Isn't it time I met your family?" "Why?" asked Ralph. "Stuffy people, all of them."

"Seriously—if we're to be married. It seems that they won't be so married. He explained that now, tenderly, caressingly, pleading. His family would never consider . . . he was entirely dependent on them. They could be so happy . . . and no one would ever know. She looked, almost stupefied with shock, at her ring. "But I thought . . ."

It was that sort of engagement, it seemed. One had a ring, one was "engaged." But not engaged, as we received. That was different. That was announced in the papers. Families exchanged calls. . . .

She stripped the ring from her finger. She said, "All right, Ralph."

After that, there was more talk. There were more clients, young married women who came to the laboratory, sitting under the cloak of an appointment, hoping to learn something, something piquant, something exciting, from "that girl." They learned

nothing. They had their treatments, they departed. This was not them, sometimes they paid them, more often they did not. Ralph, rumor ran, back from Paris, was a beautiful fellow, was running around with sentiment in his cup, weeping over the only girl, given to bursts of anger against her, threats.

His family, dismayed, took hold. "Of course, all that girl's said," said the family, "wherever she is. Nobody. A woman like that, a beauty like Caleb Smith's granddaughter? I don't believe it. Inherited Elsie Smith's money? I don't believe that either," said the family, and took steps.

Yvonne's is a deadly thing. There were rumors. There were certain falsifications. And business dropped off, Park Avenue business.

Then came the year 1929, and the Barker family found itself in the position of so many other families. The new poor, and not taking it very well, any part of it.

Yvonne was living very quietly then. She had made one trip to Hollywood and stayed with her mother, and not liking it very much, she had returned. "You should be in pictures," people told her, and Reese said quickly, "Oh, but she doesn't want to be in pictures. She prefers her own business, don't you, darling?"

IN NEW YORK she saw Andy Starnet now and then. His practice had increased; he was busy, he was becoming important. She was glad for him; she liked him tremendously. As for her, her work went on; business suffered to the usual extent. She was forced to do away with the larger place, the extra operators, and return to her earlier, more simple beginnings, managing to keep her head above water, her books out of the red, conscious that if all else failed there was still the income of what was left from her principal share of its partial investment in her business.

Then Ralph came back to her. He was much the same, careless, charming, very friendly. He had not changed much to the homes of people who still had money, many of them people he had not met. He was a young man, a young woman who had disappeared of ever marrying well, with her thick ankles and her bird-sized brain. She no longer despised so much. Ralph Barker might be ruined, but he still possessed a good name and the aura of vanished glory clung around him still.

Yvonne thought, seeing him again. "I don't, of course, love him any more." Yet she thought it uncertainly. Something about him caught at her heart, something which was compounded of all that wild wonder of first love and long dreams and laughter, and so she listened while he said to her with humility:

"I was a beast to you, Yvonne. . . . But I've got to come-uppence, haven't I? No job, can't get a job—nothing." So they were friends again. Or, rather, for the first time, so she thought. They lived, his money seemed natural enough. "Something on margin—now's the time to make a killing; when things are low, there's bound to be an upturn—if you could let me have it for three days."

She let him have it for three days and the upturn didn't come and it was swept away. . . .

HE HAD, of course, no business sense, she reflected. Yet, she thought further, he would make an excellent salesman; not better; he had charm, personality, vitality.

And that was how Ralph Barker, fully conscious of that he considered his degradation, became the sales manager in the Yvonne shop, placing her preparations in various good department stores throughout the city and in neighboring cities.

He had been in business with her rather less than a year when he burst into her apartment one evening, coming right from the train, and told her that he had engineered the proposition of a lifetime. A Chicago chain was willing to buy her out,

formulas and all. And for a sum which even Ralph realized.

She cried, "That's impossible, Ralph. I will not have my preparations manufactured in such quantities. I wouldn't consider it."

She was crazy, he told her, raging against the blank wall of her despair. "She's clean," he said, "and she's got to be on the top of the world."

"If I'd wanted to," he said, looking at her, "I could have had the money, the picker for one of the formulas alone, and you'd never have been any wiser." He added, "After all, it's only a racket."

SHE tried to tell him how she felt about it. The years with Von Biersdorf. The feeling that when women would, must, thank her. Oh, a certain amount of clever advertising, and all the trappings, had to go with it, of course. But there was the minimum of charlatanism. She did not offer to make a woman beautiful overnight. She did offer to assist her in preserving longer her own beauty, the beauty which she already possessed; she did offer to enhance plainness into something resembling charm. She could, in a word, assist a bad skin, preserve a good one. She intended to keep on doing it. She would not sell out to the Chicago firm, would not permit herself to be ruined.

How could she make him understand? She didn't know. She tried, dark eyes on him, on the wall, making him feel, trying to fasten his attention.

"Tommyrot," said Barker. "As if anyone really believed in it. Just because they're millionaires, they're millionaires in the world—you've used this sales talk so much that they're convinced yourself."

She said, "I don't know, but I know he'd even marry her. He made it quite plain that he no longer had anything to lose and that, after all, a million dollars doesn't mean a thing to an impoverished family to a lot of things."

When he left the apartment Yvonne no longer knew how to get on. She no longer had anything much but a sick disgust and a desire to get into a bathtub and scrub herself clean again.

But, you see, he had said a formula. He had asked to them all. And before he disappeared from New York, two of them were in the hands of the Chicago concern.

THERE was a lawsuit. It was unpleasant, and it was spectacular. But it was inevitable. Nothing came of it, not even an out-of-court settlement. For nothing could be proved. Nothing ever was proved.

But ruined Yvonne's business. "Why," asked Reese angrily, "why under heaven would you mind?"

She didn't know. She couldn't explain it even to herself. First love, perhaps, and a clinging to something, a dream, which she really existed, and she had her own mind. She said to Andy Starnet, brookingly, "I'm glad the Herr Doctor's dead."

Ralph went abroad, with his sister. He had obtained enough money from the formulas to live there cheaply and comfortably. And I read that week that he had been seen in Nice with the thick-ankled daughter of the meat packer. So perhaps she's living well," after all.

Yvonne went to work, she told me so. She's living in a smaller apartment and she's conducting a smaller shop and she's not so busy with work, she said, as she used to be, her people who know her and like her, who people who have no regard for scandal. Ralph reminds her clients. But it's hard seeing.

"No," she said firmly, over a dinner table, "of course I won't marry."

Andrew Starnet, whose shoulders are broad enough to carry the burdens of several people, looked up from his coffee and said, "I don't think you should believe her. I said cheerfully."

I don't believe her. I saw her look at him.

# "IT'S NO JOKE TO FEED A BIG FAMILY ON

a food budget of \$9 a week!

... but even if I had less—I'd still use  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER"



(An intimate chat with Mrs. E. M. VIGNERON,  
of Larchmont, New York)

WHEN you do all your own housework, and cook for a family of five, you soon learn the meaning of true economy.

And Mrs. Vigneron says she has HAD to learn it—because her food budget is only one-third what it used to be!

"I've learned by experience," says Mrs. Vigneron, "that it's really wasteful to try to save on baking powder. For, when I don't use Royal, my family complain—and leave half-eaten cakes on their plates."

"After all, you use so little baking powder in a cake, you might as well use the best. My Royal cakes are always successful. They NEVER fail!"

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½ cup butter . . . . .	4¢
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2 eggs . . . . .	5¢
2 cups pastry flour . . . . .	5¢
¾ cup milk . . . . .	2¢
2 squares chocolate . . . . .	5¢
1½ teaspoons vanilla . . . . .	4¢
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder .	1¢

it does seem foolish, indeed, to experiment with a cheap, doubtful baking powder.

As a matter of fact, Royal Baking Powder is actually selling now at its lowest price in seventeen years.

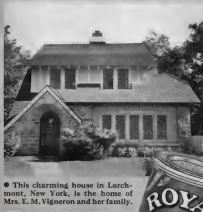
You know, of course, the kind of baking job that Royal does . . . that for sixty-five years it has been the choice of fine cooks and food experts famous for the flavor of their cakes and pastries.

REMEMBER, when you buy baking powder, how little Royal costs! Don't skimp yourself needlessly. Use the best . . . and cheapest in the end—reliable Royal!

\*These costs vary, of course, according to locality.



● "I don't dare to have a cake failure. I really couldn't afford to throw out 35¢ or 45¢ worth of good cake ingredients. That's why I always use Royal Baking Powder! I'm sure of perfect results."



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● "Even if I must cut down on other things, I give the children the most wholesome foods possible—baked with Royal."

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heart? It is only fair to state, however, that there are perhaps certain differences between the exigencies of the Austrian police system, and your own undoubtedly admirable one. We are more—shall we say?—specialists."

"Specialists in what?"

"Crime," said the young man from Vienna gravely. "It is, quite frankly, our hobby. For me, I confess, it is more. For me, it is my passion."

"She repeated 'Crime!' in a strange little voice, as though it were a foreign word that she was pronouncing for the first time. After a moment she said slowly, 'You mean murder?'"

"Do I, now, I wonder? Why is it that with this world full of counterfeiters and burglars and blackmailers and swindlers and bigamists, it is of murder that one always thinks when that little word 'crime' is spoken? Murder—you see, Tess, that that is not really a fair test for us; it strains our resources of detection until often they break, because there we are not dealing with rational minds using rational methods to evade the law. There we are dealing with the dreadful handiwork of amateurs—dreamers and lunatics, savages and romanticists, optimists and optimists—so dealened and blinded by their desperate need that the law is no longer even a word to them. It is a miracle, I think, each time we run one down."

HIS dark face turned away from her for a moment, tense and strained, as though he heard afar off the sound of horns and the baying of hounds. Tess Stuart said quietly, with a small, enigmatic smile. "Sail, I'm inclined to believe that when you said crime was a passion to you, you meant murder."

"God forgive us both," said Karl Sheridan, his dark young face relaxing into its singularly gracious and charming smile, "I fear that you are right."

"Do you know," she said, still smiling down faintly at the ring that was the color of blood. "I believe that I'd have made either a good—criminal, or rather a good detective, if it comes to that. What are the qualifications of a good detective, Karl?"

"What are yours?"

"Let me think. I don't lose my head; I see everything that's in front of me; and I have enough imagination to put myself in the other fellow's boots. Wouldn't that make a good detective?"

"Not even a good criminal, I am afraid. Imagination; ah, now, there has been the death of many a good criminal—and of many a good detective, too. If you can put yourself into the other fellow's boots, how can you bring yourself to slip a noose about his throat and throttle him until his face turns black? Still less, if you are a detective, how will you bear to spit that halber about another human being's neck, so that he may hang by that neck until dead—no matter how richly he may merit death?"

"Yes, yes, see, Imagination doesn't sound very useful."

"AND you will see, too, that if you keep your head, it is never quite possible either to commit, or detect a crime. You need not for one moment count out risks, or victory, or defeat. You must lose your head a little to win your game. Not much, but a little."

"Yes, I can see that, too."

"I am quite sure that you can, Tess. We else have eyes to see clear and wide. And to be a good detective one must see. Not what lies before those eyes but what lies behind them. Sometimes a long, long way behind—days and months and years. Because what lies before your eyes will tell you only what this man has done; what lies behind will tell you why he did it. And if you know that, then already your hand is on that man's shoulder."

"I'm afraid you were flatter me more than on eyes. I feel hopelessly mixed up. Are you trying to tell me that in crime—in murder—it's the motive that counts,

more than the means or the opportunity?"

"More than them both together, surely. No, I was not flatter you."

"She said slowly, 'You make it all sound rather fascinating—and rather terrifying. What is this mysterious experiment that you're making here?'"

"It is not mysterious in the slightest. Only shall we pretend, perhaps, that it is accidental? I am detailed to work here with your Bureau of Investigation, where I am installing some new equipment in their already excellent laboratory."

"Equipment? But what for?"

"For the purpose of scientific crime detection. It contains many of the important new devices that we in Vienna are using—in connection with photography, physics, chemistry and half a hundred other things almost as important. I am to be placed tentatively in charge."

"Oh, K!" The silver-gray eyes were wide with reproachful regret. "Then you aren't really a policeman at all—not even a detective—just a chemist or a biologist or some other kind of scientist. I do think that's a most awful come-down."

KARL SHERIDAN laughed outright at the undisguised disappointment of his former admirer. "I plead guilty to the chemistry charge, my poor Tess, but I am still, I swear, a detective—a true, an honest-to-goodness detective, and not such a bad one at that."

"I mistrust you. You're probably the dimmest kind of clerk that collects Persian ceramics and innumerable and words of over four syllables. I've met a lot of you lately, and what I've been simply praying for was somebody who wore shabby tweed, and said a few short, gruff words through his teeth when he wasn't using brusqueness and a blackbird. It's not a bit of good pretending that I'm not heart-scalded."

"Some day," promised Sheridan, looking young and elated, "I will straighten out some of your truly extraordinary ideas as to the duties and privileges of the professional detective. And while I am doing it, I shall produce my little black bag as Exhibit A in the case of Karl Sheridan versus The Wholly Unfounded Suspicions of Charity de Tussacourt Stuart."

"What kind of black bag?"

"Oh, quite a small one. It is my humble substitute for the blackjack. You shall judge whether it is an efficient one."

"Produce it now."

I NEEDED no such hesitations as these. He drew out a small black bag, and I saw that he had been absolutely right in your interest. How have we gone so far afield? I was asking me whether I was to be here long, and I have taken all this time to say I hope so—now."

"You're staying with Carla?"

"No. No! I love her too well for that! I am the worst of house guests; I need badly some small place that I can call my own, to stretch my legs and so I shall set about finding it. Now for your pleasure: Washington is still your home?"

"Oh, not still—again! I have been at the head of the revolving butler with the champagne. 'I was off on the South Seas cruise for most of last winter, and didn't see it fit to be civilized and uncivilized people for ages, and we've tagged along after him when he wasn't being bored by being bored and convents on their heads. Funny places for children, some of them; Caille and Puerto Rico, and Paris, and then he was gone. Commissions are his pet hobby; he's in the Senate now, but he's managed to creep off on one to the Canal Zone."

"When you said 'we' a moment ago, was that other disturber of convents the quiet tiny little one who trusted along behind you in the park and tried to roll a hoop far bigger than herself?"

"Puzzled? Oh, yes—she's certainly done her bit when it comes to convents!"

"She had eyes that flew everywhere like blue butterflies, and fluff of hair pale as



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What is there in the rays of the sun that is so valuable to our well-being? Why are we all—young and old alike—so anxious to get as much sunshine as possible?

Here is one of the reasons: In the rays of the sun there exists a force which, acting upon the body, produces that precious element—Vitamin D. This Vitamin D enables the body to utilize efficiently the food-calcium and food-phosphorus in the development of sound, even teeth—straight, strong bones—well-formed, trucky bodies. Of all the great benefits of sunshine, this is perhaps the most significant.

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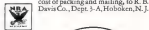
that now every mother can be sure her child is getting enough of this precious vitamin element—even in dull, wintry weather.

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primrose. She is not here tonight? No. I am quite sure that I would know her."  
"No, she's not here. She's been down at Warrington on a house party; Kippie Todd and she are motoring back tonight after dinner. You'd know her. I think—she still has hair like wimwones and eyes like butterfies, and is tinner than almost anyone in the world."

"But you call her Fay? That was not what you called her then; I have a better memory for names than you, it seems. Then, surely, her name was Faith?"

"If a mother called Hope is optimistic enough to call her daughters Faith and Charity," she told him, "the daughters have to find the best way out they can. Mine was just a makeshift, but Fay's suits her perfectly."

"Better than Faith, you find?" he asked, laughing.

HER eyes flashed up to his with a look as startled, as outraged and astounded as though he had struck her. After a second they withdrew; he saw only the gold-tipped wings of her lashes as she answered lightly:

"Let's say that you can't improve on perfection, shall we? Of course you can't be expected to know how absolutely right Fay is for her until you see her."

Now what had sent that strange lightning through her eyes? Fay—Faith. He put it aside, matching his tone scrupulously to hers.

"You make it difficult to wait. . . . Now then, will you be my good Samaritan? Since I was so stupid as to be late, nine of these thirteen most ornamental people about this most ornamental table are complete strangers to me, and one a very new acquaintance. You could help me not to be quite so great a dunce later if you would tell me just a little who some of them are."

"Am I the new acquaintance?"  
"Yes!" You should know better; you who are an old, old friend. No, it is the truly inflexible lady on my left, who has hair like carrots dipped in lava, and a voice like a battle cry. I did not dream her?"

Tess Stuart cut an apprehensive glance in the direction of the lady on the left who was indulging in the series of Valkyrie cries that constituted small talk for her, directed toward an obviously diverted gentleman across the table.

"Freddy?" Her voice dropped even lower to the discreetest of murmurs.  
"No, no—you're not resourceful enough to do that, even if you have spent four years learning how to be a policeman. No human being could invent Freddy, even in a dream."

"CHE assured me that she was called Lady Parrish. That also, is no dream?" It struck me—gratefully, I may say—that she somewhat lacks that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

"Oh, Freddy's certainly not depressingly Anglo-Saxon; she comes from San Francisco, and a good many other points north, south, east and west."

"Hey, when do I get another shot at this?" demanded the terrible Freddy in a voice that evoked a pair of guilty starts from the absorbed conversationalists. "Merciful Moses, you've had him all through guinea hen and chestnut parry, and now they're whacking away the aspics and in about half a split second Cara's going to be showing off those crisp Suzettes that I always fall for in half-dressed lots. Give him courage, you pig in the manger! I finished everything I had to say to Raul two years ago last Christmas."

"In five minutes, darling." Tess Stuart's voice was a perfect blend of caprice and inflexibility. "I'm doing the grand tour of the table for him—all about who's who, and why—and you must admit that it would be fairly hard on him and everyone else who he got his first impression of. Washington's prides and joys from all they'd undoubtedly be his last impressions; so, you'd better let him shake the dust off his heels before they brought in

the finger bowls. Raul, just rivet her attention a little firmly, will you?"

Raul Chevalier uttered a truly apocalyptic sigh. "Tess, my dear darling, why do you not ask me to do some little, simple thing like move a mountain? Freddy, turn away your head from that head and I will tell you what the great Papa Anatole say—"

"You mean I'll tell you," replied Freddy firmly. "Good Lord, I've told it to you three times this spring, and I'll bet you five thousand francs, on or off the gold standard, that you'll never get straight yet. . . . There, Tess Stuart, what did I tell you? Three blooming, burning glaring flashes of the little girl's eye. She cast a baleful glare at the majestic procession of advancing servitors, bearing the funeral pyre of the doomed *epicure*, and groaned lustily. "Well, I'll go this far, seeing as how you're the only nice gal in town. If you'll let me tell the boy detective about Abby Stirling, I'll keep that bog-gone dinner party sitting at the table until I've dined five *crisps Suzettes*, one at a time, Indian file. There's mine. Is it a bargain?"

"Oh, it's two bargains!"  
"Astounding girl," thought K, holding the echo of her mad laughter in his ear, where he could listen to it ring at leisure. Never in this world would he have expected that clear, untouchable geyser from the grave and witty young sophisticate at his side. This—why, this might have been the War Baby laughing, so fresh, so serene, so enchanted, as the long-lost War Baby, laughing wide-eyed at her very first white rabbit, being pulled out of her very first silk hat.

"WELL, be sitting here till twelve; Cara will be out of her mind with rags; K, that man straight across the table."

"Never mind the man across the table," Sheridan begged his *cicerone*. "Let us start out some right away, the table with this all-too-agreeable-looking young man on your right, who is for the moment fortunately five fathoms deep in conversation with his other half."

"That's Dion Malory—almost pure Irish, and second secretary at the British embassy. He is a very nice fellow, isn't he?" The low voice was once more armed in lightness.

"And will you tell me why this kindest of secretaries has left paradise to me all this time while he listens to the little girl with the face of a bad little boy? He is as devoutly attentive as though he were head over heels in love with her—but, do you know, Tess, I think that he is not in love with her at all."

"You're perfectly right, of course; not at all! But how on earth did you know?"

"It is simply that I saw him looking at you when I first found myself lucky enough to be sitting beside you—and realized that Aunt Cara was a godmother straight out of a fairy tale."

"Ah, now you're making me feel as though Cara should have provided a string orchestra. Things like that really ought to be sung; they're far too pretty for ordinary table talk."

"YOU were saying something to that young man very wise and important and earnest," K continued imperturbably. "But I do not believe that he heard you. He was looking down at you, and I do not believe that he heard you at all."

"I'm glad that you aren't always infallible," she said staidly, looking dazed. "He heard every word; that's why he's neglecting me so outrageously."

It was asking him to place be very attentive to poor Kitty; it's rather a bad mix-up, because she and the man on the other side of her haven't been speaking to each other for a week."

"And beside the fact that he is admirable to behold and commendably obedient, I should like to know about his Mr. Malory?"

"Oh, for an accurate description of Dion, you must go to the book I have just purchased." She met (Continued on Page 75)



# Half the diseases that threaten him- are linked with simple DIGESTIVE DISTURBANCES

That fact from infant records shows how vital the right solid food is

**D**ON'T become needlessly alarmed, mother. But we ask you—please—consider carefully the simple facts . . .

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## FOUR QUESTIONS TO ASK before you treat a child's cold

It's dangerous to experiment with children's colds. A cold, improperly treated, may lead to mastoid trouble, flu, pneumonia. Take no chances. Mother. Before you use any cold remedy, ask yourself these questions:

- 1 Is it dependable? Vicks VapoRub has been proved dependable—by mothers in 70 nations.
- 2 Is it safe? Vicks VapoRub is absolutely safe. It is used externally. With VapoRub, you avoid the risks of constant internal

dosing which so often upsets delicate dignities.

- 3 Is it suitable for children? Being applied externally, VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.
- 4 Is it prompt? Just rubbed on at bedtime, VapoRub goes right to work to relieve the cold... brings medication direct to the seat of trouble. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VapoRub's famous positone-vapor action works all night long. Through the skin it "draws out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, its soothing medicated vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages, bringing soothing comfort and relief. Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub—in the original amber or new stainless white.

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BEST FOR  
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To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.



To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub.

(Continued from Page 74) his eye, severely undaunted. "Just at present he's one of my very best young men, so you can see that my testimony is thoroughly reliable."

"At present?" repeated the policeman from Vienna, with a slight inflection. "And for the future?"

"Oh, the future!" She put eternity in its place with a light-hearted shrug. "The future belongs to devils and angels, doesn't it? You mustn't ask a lucky girl to bother about that. And if you really get me started about Dion, we'll never get a quarter of an inch further, and there's Freddy on her third trip."

"Let us most certainly not talk about him," Sheridan agreed with marked alacrity. "Let us never mention his name again—I feel that already I know far too much about this all-too-admirable young man. As for the others, we will give them ten words apiece. His partner, now, who hangs with that poor little impudent

"VICKI!" said Tess Stuart, and was silent for a moment. "Well, she and her mother came here from Detroit a year or so ago; her mother was a divorcee with apparently unlimited millions, and she gave a simply fantastic coming-out party for Vicki: an old-fashioned cotillion with flower trophies and parades from Rehoboth, and enamel vanity cases and gold pen-knives from Cartiers; and Paul Whiteman to play waltzes, and Roddy Vallie to play fox trots, and a ten-piece marina band from Havana to play rumbas and tangos. And then last fall she was killed in an automobile crash near Baltimore—and about a week ago it suddenly became perfectly clear that Vicki was going to get a few thousand instead of a few millions."

It narrowed appraising eyes at the cropped head, glossy as a horse chestnut, rising above a silver jacket that was tailored so severely and impeccably as any man's black broadcloth—lingered for a moment over the restless, hard-set eyes and the nervous tension of the jaw, over the soft, young mouth, hard-set as a gangster's—and returned contentedly to the clear serenity of the girl at his side.

"She has not learned yet how to be unhappy," he said. "But that is a hard lesson, and she is still young."

"Oh, it's wicked and stupid that she should have to learn it at all!" cried Tess Stuart, suddenly and surprisingly vehement. "When she came here last year she was as friendly and amusing and hopeful as a puppy!" She pulled herself up abruptly, nodding at the butler, still hovering anxiously with the white-clothed bottle. "I think I'll have some, after all. . . . It isn't a very pretty word, is it?"

"Not very," he assented quietly. "And the curly-headed gentleman next to her to whom she has not spoken for a week—is he, too, a friend of yours?"

SHE said carelessly, "I don't have many friends—not so many as Doctor Byrd, probably. I understand that he's a very popular indeed."

"But not with you?"

"French and the French man at all," said Tess Stuart evenly.

Sheridan eyed the profile presented by the blond and handsome Byrd somewhat critically.

"Nor with me," he remarked finally. "The eye is just a trifle too blue and angled, and you're not tall and the smile, like the hair, a trifle too curly?"

"Everyone believes that he and me and Vicki were engaged," said Tess Stuart, her low voice quite colorless. "But last week things apparently broke up."

"About the time that the news came of the lady's vanished fortune?"

"About a day after, I believe."

"He is not notably intelligent, then, our popular young doctor?" he inquired thoughtfully. "Or did he decide that his popularity was sufficient to stand any strain?"

"I think that he decided that there's always a plethora of rats on any sinking

ship," said the girl with delicate precision, and Karl Sheridan reacted with a sudden cold contraction of his heart that there was a good friend—and a bitter foe.

"Come, then, let us see no more of our precious moments on this doctor. A jolly good fellow and a jolly bad egg, I fancy. Now then, next to him—the little dark happy one in the dress like good Burgundy wine; who is she?"

Tess Stuart's clear, still face was suddenly warm with affection. She had followed him to the small, radiant creature holding the man on either side of her enthralled in a story that evidently called for an almost continuous play expressed hands and extravagant eyelashes and dimples.

"OH, THAT'S Joan—Joan Lindsay."

She has the finest pearls and the prettiest laugh in Washington, and she's a treasure and a delight. Everyone's head over ears in love with her, from the President to the street cleaner, and she's in love with her husband. Isn't that clever of her? That's Allan directly opposite you; doesn't he look like a gentleman who knows he's lucky?"

It's approving glance traveled from the richly colored little face with its great fringed eyes and its small mouth, sweet and secret as a lady's, to the sunny head and friendly smile that belonged to his delectable vis-à-vis.

"They are both lucky, it seems. I hope that you are going to try me to see more of your Lindsays. . . . Of Aunt Cara's husband I know nothing save that in my youth he was a latter-day purveyor of chocolate and fifty-cent pieces, and that he is now a brigadier general, an excellent judge of claret and the owner of an admirably controlled mustache. Should I know more?"

"I don't think there is very much more," said Tess Stuart, the shining reflection of her small Greek head to a more judicial attitude. "He's one of those nice people who are thoroughly set in their own job, and so simple about everything else that it's downright soothing. Just now he's pretty morose about the state of the whole picture, but my darling—wait till you hear him on the younger generation and free silver and modern music! You may not know it, but Stalin's at the bottom of the whole thing!"

"YOU confirm my worst suspicions," replied Karl Sheridan grudgingly. "And Uncle Gregory is undoubtedly my real uncle. I don't care to say so to any of all older and better generations, free gold instead of free love, and the kind of music that they play on April evenings on barrel organs. . . . And an amusing-looking one on his other hand—the one with the black-satin hair and the nose and eyes that I like."

"André Chevalier. She's the wife of the poor boy who's still struggling with Freddy. Truly, you're going to have to love me. I'm a very nice person, I'm a very nice person, I'm a very nice person. André loves to flirt, and Raoul loves to be flatteringly jealous, and they sing lullabies across great telephone wires and are tremendous additions to any party."

"Good! And the next is the lucky Mr. Lindsay. Should I know more of him than that?"

She knitted consciousness brows. "I don't think so—anyway, you'll find out for yourself. I couldn't possibly produce anything nicer for you to play with than Allan, and Allan's heavenly place in Virginia, and Allan's heavenly babies, and Allan's heavenly feet. They're going to a party at Green Gardens Monday; I'll get you an invitation to it tonight, and you'll spend the rest of your life being grateful to me."

## SMART HANDBAGS

"That," said the young man from Vienna, his eyes darkened with an emotion at once more profound and elusive than their habitual courteous amusement. "I have suspected for some time since. . . And the one in the green dress that matches her eyes, and whose taffy hair is as neat as Alice in Wonderland's!"

"Oh, Abby Stirling!" Laughter ran once more contentedly below the level of her voice. "I promised Freddy that she could do the honors for her; they have a bottle to the death as to which one gets the title of the rudest woman in Washington. I suppose that it actually comes down to whether you believe that a rapier or a cannon ball can do the more damage."

"Both being in the hands of an undisciplined expert, I gather? Am I supposed to gather too that Miss—or is it Mrs.—Stirling is not the wielder of cannon balls?"

"Oh, you're still baiting a thousand on omniscience!" she assured him with an amused twist at the corner of the too expressive mouth. "It's most certainly rapier for young Mrs. Stirling! Bill isn't here tonight; he must be at the dinner that the press is giving to the prime minister. He's one of our leading newspaper lights—special correspondent of the Baltimore Press—and he and Abby put on the most magnificent longshoremen's brawls that clasp the hair on their pleased friends' heads—but I'm rather afraid that they respect each other. The one between Abby and Cara is Freddy's Sir Oliver, and—"

"JUST suppose you leave Freddy's Sir Oliver to Freddy, you greedy young magpie!" remarked a loud, threatening voice that caused Sheridan and his ex-pensive mouth. "It's most certainly rapier for young Mrs. Stirling! Bill isn't here tonight; he must be at the dinner that the press is giving to the prime minister. He's one of our leading newspaper lights—special correspondent of the Baltimore Press—and he and Abby put on the most magnificent longshoremen's brawls that clasp the hair on their pleased friends' heads—but I'm rather afraid that they respect each other. The one between Abby and Cara is Freddy's Sir Oliver, and—"

Dion Mallory leaned toward her, and Sheridan noted with reluctant approval the easy Irish magic of the wit's smile. The man, brilliant voice and the dark blue eyes that swore that time was a good enough friend to the merry and the gallant.

"Freddy angel, there's not a day dawns nor a night falls that's long enough by twelve hours to get me half through with what I have to say to the girl. If it weren't that that Vicki here's cast a spell over me—"

The brown child spoke across him, her voice taut with its effort at lightness. "Tess, what's that divine place we went to in New York? You know, the one that had real vodka and quails wrapped up in vine leaves—"

"Somewhere in the Fifties, you mean? Well, aren't they all called Ton's?" This is Karl Sheridan. Vicki. You must be especially nice to him, because I kicked him so violently on the shins when I was six that he says it still hurts. Miss Wilde and Mr. Mallory, K—I think you've already met Lady Parrish!"

"SHUT UP," commanded Lady Parrish succinctly. "If I hear another squeak out of you I'll murder you. . . And as for you, my elegant young policeman, kindly look straight at me; I don't want to see that classic profile of yours again tonight! . . . Just keep perfectly still, Caroline; it's no use trying to make a scene."

Cara Temple said, with a somewhat embarrassed smile, "You aren't even funny, dearest. If I hadn't been having such a perfect time with Noll and Raoul I'd have stood you in the corner a long time ago." She rose with a charming sweep of rosy lace and feathered fan. "Just one cigarette, please, Greg? There's a few people coming in to dance. Coffee and liquors in the living room, Dalton."

Sheridan, on his feet, smiled down companionably at the airy impudence of the tall, red-headed miss in the Pierrot ruff. "And still you have left the famous Mrs.

Stirling quite unscathed. . . This is only a very temporary parting, I trust?"

"Try to lose me!" she laughed over her shoulder. "Just try, that's all. . . Hey, Joan, wait for baby!"

Halfway across the room Tess Stuart had paused, her fingers linked about the Wilde girl's thin brown wrist. She glanced up, caught his eye, and he was at her side quicker than the smile that she had flashed him. Vicki Wilde slipped by them with the briefest of nods.

"Aunt Cara has promised us dancing, has she not? Then may I have the first dance, and the last dance, and twenty or thirty dances in between?"

"The first one belongs to Dion; but since he's deserting us early, maybe the twenty or thirty next ones. I'm pretty good at waltzes."

SHE smiled again, and was gone. After a moment he turned and went slowly back to the table, stopping for a moment short of his place to hold out his hand to the tall soldier who his host.

"It's good to see you again, sir, and Aunt Cara have made me feel that now I have actually come home."

"My dear fellow, that's excellent! How did you leave our enchanting Himmie?"

"More enchanting than ever, thanks. She sent you a thousand messages, and I have a thousand more to deliver in person while you come over this fall."

"We're counting on it. You're going to try a little of this cognac? I can recommend it."

Sheridan bowed, smiling, and resumed his seat in time to preside over the ceremonious transfer of a conservative inch of brandy from the impressively small-labeled bottle to the impressively enormous goblet of crystal.

"Cigarettes?" inquired Dion Mallory hospitably, passing a well-worn, severely handsome case of Russian leather toward him. "I'm afraid these are rather good for you. You have to apologize for that these days—the smarter one is, I gather, the worse the tobacco. If you're royalty, it's gaudy or nothing!"

Sheridan eyed the slim white cylinder with its elaborately gilded inscription appreciatively. "Old Kare Gulak, no less—and vintage crop at that. Many thanks!"

"I can't get along without them for more than ten minutes. I'm afraid. . . Tess has been telling me that you're to be with us for a bit." Mallory lifted the dark glass in a friendly gesture of welcome. "I understand that you're practically an oldest inhabitant, and make denizens of three or four years' standing like myself seem your upstarts! Are you well fixed for lodgings?"

"WELL, just for the present I'm impersonating a transient at the Talon. You might be able to help me—is there anything in these parts to correspond to that admirable British institution, the service flat?"

"Oddly enough, I think I'm the lucky possessor of about the only one—rather, the only two. I leased a fine little modern handbox of a house over in Georgetown two years ago; it has a garden the size of a pocket handkerchief, and my brilliant predecessors—a pair of promising young architects—fixed up the first floor with a living room, bedroom and kitchenette, and the second with a bedroom and a sitting room. There's a fairly well-stocked cellar, plenty of books, and a jewel of a dandy butler and his even greater treasure of a wife who are common property for both floors. My housemate's just deserted me for a month or so, and Tess was wondering whether it might appeal to you while you were finding your way about?"

Karl Sheridan put his glass down, a quick flash of amazed pleasure under his dark skin. "But how uncommonly—how extraordinarily kind of you! It would prove a godsend, naturally. You're in earnest?"

"Oh, absolutely. I'd kidnap you and install you tonight, if it weren't that I'll

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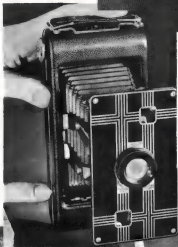
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## LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

235 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 78) "I'll drop the poor girl on her doorstep and leave her a letter, darling," laughed Mallory. "And she's got more than a headache. Let me tell you! Bill's informed her that he may be bringing home a gang of these press ladies from the dinner and she has to be there to cut the sandwiches and pour the beer. She's straight on the road to my clippings, any way, where I have to change these clothes and pick up those confounded papers. Ah, now I don't stand there looking at you so lovely and so sad, or I'll never be able to leave at all, and Geneva'll go wondering all the days of its life what kind of misers the eminent Mr. Harrington collected in America."

"OH, HOW I loathe—how I detest foggy-minded old gentlemen who go around leaving packages behind them!" murmured Mallory. "I've said to her, 'Don't drive too fast—no, and don't drive too slow either. And hurry back, darling! I'm going to miss you so frightfully.'"

"If you aren't a bit careful, you'll have me setting a speed record for future generations to shoot at! Sheridan, I'll be seeing you tomorrow surely! I'm counting it grand good luck that you're willing to take a chance on me as a housemate. . . . Yes, coming, Abby. . . . Good-bye, good-bye, darling."

"Darling." . . . Well, everyone in America, apparently, addressed everyone else or she spoke six words to as darling, the young man from Vienna decided with a certain amount of bitterness. Probably they saluted the footman and dismissed the butler with those two well-known syllables. . . . "Darling," indeed! He stood for a moment, watching his former host bending just low enough over Cara Temple's extended hands, saluting Cara's husband with just the right touch of affectionate respect, turning to the green-eyed Abby with precisely the right degree of amused and sympathetic solicitude. Undoubtedly—no, undoubtedly—the very nicest fellow that he had met in twenty years. He supposed, he supposed, he supposed, grinned companionably at his juvenile idiosyncrasy, and turned to the lady who was Dion Mallory's darling.

"Do we dance?" . . . "K, would you mind awfully if we didn't? Not just now, I mean. Unlike Peter Pan's faeries, I don't feel particularly dancy. What time is it?"

"Eleven—no, five minutes past. Good Lord, where has the time gone to?"

"ISN'T it dreadful? But you see dinner was frightfully late—and I've waited long, thanks to your train and my charms! Listen, K—I'm a little worried about Fay. She hasn't been well lately, and I want to make sure that she got home all right from Warrenton. Just wait one minute till I telephone, and then I'll devote the rest of the evening to showing you the prettiest thing in Washington. The telephone's in the library. Save you don't mind being kidnapped?"

"Quite sure."

She pushed the door open, and collided with the threshold with Vicki Wilde, her mouth a little tenser than usual, her eyes feverishly bright.

"Look out, darling—where's the tea?"

"Oh. . . . Yes, the damndest moment, honestly. Freddy was going to give me a lift to Sally Hitchcock—they're playing one of the backgammon simulacra there, and I know—and just because I was out in the garden for about two minutes, she dashed in and met me first. She just telephoned. I think it was hateful of her. Now if I can't find someone to cage a lift off of it, it means I've arrived here! I loathe trains!"

"Cage one off me," suggested a voice from the hall, lightly and amiably. "I'm bound Sallyward's myself. Tie on your bonnet and come along."

Karl Sheridan stood watching every drop of blood drain back out of the hard blue face before he let his eyes travel past it to the hall, where the doctor whose name was a trifle too curly stood elaborately at ease, hat in hand, overcoat on arm.

The pale child, her eyes riveted, moistened her lips, and murmured above her voice barely above a whisper. "Any! All right! All right. Let's go." and brushed by them as though they were not there. Miss Stuart, looking indignantly remote and delicately scornful, dismissed the two of them with a fastidious flourish of her lashes.

"The bumping and the rushing of my companion," is simply more than I can cope with. Remind me to have nothing whatever to do with them."

She seated herself on the edge of the table, drawing the telephone toward her, and tapping out the number in a series of impatient little clicks.

"I did—I did think that wretched child had more pride," she murmured forlornly. "After everything I've said to her."

Her voice trailed off into silence as she bent her head, listening intently. Sheridan could hear it, too; a faint buzzing, far off and insistent.

After a moment she put back the receiver, carefully, lifted it again and once more turned the dial, this time with meticulous deliberation. Then he could hear a tiny voice, infinitely remote and imperious. It ceased, and Tess Stuart replaced the little black horn with a gesture of curious finality.

"IT'S the operator; she says that the line is out of order. Someone else has been trying to get the number for the last hour. Or she may have left the receiver off."

She put her hand to her head, as though she were suddenly and madly tired.

"No, but see here," said Sheridan impulsively. "If you are worried, why do you not let me get your car, and, I'll tell you, no, I'll tell you, I'll tell you, it's stupid of me to give it a thought. I know, and I wouldn't if I were sure that Kippuy was with her when she left and Stuart wasn't—oh, what an abject idiot I am! I'll call the Tappans, of course. They can send a maid to wait outside."

She leaned toward the dial impatiently and Sheridan, noticing how suddenly and eagerly she was really doing it, finally straightened back, said with the grave courtesy that he had brought from another and a distant land:

"No, don't go. I won't take a moment, truly. . . . Hello—is Mrs. Tappan there? . . . Nell? Nell, it's Tess Stuart. Did Fay get off all right? What time?"

"Before nine? Oh, then she must have been home for ages. She was here, wasn't it? I'll tell you, I'll tell you, that the telephone didn't answer, and she's a fanatic, I began to worry. She's been having those ghastly headaches again, you know, Kippuy told me, and he wasn't he? . . . Oh, then he undoubtedly came in to annals her, and the little demon's probably left the receiver off on purpose. . . . Was it a grand party? . . . I'll wager you did! Thanks, darling."

"Good night, I'll be in and out of the house, honestly. . . . Good night."

She hung up the receiver slowly, a flicker of annoyed amusement in her eyes.

"YOU know, the really is an imp of the first water! Any time that romance strikes her, she's a different creature. She simply turns down the lights, lifts off the receiver, and lets the rest of the world go to the dogs."

"By all means. These gloves here on the chair, are they yours?"

"No, I never wear gloves; they're like bells and still collar and high boots—may all make me feel like a child, but strangling to death in jail. Ridiculous, isn't it? These must be Vicki's. I'll see she gets them. . . . It's right through these doors. Look out for them."

"Thanks. And this—this Kippuy Todd—he represents resistance to Fay for the time being, you think?"

Tess Stuart, a white dream in the dark doorway, lifted bare shoulders in a small, amused shrug—disdainful and indulgent.



"Oh, anyone a foot or so away is Pay's idea of romance, if the lights have the right kind of shade!" The current of her emotions flows from the finger tips to the tips of her feet from the heart to the finger tips. She ran lightly down the steps, leaning toward him with a proud wave of the hand, her lifted face starry with delight, the gown billowing about her, light as foam. "Then, don't I tell you that it was perfect? Look at the little brick wall with the wicket gate at it, that makes you think that it's going on and on forever; look at the flagged path winding along with moss in its cracks; look at those lilies that come to my shoulder, and this landscape that comes to my eyebrows, and pansies that come just to the tips of my toes. And oh, oh, look at these chairs on the terrace! Shades of the Arabian nights, did you ever see such luxury?"

**B**UT the disobedient Mr. Sheridan was looking at something else. Something more shining than the far-off stars—something that gleamed with a more radiant and mysterious pallor than the flowers themselves, turned by the night to white moons and silver butterflies.

"Never. Never in all my life have I seen anything one-half so lovely," he assured her with profound conviction.

Tess, already deep in the lacquer-red cushions of the basket chair, lined her hands behind the small, honey-colored head, and smiled contentedly at the stars. "You should see it in winter!" That's when it seems an absolute miracle—drifts of snow against the glass roof and drifts of night-blooming jasmine reaching up to them. Making spring and summer bloom together in the snow—isn't that the prettiest miracle you ever heard of?"

Karl Sheridan, his eyes on the drifted white against the scarlet cushions, shook a noncommittal head.

"You must not make me the judge of miracles!" he said. "Tonight they have come so thick and fast that I have touched my eyes with my fingers more than once to make sure they are not betraying me. But do you know, I think that a snowdrift in May is perhaps even a prettier miracle than flowers in January. . . . I have not yet thanked you for the kind thought that you put into Mr. Walcott's kind hand."

"He's delighted that they're coming," he said kindly on his part—nor on his. He really wants you. . . . Is installing this laboratory going to keep you fairly tied down, or are you going to have some time to play with us?"

**P**LENTY of time. I dare prophesy. I do not believe that the police department of Washington is going to clamor for eight hours a day laboratory instruction; in fact, I doubt whether just now they would trust me a block out of sight with my little bag."

"Oh, the bag!" The gray eyes traveled swift as light from the far-off stars to the brown, amused face, barely a hand's breadth away. "You were going to tell me what was in it—*you* promised. Tell now."

"Now? But what is in that little bag does not go, believe me, with stars and flowers. Nor with a lady who is made of both! Let us leave the bag safe in its drawer and listen to what that poor fellow who is trying to tell us has to say. . . . "I'm tired through to my bones of flowers and stars and music," she told him amiably. "And of polite young gentlemen telling little lies. Unpack the bag."

"You have no hand," said Karl Sheridan in a voice that he hoped was dispassionate. "And probably no will either. It is distinctly unscrupulous, to wear eyes and mouth like that if you have no heart and no soul. . . . There are twenty-eight articles in the bag."

"Twenty-eight? It must be a fine, fat little bag."

"On the contrary; it is quite fat and neat; you can wear it over your shoulder, like a knapsack, or around your waist on a belt. I brought it over to check up with the one used by the field agents of your

Bureau of Investigation. It is what is known as the Thorndyke equipment, somewhat modified by the famous Herr Doktor Gross and your humble servant. Each thing has its own pocket or its own strap, so that you can check them quickly before you start."

"Start where?"

"For X, naturally; where else?"

"X, of course," repeated Tess, in the small, far-away voice of a dreaming child. "X marks the spot where the body fell. . . . Begin, please. Begin counting the things in the bag."

"A steel tape measure," said Karl Sheridan, and the checked off the steel tape measure on the left finger of the slim white hand. "A flash light. A strong magnifying glass. A fountain pen. A box of metal-bound tags to mark exhibits. A packet of envelopes to contain them. A notebook. A compass. A small mirror—"

The finger with the ruby on it, which had been reached in the orderly process of checking, was raised in peremptory protest.

"A mirror? What is this? The Thorndyke equipment or a vanity case?"

"PERHAPS you are right," said the young man gravely. "Perhaps, as you suggest, it is a vanity case. 'Vanity of vanities,' said the Preacher. 'All is vanity.' Life—and death, too, perhaps. . . . You must hold the little mirror quite close to lips that will not tell you their secret; if no cloud rises on its surface then you can be very sure that you have reached X. It is a better guide than even the compass."

"Yes. I see." The deep young voice sounded farther away than ever, but he was as steady as ice. "What is next?"

"A ball of twine. A tin of what chemists call gray powder, used to develop fingerprints. A small spray known as an insuflator, and a camel-hair brush for the same purpose. A rubber roller. A tube of printer's ink. A glass slab—all to take prints. Rubber glass. A bottle of iodine. A cake of soap. A towel."

"Soap? But why on earth—"

"I can assure you," said the young man gravely, "that there are moments when in spite of the aid of rubber gloves and discretion, a cake of soap and a towel are an imperative necessity. And sometimes the murderer has forgotten to provide them."

"Twenty. . . . What's a twenty-one?"

"A pair of scissors. Four test tubes to contain samples of fluid. A flask of brandy. A package of cigarettes. Matches. The last three items, which you may imagine are more appropriate to a picnic basket, are, I assure you, more cherished than our revolver. Every good detective is, naturally, equipped with a serve of steel, a will of iron, and heart of gold—but I have known times when four swallows of brandy and three puffs of a cigarette have calmed nausea and hysteria more successfully at bay than the memory of Sherlock Holmes' excellent morale."

"YES," she said. "I can see that, too. Herr Gross and Master Thorndyke strike me as a highly resourceful pair, and I'm sure that you're a credit to them. . . . Does that empty our bag?"

"As bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

"And all that you need to get your man is locked up in a few inches of black leather that you can carry in your hand?"

"Oh, but on the contrary! All that I need to find my man is locked up in even fewer inches here." He struck his knuckles lightly against his forehead, with a smile that was neither gay nor reassuring.

"The black bag is simply an extremely primitive instrument for gathering together a few poor broken little straws that will show in what way a very small wind is blowing. Straws that may tell us what that man did for his pleasure—what were his habits—what his occupation. If we are lucky we may get a fairly good portrait of that man; then all we have left to do is to find the original of the portrait."

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"You mean cigarette ashes, buttons, little scraps of cloth under finger nails?"

This time his laugh was gay enough to please the most exacting. "Tess, you are most wonderful! No, I am no disciple of what that good Scotland Yard calls the dominant clue. The dominant clue for me is the motive—and then again the motive—and then after that, the motive. Let these clues tell me what manner of man this was, and I can tell you perhaps why he did it. If I can tell you why he did it, then even more possibly I can tell you who he is. Or else, if it comes to that."

"Yes," said Tess thoughtfully, "I can see that it might come to that, of course. Then the little black bag isn't really important at all?"

"Oh, it is important enough!" he said indifferently. "But now I will make a bargain with you. The next time that you come across a really good murder, I will agree to leave the little black bag at home and still find the murderer—if you let me have just one party."

"A party? What kind of a party?"

"A PARTY where there will be plenty of little cold cocktails and plenty of big cold whiskeys and plenty of cigars and frocks with frills on them and torch songs and moonlight. A good party, with all the very dearest friends of the corpse present and accounted for."

"Now I know that," he stopped. "You mean that one's nearest and dearest are addicted to murder?"

Not quite. Those murder undoubtedly implies a certain degree of insanity. No, what I mean is, that if the party starts early enough and lasts late enough, and there is a moon sufficiently bright and torch songs sufficiently low, I will only have to sit quite quiet, with a glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other, while they tell me who the murderer is. I do not say that they will know that they are telling me, but assuredly, assuredly, before the cock crows I will know his name. I will admit that I have never been to such a party. . . . What is it that smells sweet, Clarity de Tessaincourt Stuart?"

"Honeycuck—here, right under my hand. Doesn't it grow in Austria?"

"I don't know. I know it never had so magical a smell—but perhaps that was because it never flowered beneath your hand. Will you dance with me now?"

She brought her eyes back from the stars, smiling dreamily, shaking the honey-colored head. "You don't mind? Shall I tell you what I'd really like to do?"

"Tell me."

"I'd like to have you take me home."

"It's after twelve, isn't it?"

"Close to one."

His voice was pleasantly courteous and detached as ever, but from his eyes a small boy stared at her, reproached and rebuffed, and she smiled back.

"THEN Fay's probably still up—she's the most dreadful little night owl—and if she hasn't hung out the Do Not Disturb sign, we'll raid the night nursery for some cold chicken and champagne, and all settle down to a really serious discussion of roller skates and snowballs."

The little boy looking out from the dark eyes cried elatedly. "The night nursery?"

The Do Not Disturb sign? Now, Tess, what is the night nursery's name is that?"

"It's a perfectly beautiful little red-and-black sign that Fay stole from a hotel in Bangor. And if either of us has a visitor that she feels would benefit from uninterrupted privacy, she hangs it on the outside door knob of the night nursery."

The fourth-floor sitting room, we have an apartment all to ourselves, made over from the rooms that used to belong to us when we were babies. Fay's bedroom is the day nursery, mine is the governess' room, and the night nursery is the sitting room in between. We have our own kitchenette, and we couldn't possibly feel more magnificently independent! Dad had it remodeled last year because we both gave up smoking and drinking for six months."

"Most exemplary of babies," he murmured. "And most fortunate of nurseries. Do you frequently avail yourself of the magnificently exacting?"

"I try not to abuse it, thank you," she informed him sedately; and then laughed suddenly, the surprised and enchanted laughter that had been the War Baby's heritage. "Oh, darling, don't look so solemn! If Fay hasn't staked out a claim on it, I'll hang it on the corner for your especial benefit. Now will you come?"

"DARLING." Of course, she called everyone "darling." "It didn't mean anything then. No, then it meant everything. 'Darling.' . . . He could still hear the deep, young voice murmuring it when she kissed Kara Temple goodnight; it rang in his ears above the boom of the carriage caller, chanting his pompous "Miss Stuart's car. Miss Stuart's car!"

He could hear it, caressing and mocking, while she sat wrapped in snow and silence in the far corner of the car, fingers linked about the little flowering bag from which rose so heady and innocent a fragrance. Darling—darling, clear as silk and amused above the click of the latchkey in the lock; above the tap of the silver bells across the black and white marble blocks of the cool, empty hall above the reassuring purr of the tiny crystal elevator as it carried them up to the nursery and where once again the golden Stuart babies had dreamed in Swiss-hung cribs. Darling. . . .

The landing of the fourth floor was the last, and then the central door of the three that faced them a golden pencil had drawn a line of light.

"What did I do to get you?"

"Tess turned on the light switch triumphantly, and was halfway to the door before she stopped, lifting a warning hand. 'Oh, devil take the child that the sign is out! Of all the inhospitable little demons. I'm so frightfully sorry, K. No one knows how green I am. . . . I'll be above the bones and apple sauce and roller skates.' She held out her hands to him with a useful, mild, kind friendliness and charm. 'Never mind; come tomorrow afternoon, and I'll dance the wretched little sign from the door knob for hours on end.'"

HE RELEASED her hands slowly. "You were not, I think, so greedy as I am."

"Will you say it once again?"

"Say what?" She paused, one hand on the handle of the door to the left, the friendly laughter still lighting her eyes, and he thought that he had never seen a coroneted head—no, nor yet a crowned one—held so proudly and so lightly as this small shining one that belonged to a senator's tall young daughter.

"Say, 'Don't look so solemn, darling.' I feel, I assure you, very solemn indeed." This time the smile broke into laughter, hushed instantly to wide-eyed and decorous silence. "K, are you flirting with me? Are you? How perfectly beautiful!" She lifted the finger with the ruby to her lips, in a gesture so swift that he could not be sure whether it were a signal for silence or a blown kiss, whispered. "Don't look so solemn, darling!"—and was gone.

On the doorstep, he stood gazing vaguely up and down the cold street, wondering how in the world you went about getting a taxi at this hour of the night. He was perfectly beautiful, he thought contentedly. It was far too pretty a night to waste on taxis, and a good brisk stroll was clearly indicated. It proved to be an agreeable but dangerous game, during the twenty minutes that he occupied in traversing the mile between the street and the nursery. He had never before the fabled and highly articulate assurances of at least one public cab driver and two private citizens that he had thrice escaped death by an entirely undesired hair's breadth, and it was idle to pretend that he had not tried his key in three doors before he realized that he was on the wrong floor of the hotel.

This, however, was undoubtedly his room. There in the corner stood the highly

professional-looking table with the new chemical microscope which was his special pride, polarizer and compensator neatly adjusted, and that new crystal solution invitingly at hand. He leaped forward, pushed the slide toward him.

It was a good three-quarters of an hour later that he halted by the dressing table, seeing the cuff lying abstractedly from his shirt and balancing them in his hand with as much gravity as though they were dangling on the scales of justice itself. There were ways of saying "darling," surely. Ways in which it meant nothing at all—ways in which it meant everything. "Hurry back, darling—I'm going to miss you so." Well, that was the kind of thing anyone might say to a pet uncle, or a favorite feminine bridge player as he boarded the steamer, or to someone who needed such indulgent kindness because of the disagreeable task that lay ahead.

"Don't look so solemn, darling!" Now that was different, distinctly. "Darling, don't look so—" The extremely solemn-looking young man glanced up swiftly from the diamond-and-platinum dials in his hand, caught the owlish absorption of the mirrored countenance, and yielded to an abrupt and astounded bark of diversion.

Was it humanly possible that this—this callow, moon-eyed stranger, standing there in a trance of *Schizandreia* and musing over the most revolting description—was actually and indisputably the not undistinguished Mr. Sheridan, shrewd analyst, relentless scientist, diverted cosmologist? And reduced to this amazing state of disintegration by what? By a pair of eyes, clear and cool as rain water? By a deep and distant sound of laughter? By a white finger lifted to gay and reckless life? By a small, proud head, shining so radiantly for amber, too deeply for honey? Oh, come, come, my good Karl! He flung a sardonic smile at the dark mirror face in the mirror, tossed the links onto the table, and turning on his heel, moved toward the window with elaborate leishyness.

Why in the name of the gods of wind and air did some anonymous and diligent hotel domineer spend his entire time creeping about closing windows that had been left carelessly opened? The room was hot and stuffy as a badly stricken bandbox, and yet just outside that dark noncommittal square of glass there were stars shining, and a little breeze still murmuring to itself of the green leaves in the park, and— He halted, riveted, one hand on the sash, his incredulous eyes staring back from the glass that the night beyond had turned into a dim mirror. The

telephone. Just behind him the telephone was ringing, strident, urgent, imperious, as though its energy would shake its frame apart. He went toward it slowly, incredulity still darkening his eyes.

A voice, small, strange, and very far away, said, "Mr. Sheridan?"

Yes. This is Mr. Sheridan.

The voice spoke again, barely above a whisper. "It's Tess, K. It's Tess Stuart. Could you come to the house?"

He seized the handle of the clock above the door, pointing its neat black fingers at twenty-five past two. "To the house? But when, Tess?"

"Now. Quickly, please. Don't ring. I'll leave the door on the latch."

For a moment he stood perfectly still, feeling a small, cold wind rising about him; feeling a small, cold hand closing about his wrist, pulling him, fragile and relentless, toward something distant and dark. With a violent effort, he shook it off, bending his head to the black disk with a laugh that sounded strange even to him.

"But naturally, I will be delighted! Ten minutes should get me there in a taxi, should it not? I gather that the Do Not Disturb sign is down, and that I am once more to meet the small Fay, and share that famous chicken and champagne? Oh, excellent!"

The far-away voice said, suddenly and apologetically distinct, "No. No. The sign is still there. Dimme the taxi a block or so before you get here and use the stairs instead of the elevator, please. I'll be waiting outside the night nursery."

The night nursery? He could feel the invisible fingers, icy and clinging, tightening about his heart.

"Very well. In ten minutes, then. I will use the stairs."

There was a second's clicking and whirling on the line from the vast and indignant deity that presides over the crowded highways of the air; then once more the voice reached him.

"Thank you. Hurry, please."

And will you bring the black bag? . . . Steadying himself with one hand against the table, he said in a tone void of any expression whatsoever, "Forgive me, but there was a disturbance with the wire; I am not quite sure that I understood. You said you wanted the black bag?"

Yes, I said hurry—hurry, please." The voice wavered, faltered, rallied to a terrible clearness. "I said—I said to be sure to bring the black bag."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The second installment of *The Good Land*—Part II of a *Prand*—will appear in the February Journal.

# REVEALED FOR YOU

## her secret of making

# REAL PLANTATION PANCAKES



After the Quaker Oats Flour is added, the mixture is ready for cooking. The Quaker Oats Flour is the secret of the delicious pancakes.

FOR YEARS only Aunt Jemima herself could make these tender pancakes. Cooks on other plantations tried again and again to guess her recipe. But she alone knew the secret of that wonderful lightness, that special flavor. Today her secret is yours—her knack of mixing four different flours, wheat, corn, rye and rice. All her in-

gredients come to you ready mixed, just as she proportioned them, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Just add milk (or water), stir, and bake. It's so easy now to give your family those real plantation pancakes with the delicate lightness and old-time flavor that made Aunt Jemima famous. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

## 1933 BOOKS

(Continued from Page 60)

Ireland's heart and soul is TWENTY YEARS AGO-GROWING, by Maurice O'Sullivan, the story of a boyhood spent on the island of Blasket. Africa is the background for *AFRICA IN LOVE COUNTRY*, by Joycel Boyed, writer of her colorful life on the edge of the African wild-game country, learning under difficulties, to put it mildly. And Africa, too, in blood and sweat of Sarah Gertrude Millin's admirable life of CICIL RHODES, empire builder. Another sort of adventuring is told in *THE BOOK OF TALBOT*, in which the Odyssey of an explorer is recounted by his wife, Violet Clifton. For those who are interested in the Italian Renaissance, there is *THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE*, by Ralph Rodger. The pre-Raphaelite movement has found its chronicler in Frances Winwar, whose *POOR SPLENDID WINGS* breathes life and vigor into Rossetti and his circle. In *TESTAMENT OF YOUTH*, Vera Brittain has written a gripping story of the war and its effect on the youth of England.

Marquis James and Andrew Jackson: THE BORDER CAPTAIN is certainly outstanding. And JULIA NEWBERRY'S DIARY, with its

unconscious portrayal of a vibrant young figure and of society in Chicago before the great fire, in resorts in this country and Europe, is an enchanting picture of a small, happy, and happy background. Another bit of Americana is *THE LOG OF THE BEST ANN*, by Frederick Way, the chronicler of a river steamboat, plying, up to a short time ago, between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh—good reading and very entertaining.

In history we fare well, with *REVOLUTION, 1776*, by John Hyde Preston, an amazingly vivid story of our War of Independence and the people who pulled the wires. And *THE CRIME OF CURA*, by Carleton Beals, is essential reading for anyone who would understand the part we have played in that ill-fated little country, and the steps leading up to the present revolution.

In closing, brief mention should be made of two delightful books which might come under travel or biography: *SARANTAN SENSATION*, by Amelia Pease Bradway, and *RAGGLE-TAGGLE*, in which Walter Starck tells of his gypsy wanderings with his fiddle through Bohemia.



Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package; Aunt Jemima for Breakfast in the yellow



## BREAKING INTO PRINT

BY HELEN HAVENER

**PUBLICITY** is the force which galvanizes women's clubs into action. Without well-directed publicity many clubs would remain static. With it, they rise to prominence and become real powers in their communities.

Publicity rightly bandied is the key to quality as well as quantity membership. With the publicity chairman rests the opportunity of making her club so popular in the community that every woman who has a range of interests in accord with its program will wish to belong.

Unfortunately, few clubs appreciate this. Publicity is often a hit-or-miss adjunct to the club program, consisting largely of sending to the newspapers preliminary notices about club meetings and subsequent brief reports of what happened there. And too frequently these wind up with some such stereotyped phrase as "Dainty refreshments were served."

This is not really publicity at all. And the chairman who negotiates it is not worth a straw to her club. Publicity is salesmanship. A good publicity chairman is a high-type saleswoman. She conceives it as her task to sell her club to the community. To do so, she knows she must emphasize something besides the type of refreshments dispensed, or the beauty of the table decorations.

In the local press stress should be placed on the civic, cultural or educational value of every club program, except the few which are of purely social aspect. Yet this must be done so deftly that the story will have popular appeal.

The first step, then, toward obtaining successful club publicity is to appoint a chairman who can recognize news, and who can write vividly.

The most obvious way is the best. Is there a young newspaper woman in your town who is sincerely interested in the work of women's organizations? Does she write with vitality, if not with brilliance? Has she an energetic, promotive type of mind? Will she be willing to distribute items about the club equally to the local press instead of monopolizing the best for her own newspaper? If you can answer all these questions in the affirmative, you have found your chairman.

If no young newspaper woman will accept the appointment, offer the chairmanship to some member who has been particularly fertile in devising original program suggestions; someone who is energetic and dependable, who makes friends easily and possesses a sense of humor.

The best of publicity chairman—if she is an amateur—will need instructions. It is not enough to appoint her. She

must be taught how to function. Have her cultivate the acquaintance of newspaper people. Immediately upon being appointed, she should call at the office of each local paper. Her first approach is to the club editor, but she should try to meet the city editor and the society editor as well.

Before the publicity chairman leaves the newspaper office her name, address and telephone number should be on file there. A wise chairman will also leave the full list of club officers and the personnel of all committees, a copy of the year book and the constitution and by-laws, a printed pamphlet giving the history of the club—if there is one—and such other information as may be of value for permanent files. She should provide the newspaper office with pictures of all club officers and committee chairmen.

The wise chairman, when she first calls at a newspaper office, will find out what the newspaper expects of her—the exact time when notices must be in, to whom they should be addressed to secure most immediate and most expert handling, and how copy should be prepared.

And while she is about it, she will acquaint herself with the following newspaper terms:

**COPY**—an article written in news form for newspaper publication.

**CUTS**—metal reproductions of photographs from which magazine and newspaper pictures are printed.

**DEAD LINE**—the last minute at which copy can be submitted to a newspaper before an edition is started.

**LEAD**—the first paragraph of a newspaper article.

**MOMENT**—the newspaper file in which pictures and biographies of prominent people are stored; chiefly used for the compilation of obituaries—hence its title.

**PICTORIAL PUBLICITY**—pictures illustrating a news event.

**SPOT NEWS**—a report of an event which appears in a newspaper immediately after the event has occurred.

To "GET STORIES ACROSS"—to secure the publication of newspaper items.

All copy sent to a newspaper office should be typewritten, if possible, on one side of the paper and double-spaced. If the chairman does not have access to a typewriter, she must be sure to write legibly and to leave a wide space between lines so that the editor may make insertions or corrections. Likewise she will find it advisable to put her name, address and telephone number in the upper right-hand corner. If the reporter who handles her copy wishes further information, he will then be able to reach her without difficulty.

IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN  
BY CATHARINE OGLESBY

All sorts of formulas have been devised to teach non-professionals how to write news copy. They range from the ancient saw defining news—"If a dog bites a man, that's not news; but if a man bites a dog, that's a front-page story"—to a highly technical pamphlet which presumes to instruct the amateur in writing everything from a lodge notice to a murder trial.

But the amateur publicity chairman doesn't need to read a twenty-page pamphlet to discover how to get her copy into the newspapers.

If she has a story of importance she should telephone the facts at once to the newspaper which has the most immediate dead line. If she is writing a story of lesser importance, she should bear in mind what every club reporter has to learn—that the meat of her story must be in the first paragraph, so that if it has to be condensed the salient facts, at least, will be included.

These facts include the "what, when and where" of the story. Sometimes they include also the "why and how." No item about a club event would be complete without information as to where it took place and when. But these are not always the most important factors. The point which deserves emphasis may be the attendance. If sixty or a hundred club members come out to the average meeting, for example, and a program of especial merit suddenly swells the audience to one thousand, that may be the most important feature of your story. The club publicity chairman may then begin her account: "One thousand people, the largest audience ever assembled under the auspices of the Women's Club, heard Rev. Jonas Blank lecture last evening at the clubhouse auditorium on Russia after the Czar."

Or again the subject under discussion may be the most important factor because of its timeliness, as "The Cuban revolt was vividly described to members of the Women's Civic Club last evening at their clubhouse by Prof. Raymond Smith, an eyewitness, who returned only yesterday from Havana."

There is much more to good publicity, however, than merely knowing the right newspaper people and writing acceptable stories about club events. The club must do something worth recording, or the publicity chairman will have a hard time getting into print. Moreover, an ideal publicity chairman has inventive genius. She must record facts lucidly. She must also help them to happen. And she must have a sense of the dramatic. Many a good cause has been buried—and, incidentally, many a great cause lost—because its sponsors lacked this valuable characteristic.

**THE** illustrations which have appeared on this page are as typically American as are the women movements they record. They are stitched by Georgiana Brown Harbeson, whose pictures in stitches are to be seen in several of our finest museums.

But let Mrs. Harbeson tell her own story:

"Each design has its own historical atmosphere; woven about with feeling and local color. Each one is a splendid record to interpret. For instance, the Oberlin College panel, designed to illustrate woman's striving for higher education, was an inspiring research adventure. I read old pamphlets written by old graduates. When it came to commemorating the pioneers of the Middle West of 1833, books were remiss."

"Old prints were searched for. These costumes were found with just the right difference between the fashionable gowns worn in New York and those worn by their country cousins. Women who had to attend to home duties, while the men chopped down trees to clear paths to their log-cabin homes."

"For the panel illustrating the completion of Bunker Hill Monument by the ladies in 1841, my search nearly failed. A little glass plate saved the day. A book on Sandwich glass manufacturing in New England brought delightful results in a picture of a glass cup plate made and sold in 1841, as a tribute to the fair ladies who raised the money to complete their tribute to the memory of brave soldiers. Then the picture was a flash. So the design in the tiny photograph reminded me of the little fragment which had been hiding in her sketch box so long. A hurried trip home revealed it was part of the same plate, and from this tiny piece grew the design on the panel."

Six beautiful panels recording the achievements of organized women are available for display at state conventions during 1934. For information about them, write to Catharine Oglesby, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

## ON YOUR "EMERGENCY QUICK-MEAL SHELF"

be sure to include generous stocks of Heinz home-made soups; Heinz vine-fresh tomato juice; Heinz ready-to-serve cooked spaghetti; the four kinds of Heinz oven-baked beans; Heinz plum, fig and date puddings; and, of course, such things as Heinz olives and pickles, Heinz thoroughly-aged vinegar, and imported olive oil, Heinz tomato ketchup, and Heinz jellies. Remember that the real secret of this grand last-minute meal idea lies in the truly "home-made" flavors which Heinz so carefully preserves in Heinz-prepared foods. Do write me and tell me how your family and guests respond to your first "Emergency Shelf" feast.



## FIRST-AID FOR



Left-over meat becomes a feast, with this novel version of *Lamb en Casserole*. See recipe on this page. A great many other delectable dishes can be concocted with Heinz cooked spaghetti. These unusual recipes appear in my new book of the *Heinz Food Library*—"57 Unusual Ways to Serve Spaghetti". I shall send you a copy free if you like. My address appears at the bottom of this page.



TUNE IN on my modern menu and recipe broadcasts, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. For the time and the name of your local N. B. C. station, consult your newspaper radio page.

## LAST-MINUTE GUESTS

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON

Have you ever been the victim of your own impulsive hospitality? Or, perhaps, of your husband's eleventh-hour invitation to a business comrade? So often, you know, those random table-neighbors land upon the scene just at the time your larder lacks the fatted calf, when pot luck is on the docket.

I am reminded of a letter that has come to me, describing the manoeuvres of a quick-witted hostess, on an occasion such as this. Her refrigerator held but a remnant of a left-over roast of lamb, and fag-end bits of vegetables that had accompanied it the day before.

And yet, half an hour after those unexpected guests arrived, she served a perfect feast. This is how she did it.

## NOODLE SOUP

Two tins of Heinz home-made noodle soup, quickly heated in the tin.

## LAMB EN CASSEROLE\*

2 cupfuls cold cooked lamb  
1 large can Heinz cooked spaghetti  
½ cupful water  
½ cupful Heinz tomato ketchup

Put cold lamb through meat chopper. Put a layer of minced lamb into a casserole; then a layer of Heinz cooked spaghetti, and repeat alternate layers until all ingredients have been used. Add ketchup and water, and cook in a moderate oven (375 degrees F) for 30 minutes.

## OVEN-BAKED BEANS

1 can of Heinz Oven-baked Beans, heated.

## VEGETABLE SALAD\*

The left-over vegetables were transformed, with lettuce, into a really tempting salad, and served with delicious, quickly-cooked Calumet salad dressing.\*

## FIG PUDDING

1 tin of Heinz ready-to-serve fig pudding, quickly heated.

Of course, what raised her delightful last-minute repast from commonplace to festive

levels was what she calls her "emergency quick-meal shelf," an idea that I believe is well worth passing on to you—an idea that makes grand luck of pot luck.

With a shelf like this, pictured and described on this page, who indeed could ever fail to conjure up a feast, no matter what the circumstance, no matter who the guests, how short the notice of their coming, or how long the list of those who swoop upon us.

In fact, this clever hostess whose feat of magic I've described, confesses that she frequently depends upon this "quick-meal shelf," even when no guests impend. Because, you see, her own menage applauds her modern kitchen sorcery. What a grand idea it is for bridge-club days, and afternoons when cooking seems a bothersome chore.

It occurs to me that this shelf could appropriately be called the "57 Varieties" shelf, with everything—the soups, the entrees, the delicacies, condiments and desserts—selected from the "57."

If you stock a "quick-meal shelf," I feel that your experience will parallel the happy one of this wise lady. And, what is more, you'll find that menu budgets actually shrink.

\* In the *Heinz Book of Meat Cookery*, you will find the recipe for lamb en casserole, and also recipes for about 100 other modern, savory meat dishes, many of which involve only half an hour or less in the making. May I send you a copy free? ... In the new *Heinz Salad Book* which has caused so much enthusiastic comment, are recipes galore for vegetable salads, and for the delicious Calumet salad dressing, as well as recipes for dozens of other novel salads and dressings. The *Heinz Salad Book* may be had for 10 cents in stamps. For one or both of these practical books, address me in care of Heinz, Dept. 40, Pittsburgh, Pa.









# New dietetic research

## shows this fruit

### a remarkable aid to

### *radiant health*

**RADIANT VITALITY!** A keen zest for living! It comes so often with the correction of little deficiencies in the daily diet.

That's why Canned Pineapple is creating such a sensation. New dietetic research shows that this one fruit supplies many of the plus factors so many people need to feel at their best!

And its full effectiveness has been proved when people eat only a small portion each day—just two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tid-

bits! Ready to serve in a moment.

Why not try it; make it a daily practice for two weeks? You know Canned Pineapple is delicious. It is also inexpensive, there being four servings in a single large can. Hotels, restaurants, dining cars are serving it, too.

(The scientific findings reported here are covered in detail in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups. Copies are available to individuals in these fields.)

EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE  
Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd.  
100 Bush St., San Francisco, California

FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC  
ADVICE . . . START OR END  
*One Meal  
a Day with  
Canned Pineapple*

*The proper daily  
serving is a Pine-  
apple Cup (crushed  
or tidbits)—or 2  
slices. Healthful,  
too, in salads or des-  
serts.*

### Eaten daily, Canned Pineapple does all these things for you

**Speeds the Digestive Process**

It speeds digestion remarkably, particularly of proteins such as meats, eggs and beans

**Helps You Resist Infections**

A good source of Vitamin A—a protection against throat and nose infections, authorities say

**Combats Nutritional Anemia**

Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building

**Aids in Preventing Acidosis**

Contributes effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.

**Helps Protect Teeth and Bones**

Contains valuable amounts of the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C

**Stimulates Kidney Function**

Actively helps the kidneys in their task of eliminating waste matter from the blood

**Promotes Normal Growth**

A good source of growth-promoting Vitamin B, as well as necessary vitamins A and C



For daily use, Canned Pineapple is recommended. Canning processes cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance.

Copy, 1934 by Pineapple Cooperative Association, Ltd.


# CANNED PINEAPPLE


# JANUARY

1934

*From start to finish of the year  
Old Dutch brings cleanliness and good cheer.  
Resolve to clean the Old Dutch way  
And thus save money every day.*

This year, join the millions of happy women who have discovered that Old Dutch is ideal for every cleaning task. You'll be grateful every day for its gentleness and safety, for its time-saving speed and money-saving thoroughness. For Old Dutch is thrifty. It is as outstanding for economy as for safety and speed.

Ordinary cleansers contain chunky, gritty particles like this . You can see that they're wasteful, that they touch the surface only with their sharp, hard points which scratch and make hiding places for more dirt.

Old Dutch is entirely different because it is made with pure "seismotte." Its flaky, flat-shaped particles like this  cover more surface and do not scratch. That's why it cleans quickly with a smooth sweep that insures healthful cleanliness by removing invisible impurities as well as visible dirt.

You'll find Old Dutch is perfect for cleaning any surface on which water may be used. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.

*Doesn't  
Scratch*



**This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge**

Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Mail 10¢ and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each sponge.

**OLD DUTCH CLEANSER**

Dept. D53, 801 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Name

Address

City  State

# "Our clothes get their wear on our backs ... *not in the wash,*" smiles mother of six



Even SILKS are SAFE in Chipso! Mrs. Giblin's printed housedress has been washed over and over again.

"Tom Boy's" woolen suit comes out of a lukewarm Chipso bath even-colored, SOFT and UNSHRUNKEN.

Florence's gay stripes have been in Chipso suds at least ten times WITHOUT FADING OR RUNNING.

New-looking—but it's OVER A YEAR OLD! Peggy's dress has never been washed in anything but SAFE Chipso.

Well into their second year's wear are Bob's and Jack's blouses. SOAKED SNOWY regularly each week in lively Chipso suds.

Donald's blouse has been washed regularly in Chipso FOR A YEAR. No color-fading!

In Baltimore's mild climate, wash-clothes get year-round wear. Unretouched color photographs taken last summer at the home of Mrs. R. Giblin.



MRS. GIBLIN had to look at the size tag in Jack's blouse to tell how old it was. "Hum-m—it's more than a year since I bought him that size," she meditated, "yet it hums and good as his new ones."

"Our clothes are washed with CHIPSO," she continued. "They don't get any rough treatment on washday. Chipso makes such grand suds (I always say my tub looks like an ice cream soda!) that the dirt soaks right out. No hard rubbing. Saves a lot of wear! The white clothes come perfectly white; we never boil them. And yet Chipso doesn't fade the colored clothes."

Chipso is quick, yet SAFE, because it is SOAP-IER! It is not adulterated with the harsh, "dirt-

cutting" substances which cause inferior soaps gradually to weaken your clothes and dull their color. Chipso loosens dirt harmlessly with its RICHER SUDS. "It is safe even for silks... makes my blankets fluffy... and it's so economical! I certainly feel I get my money's worth out of Chipso," says Mrs. Giblin.

You, too, will find your big box of SAFE Chipso a wonderful soap value. Get it from your grocer.

"When I wash dishes with Chipso, I notice the soap doesn't bother my hands nor have any harsh, stinging odor, so I feel safe about using it even to wash silk stockings." Right! Soap that is hard on your hands is hard on clothes. Chipso SAVES clothes and hands.

## Chipso makes clothes wear—longer